



Library of Sheldon Jackson
Presented to the
Presbyterian Historical Society.

CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.

OUR friend, Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the pioneer missionary "Bishop," and the most appreciative admirer of Alaska, has had a contract for the first mail route in that distant territory awarded to him. It extends from Haines to Juneau, a distance of 105 miles, and the mails will be carried monthly by canoe. Though a "Star Route," we think it is in safe hands.

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THE TROUBLE AT FORT WRANGLE.

With heavy hearts the missionaries at Fort Wrangle, Alaska, have seen the labors of two years apparently thrown away within the last two weeks, while Satan held triumphant sway. 1880

On Sunday, the 11th of January, a "Hoochinoo still" was found in full operation, and the native police sent after it. They would probably have captured it without trouble had not a third party, a Stickine, accompanied them, who, becoming angry, struck a Hoochinoo. A tussle followed, in which the Stickine received a severe blow in the face. This terrible disgrace so exasperated him that, contrary to the earnest remonstrances of the missionaries, he went with a large number of his friends, unarmed, to demand redress. The Hoochinos consented, and the aggrieved party, picking up a stone, returned the blow he had received. This would probably have ended the matter had not some rash fellow struck another blow, when a general fight followed, in which a number were severely hurt.

That evening word was brought to the Stickines that the Hoochinos were coming in a body to kill Moses and Matthew, both Christians and among the best in the church. The former assembled in one house for self-protection, but through the influence of Rev. W. H. R. Corlies they were persuaded to disperse for the night and meet their enemies the next morning, at the residence of the Rev. S. H. Young, and there endeavor to secure a peaceable adjustment of affairs. Word being sent to the Hoochinos they also consented, and gladly permitted their wounds to be dressed by Mr. Corlies; but the next morning, armed with guns and pistols, they proceeded to carry out their threat. Mr. Young heard their approach and hastened on before, to quiet, if possible, the Stickines, over whom he has a wonderful influence. Twice he succeeded in calling them back into their own houses, but the third time they were enraged at seeing the enemy enter Moses' house and commence to destroy the furniture. This poor man, wild with anger, rushed close to the foe, attempting to fire a little worthless pistol, when immediately a shot from the Hoochinos fatally wounded him, and at the same moment Towyatt fell, shot through the head. Two of the mainstays of this little struggling church fallen in one moment, and for such a worthless cause!

The fighting continued all day, with the result of five men killed and a number wounded. Towyatt was a chief, and his death is yet unavenged, for according to the Indian code of honor a chief of the Hoochinos should be killed, or six common men. This the Stickines demand, and very naturally the Hoochinos will not consent. Another battle would probably have occurred before this had not the white men armed themselves and forbidden the Indians to carry weapons

through their part of the town. This lies between the contending parties, consequently they cannot easily effect a meeting; but loud and angry harangues are frequently heard, followed by volleys of musketry, expressive of their determination to be revenged. A feeling of distrust and alarm pervades the community; a number are leaving for their own territory, and those who remain are many of them afraid to attend church. Missionary effort is at a standstill, the heathen are saying, "Where now is the God of the Christians?" and the faith of some of the poor converts is shaken. O! when shall some form of government be given to poor Alaska, that the work of evangelization may advance unhindered by such outbreaks!

E. G. C.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

By Sheldon Jackson, D.D.

Here we have been two weeks without rain, a succession of bright, sunshiny days. This good weather has been improved in clearing and grading the site for the mission buildings, to the facilitating of which

Dr. Henry Kendall

has given daily personal supervision. His visit to this distant section of the Home Mission field will exert a very great influence for good, both upon the present and future of the mission. It has given him an opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the field, and gaining information by which the Board of Home Missions can act intelligently in the enlargement of its work. This is the more important as the mission at Fort Wrangel is but the first of a series of missions in this great land. His observations and statements will also greatly influence the public sentiment of the Church in favor of mission work in this section. His visit has also greatly encouraged the people. No late event has so favorably impressed the Indians at Fort Wrangel as this visit of Dr. Kendall.

Of commanding personal presence, one of the Secretaries of a Board that has its thousand men stretching from Alaska to Florida, coming from the shores of a distant ocean to inquire after their welfare, bringing the money to erect the Girls' Industrial Home, it is no wonder that the Indians recognized him as the Great Chief. One after another of their chiefs and leading men called to see him and express their great pleasure at his visit—one remarking with great earnestness that he had not slept all night for joy.

The missionaries, too, hailed his coming with delight. His large experience and wise counsels solved for them many a knotty problem. His patience and kindness in entering into the details of their difficulties and trials—his large sympathies greatly endeared him to them, while his hopefulness encouraged their hearts—strengthened their

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hands, and stimulated them to fresh zeal in the work. Indeed Dr. Kendall's trip across the continent brought fresh sunshine and new courage to many homes.

At Salt Lake City, in California, and again in Oregon and Washington, the missionaries everywhere met him with the warm greetings of sons to a father. Discouragements were removed or lightened, new fields discussed, and enlarged plans of work laid out. A trip of such a man is worth thousands of dollars to the Church in the fresh impetus given to the work. It is very desirable that our Secretaries should oftener visit the fields committed to their care.

Last Summer, when the Presbytery of Utah were being turned out of their homes and school by the Mormons, and dark days were upon them, Dr. Henry R. Wilson of the Board of Church Erection visited them. He saw the need as no letter could have impressed it upon him, and the result was increased aid and sympathy. The visits of Drs. Cyrus Dickson, Kendall and Wilson, in previous years, to Colorado, were each the entering upon a new stage of Church prosperity.

Cremation.

One morning Dr. Kendall and myself went up the beach. About a mile north of the village we noticed a white sheet stretched between two poles and looking as if it might be intended for a scare-crow. Upon inquiry we found it contained the ashes of a boy that was drowned the week before. His friends had promised the missionary that it should have a Christian burial. But during Saturday night they took the body up the beach and early Sabbath morning burned it, pieces of the charred wood still remaining. Several large sticks of dry wood were laid side by side on the beach. Upon these was placed the body of the boy. Other sticks were piled over the body and the whole set on fire, amid the shrieks and superstitious incantations of hired mourners. In about an hour the body was consumed. After the fire had gone out, the ashes were carefully gathered up and placed in a basket until a suitable box could be carved for their permanent preservation. When all was ready, an old Indian woman bowed down with age and infirmities, took up the basket and started for a pine tree, which had previously been selected for the purpose. She was followed by the mourners and friends with bowed heads and loud wails of sorrow. At the base of the tree, two poles about eight feet high were driven into the ground two feet apart. The basket containing the ashes was tied between these poles, and a white muslin bag like a large pillow-case drawn down over the poles and basket and closed at the bottom. On the outside of this sheet is sometimes rudely painted a face, through which the spirit of the departed is supposed to look out upon the bay. Morning and evening the parents of the boy come out of their hut and turning their faces to the north utter

loud cries of distress. And this will be kept up for months, for they have never heard of the great Comforter, who alone can comfort sorrowing hearts.

Those whose bodies are burned are supposed to be warm and comfortable in the next world, and the others cold. They believe in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, but not to animals. And the wish is often expressed that in the next change they may be born into this or that powerful family. The funeral ceremonies of chiefs often last several days. If slaves are then sacrificed it relieves their owners from work in the next world. Dead slaves are often cast into the sea. At the funeral of chiefs, the traditions and history of the tribe is rehearsed. If these ceremonies are not conducted properly, the water of death swallows up the departed soul, or it is lost in the forests. But if conducted properly, the chief of the gods speaks the word and the water of death does not swallow up the soul, but floats it to a land of rest or forgetfulness. Then after a long time it comes back to some descendant of a sister, and lives another life.

To such superstitions these people are bound body and soul. And to rescue them from this, ameliorating and elevating their condition in this life, and presenting to them a glorious immortality through a crucified

and risen Saviour, is the work of the Board of Home Missions.

SITKA, ALASKA. 1882

MISSION BUILDING BURNED: TWO HUNDRED
AND THIRTY INDIAN CHILDREN TURNED
OUT IN MID-WINTER.

To the Editors of the New York Observer:

Please publish the enclosed letter of Hon. William Gouverneur Morris, and make a strong appeal to your readers for funds to rebuild. We need \$10,000.

Contributions for rebuilding to be sent to Mrs. M. E. Boyd, P. O. Box 1938, New York city. Marked, "Special for Sitka Mission Building." Truly yours,

SHELDON JACKSON.

CUSTOM HOUSE, SITKA, ALASKA,
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, January 30, 1882.

My dear Sir:

I regret sincerely to be compelled to announce to you the total loss by fire, on the 24th inst., of the old Army Hospital, lately occupied as a Mission Home for Indian boys under the auspices of your Board.

The first alarm was given about 5 A. M., and in less than an hour the flames broke through the roof. The building was burnt to the ground. Fortunately no wind was blowing at the time, else the safety of the whole town would have been endangered.

The citizens worked manfully to save the contents of the Home, for it was manifest at once that the building could not be rescued, there being no fire-engines, hose, extinguishers, buckets, ladders, hooks, or

fire apparatus of any description whatsoever in the place. The Indian boys battled manfully with the flames, going to and fro into the burning building with the utmost *sang froid*, seemingly totally destitute of fear. They worked like young Trojans, and succeeded in saving a portion of the mission property, furniture and personal effects of Mr. A. E. Austin and family: the latter in a badly damaged condition.

Conspicuous amongst the citizens for personal bravery I noticed my master carpenter, W. M. Bennett. Another of my employees, J. H. Turnbull, formerly carpenter's mate on the Jamestown, is deserving of special notice.

But little pilfering, if any, was done by the Indians. The goods, as fast as they were removed from the burning building, were deposited in piles and guarded by the native policemen.

Had there been on hand the proper fire apparatus the building and all its contents could have been saved. As it was, there was nothing left but to let it burn.

The cabinet-organ, presented by Captain L. A. Beardsley, U. S. N., was destroyed, but the pianos belonging to the Rev. Mr. Willard and Miss Austin were brought out successfully.

At once I tendered the Austin family quarters in the Barracks building, where I reside, which they accepted and where they are now housed comfortably with their effects. They will continue to occupy the same until they are required for Government purposes, or until your Board erect another building, which I take it for granted will be done during the coming summer.

Mr. Austin has made temporary accommodation for some of the boys in the town, and I have placed at his disposal a building formerly used as a stable by the Quarter-Master Department when the port was garrisoned by the military. This, however, will be only a temporary thing, and the accommodations will be very limited. It needs some repairs, which are now being made at the expense of the Mission. This will prevent the boys from becoming scattered. A few of the smaller children were taken care of by their mothers at the Indian Ranch, but will return as soon as quarters are provided for them.

It is a very unfortunate circumstance that the school should receive this sudden blow, but the good people in charge are full of zeal and thoroughly equal to the occasion, and will soon have it on its legs again.

I have been particularly impressed with the progress already made by some of the boys, and should consider it a public calamity if the school were suffered to die now for the lack of support. The management, in my judgment, is specially to be commended. The boys themselves keenly feel the loss they have sustained, and are

looking forward for protection in the future.

I have never been of the opinion that the hospital building was of any value to the United States for such purposes or to reside in. Had the Government ever contemplated using the land again for hospital purposes, the first thing to do would have been to burn the building down. A much more suitable edifice for educational purposes, etc., could be erected at a reasonable cost.

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This is a measure which demands the attention of the Christian world, and commends itself most favorably to all philanthropically inclined. Public meetings should be held, and your church papers should take the matter in hand and push it zealously.

If you will take the rostrum yourself and lecture, giving your experience and impress upon the people of the United States the great good which has already been accomplished, and the bright future which lies before you, you ought to raise before the summer is past at least \$20,000, wherewith to rebuild your Mission Home and continue your good and sacred cause.

Anything that I can consistently, officially or personally, do to aid you in the premises will be most cheerfully rendered.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS;

Collector of Customs.

To REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

BURNING OF A MISSIONARY BUILDING AT SITKA.

Mrs. A. E. Austin writes from Sitka, Alaska, under date of Jan. 26, of the entire destruction by fire of the Sheldon Jackson Institute there. And hereupon the Secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions very properly founds an appeal to the churches to secure means to carry forward the work without interval or shrinkage. Mrs. Austin gives the following particulars and incidents of the catastrophe:

One comfort to us is that it was not occasioned by the carelessness of any one in the Home. It is our custom to have family prayers before the boys go to their dormitory for the night. My husband left the room at eight P. M., and at eleven P. M. he went through the dormitory and kitchen. Everything was apparently safe. At three A. M. we were awakened by the howling of our dog in the wood room. I called my son and told him he must go and see what the trouble was, and I went with him into the hall adjoining the school-room, and did not perceive the slightest smell of smoke. At six A. M. one of our boys discovered the fire in the school-room, and immediately the bell was rung. We got up in the darkness to dress, and neighbors urged us to leave the building, for fear we should be lost in the smoke. I shall never forget the terrible shock when I heard the roaring and crackling of fire all about us, and felt that all our earthly possessions were soon to be swept away. The great concern was for the boys' safety. But all were saved. One of the boys said to me "Charley is missing," our baby boy in the Home, but we soon found him.

The very efficient help of the friends was remarkable. My husband saved the boys' bedding and the bedsteads. The boys fastened a rope around the large cooking-stove which Dr. Jackson sent them. It was so hot they could not handle it. The cooking utensils were also rescued.

One of our boys, of whom we are very fond and proud, worked like a hero. He said "I will save Mr. Austin's furniture if I die in the flames; I am not afraid to die." I stood outside and begged him to leave the house, but he did not heed, but worked with all his might. He stayed until the fire was all about him, and then jumped from the second-story window, and stood by my side watching our loved Home, while it was fast being swept from our sight. Our feelings were greatly touched by the many Indian friends coming to offer their sympathy. One woman said "When I heard the school-bell ring I rushed out of the ranche and hurried to the Home, looked about, and could not

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see you. O my heart was so sad! I do love you, and would feel just as badly to lose you as one of my own family." She is an unusually fond mother, and has a fine family of children well clothed and fed. Her eldest son is one of the Home boys.

Some women were carrying things from the fire, others depositing them in safety. Some were wandering about with tears in their eyes. They feel the loss very greatly. I cannot tell you how dear to my heart these people are. The fire has tested their love for us. I dare not stop to think of this sad loss; but we must submit, and we look to our Heavenly Father in the darkness, and *know He* will bring us into the light.

If we do not receive any clothing by this steamer for our boys, I shall have to make some garments for them. We shall fit up their dormitory and make them as happy and comfortable as possible. We have taken a few rooms for our own use where we can sleep at night, but will all remain with the boys during the day and evening.

Could our kind friends in the East hear the earnest pleadings of our boys that they might not be sent back to the ranche, we feel sure that ample means would soon be furnished to procure them a comfortable home. We hope that money will be sent the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions as soon as possible, that we may build during the Summer months when the days are so long, it being bright enough to work until nine or ten P. M.

Since writing this we have fitted up a large stable formerly used by the troops; it is the best we can do at present. The boys are very hopeful, and believe friends will soon provide them with a new home. We shall be glad to have you procure seeds, and send as soon as possible, for it will soon be time to plant our garden again. We had very good success last year.

Mrs. Lieut. Symonds of the Jamestown, upon her return home to Ogdensburgh went to work

in earnest, interested friends there, and by last steamer we received some blankets, and also have the promise of a sewing-machine for the Home. Mrs. Commander Glass hopes to do something in San Francisco for our Home. It strengthens our faith to get such letters from friends, and just now when we so need the prayers and help of those who are able to give to us.

When the Home was burning, an Indian doctor from Hoonyah said to Archie "Why don't Mr. Austin put a stop to the fire?" Archie said in his broken language, "You don't know what you talk about; we love Jesus. It is all right; don't talk that way, you don't know nothing."

MRS. A. E. AUSTIN.

GOING NORTH.

By the Los Angeles will leave our shores, Major Wm. Gouverneur Morris, the new Collector of Customs for the District of Alaska, who proceeds direct to Sitka, accompanied by his Special Deputy, Edward H. Brown, Esq., who for so many years has gracefully and acceptably filled a clerkship in our Custom House.

For the past seven years, Major Morris has at intervals visited this district as Special Agent of the U. S. Treasury, and, for the last two, has he made this place his head quarters. During this period he has

been to Alaska several times, and reported upon that interesting and unknown land. In 1874 he conceived the idea of opening up and developing the territory and its immense resources.

In 1878 he was ordered there by Secretary Sherman, and directed to make a report upon the country. So successfully was this accomplished that he was ordered by the Secretary to Washington to supervise the publication of his work, of which Congress ordered published some seven thousand copies. This valuable and interesting book is now considered as standard authority; it is profusely illustrated, and presented at the time it was published a true condition of affairs. So great has been the demand for it that long since the edition was exhausted, and not a copy can now be had for love or money.

We learn, however, that the Major has now in hand a second volume much larger and more comprehensive than the first, which will embrace the history of the country from the period where he left off up to the present time. He will conclude it during the winter, and have it ready when Congress meets. It will be replete with information, and contain maps, and all the recent surveys, etc. Decided ground will be taken in favor of the establishment by Congress of a suitable form of government. All the bills heretofore introduced to that end will be considered, and their merits and demerits discussed. The whole field will be completely gone over, and all the pros and cons reviewed.

We build great faith in the manner in which Major Morris will handle the subject. So little is known about Alaska by Congress at large, that a work of this kind will possess intensely valuable information. For three sessions of Congress has he been in Washington devoting his attention to the wants and weal of this Territory. At first was he given the cold shoulder, but by persist-

ent efforts, aided by such men as Dall, Beardslee, General John Eaton, Commissioner of education, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, and the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, a very different order of things now prevails, and the greatest interest is taken in Alaskan matters, and everywhere comes up the word of the shocking manner in which she has hitherto been neglected.

The administration has commendably acknowledged the important services rendered Alaska, by selecting Major Morris as Collector of the district. The appointment is one which has been fairly and justly earned, and cannot fail to be exceedingly popular with the people, for whom he has ardently and faithfully labored. He is well known to the old settlers, and to the new ones he will soon introduce himself, as one of the first things with which he is charged is a thorough inspection of his district, a thing which has never before been done by any Collector since the customs district was organized.

The people of Alaska have our sincere sympathy in their efforts to secure to themselves, under our constitution, life liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and if we possibly can, we propose to visit them in the Spring and personally ascertain their wants. Whatever influence this paper may have shall be directed without reward in their behalf.

In a recent article published in the "Oregonian," too long for us to reproduce, Maj. Morris has directly stated the attitude assumed by the Alaska Commercial Co. in reference to this question. He there shows in his opinion conclusively, that the company evinces no hostility to the wishes of the people, but that on the contrary they stand ready to support any salutary and proper measure. We are glad to learn this, for we had been led to suppose to the contrary.

The recent convention at Harrisburg was a well conceived measure,

and we trust that the Delegate to be elected will be one who can best succeed in the object for which he will be chosen, and that Congress will admit him to a seat.

With pleasure we notice the remarks made at the convention by his excellency, Gov. Newell, of this territory, and the promise he made to personally advocate in Washington the interests of the people of Alaska. The territory requires the aid and influence of every man of prominence, and we earnestly hope that no rival claims may militate against the object that all good men have in view. We shall refer from time to time, as the contemplated legislation advances, using our best endeavors to facilitate the wishes of our northern neighbors.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1880.

RICH DISCOVERIES.

At last the gold and silver mines of Alaska are becoming more known and their value demonstrated. We have always contended that in this unknown land would be found some of the richest mineral deposits on this continent, and if half the news is true which was brought by the last steamer from Sitka, our prophecy is already more than fulfilled. It is stated that rich placer diggings have been discovered at Takou, twenty miles long by eight wide, and that good pay dirt is the result. No sufficient prospect has been made to speak definitely of their value, but those who are there are fully satisfied with results, and it is expected there will be a great rush there during the coming spring.

On the mainland, outside the coast range, between Auk and Schuck, the most extraordinary and wonderful discovery has been made of gold,

6. silver and galena. The assays go into the thousands—one lot of ore showing \$3,000 to the ton. The gold can be seen with the naked eye and can be felt by a blind man. A new mining district has been formed and named after Harris, the discoverer. He has taken up a town site of 160 acres, of land, situated on the coast. If these stories are true next summer will behold there one of the most flourishing mining camps on the Pacific coast. A few men are now there at work, old Alaska mountaineers, mured to the hardships and cold of that peculiar climate.

Our source of information is from the most undoubted authority. The steamer Favorite has gone to the new diggings with Geo. E. Pilz, the assayer, and mining engineer, whose party of prospectors are amongst the first locators of the new mines. Several of the most experienced miners who were wintering at Sitka have also gone in the Favorite to ascertain the truth of the report. We have ourselves seen some of the rock and it is fabulously rich in appearance. Still, until further advices are received, we would caution the public against putting too much reliance in the statements made. There will be plenty of time between this and spring to ascertain the truth. The season of the year is inclement, the winter even here has set in with unusual severity, and and at Takou it is rigorous, boisterous and very cold. An unprecedented rush at this season might result in untold hardships and disasters. It is better to wait until the spring opens, when if these marvelous stories are substantiated we shall look for an exodus equal to that of the famous Fraser River excitement in 1857.

A number of valuable lodes of silver and argentiferous galena have also been discovered, located and secured, north of Cross Sound, and merged into a company composed of experienced and go-ahead men.

Some of this rock—an average lot—has been assayed, and realizes \$180 in silver and \$40 in lead to the ton. Specimens of this ore can be seen at the office of Major Morris, Special Agent. Samples have also been sent to the mining magnates of Bo-reels Building, New York. One mine of this kind only is needed to make all parties connected therewith independently rich. Major M. P. Berry, late Collector at Sitka, is President of the company. He is an old miner, and a man of great caution and experience.

We take pleasure in noticing the remarks contained in the recent report of the Secretary of the Navy, regarding the establishment of some form of civil government in Alaska, and also congratulate our neighbors on the decided stand taken by the President in his last message, wherein he recommends this to Congress, fully endorsing the report of Secretary Thompson in every particular. Once establish the fact of productive mines in Alaska, and the question of population is settled. It will not be long before she will have as many white people as there are in the state of Nevada. We shall keep our readers advised as we hear from that section.

ARCTIC OBSERVERS.

Wintering at the Point Barrow Station—Long and Windy Winter—Stars Seen at Noon—Return of Spring—Another Account of the Loss of the North Star—The Earth Frozen in July—All About the Curious and Amusing Natives—Glimpses of the Whaling Fleet.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.]

UNITED STATES SIGNAL STATION, }
OOGLAAMIE, ALASKA, July 26, 1882. }

We commenced hourly meteorological work on the 16th of October, and magnetic work on the 1st of December, and have been doing so ever since, the work being done by the four observers.

We had a very severe winter, but except for its length, your correspondent has experienced equally as cold weather in the Western States and Territories. The coldest day was in December, about the 23d, when the spirit thermometer recorded -54° . The same temperature was also reached early in February, which was our coldest month, the mean of which was

27°. The snow fall was not large, but it was impossible to do more than estimate the precipitation, owing to the high wind, which carries it along in clouds. We had a great amount of wind, but only a few heavy gales. We had one very heavy one, however, on January 21st, the day on which the sun should have appeared, when the velocity of the wind reached 108 miles per hour, the daily momentum of wind being 1,400 miles, (which is considerably more than the monthly movement at some of the interior cities in the States), but as our house was buried in snow up to the eaves, it did us no injury, except that it blew away one set of anemometer cups, although another set stood the gale through.

TUNNELS IN THE DRIFTED SNOW.

Early in the season our house was completely buried in an immense drift and we cut long tunnels from each of our doors, and about fifty yards long, running to the magnetic observatory. This was a great protection and made our house very warm, so, although we had only a medium sized coal stove, we suffered no inconvenience and hardly ever wore anything but our usual clothing. Native boots were only put on when we went out.

AURORAS, ARCTIC TWILIGHT AND DARK.

All through the winter we had an aurora every night, so bright that we could see the sky, and all the readings of our magnetic instruments during that time are so irregular that they cannot be used for any other purpose than to show merely the disturbance. There was not a day on which we did not have some twilight during the winter. The sun set on the 16th of November and did not rise until the 21st of January. About the 21st December some of the larger stars could be seen at noon, but the twilight from that date increased in brightness and duration very rapidly. The sun ceased to set and has not since to date, but will about the 29th July. The snow did not begin to go away until the middle of May, and it had not all disappeared until June 10th.

THE FIRST BIRDS.

We saw our first bird—a snow bunting—on Easter Sunday, but it was the middle of May before the sea birds began to come in any numbers. There was an occasional opening of the heavy ice pack at sea, distant about seven or eight miles from the station, during April and May, but it was not until the present month that there was much sign of the sea opening.

"THE NORTH SEA."

We saw our first ship, the steam whaler North Star, Captain Owens commanding, on June 25th. She came up to Sea Horse Island in open water, but the ice closed in behind her so that she could not get back. She followed a lead up abreast of the station, hoping to get through the shore ice, but was unable to do so. She remained in the ice until July 8th, when she was at last caught between the moving pack and the grounded shore ice, and was crushed like an egg-shell, in fact literally ground to pieces in a few minutes. She was a splendid ship, and stood an enormous amount of pressure, being nipped several times before the final crush came. It was a fine, sunny day, and she stood about three miles from shore, and looked beautifully among the jagged ice-fields. I was up the coast about half a mile, and was admiring her; and when I saw her flag run up, I hurried back, and by the time I reached the station she was ground up, and in an hour afterward all that was to be seen was a broken mast and her smokestack, which had fallen on a piece of ice and drifted off to the northeast. The crew came ashore, and we issued rations to them until the 14th, when the steam whalers Bowhead and Belredon arrived, and took them all away, except Captain Owens, the engineer, steward, and Captain Colson of the Sappho, who also lost his ship some time previously, and thus has been shipwrecked twice this season.

JULY WEATHER — FRINGES OF ICE — THE WHALERS.

The sea is now open except a narrow fringe of grounded ice about a mile from shore, but a few miles down the coast, the ice is all gone, and opposite the point it is also all gone. There are eight or nine vessels now anchored off here, as the heavy pack which is always drifting away to the north and northeast is only a few miles distant and they are afraid of getting caught and don't go near it. We have the Captains and officers of the vessels here every day, and on one or two occasions we had a lady, the wife of Captain Greene of the whaler John Howland.

MAILS RECEIVED—A PRIMITIVE ICE HOUSE.

We received all our mails sent up by the different whalers, to the Captains of which we are extremely grateful. We got plenty of reindeer meat nearly the whole season, and when the ducks came along we shot quite a large number, and as far as food is concerned are doing well. We had a large hole dug in the ground to the depth of thirteen feet, and in this we keep all our fresh meat; it is an excellent ice house, and it keeps everything frozen solid. We tried to ascertain how far the earth was frozen, but were unable to do so, being unable to dig any deeper. It was frozen so hard that it took the carpenter all winter and up to the beginning of March to excavate to the depth of thirteen feet. The temperature of the air then was about 8° above zero.

NATIVE CURIOSITY QUENCHED WITH CAYENNE PEPPER—SUBSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS.

We experienced no trouble from the natives, except in the early part of winter they would come and stand about our doors and windows and get in our way generally, so that they became a nuisance. When the frost gathered on our windows they kept peep-holes open by licking off the frost with their tongues. This we finally got rid of by making a strong decoction of cayenne pepper, and painting the outside of the glass, so that licking was not at all comfortable. A few of the respectable ones were occasionally let into the house. If any of these did not behave themselves we treated them with very little ceremony, so that they soon became afraid of us, and were very civil. At first some of them had the habit of opening the door and walking into the house as if they were the owners, and after a short time we got tired of this and kicked a few of them out, and by that means they have improved in their manners considerably. There is very little fight in them, and they never stick together or stand up for each other. If you cuff one, the rest stand around and look on and laugh and say it is "Nakoomk" (good), and the fellow getting chastised is "Aseeruk" (bad). They are not at all handsome, but then they are quite well for savages. The women when young are much better looking than the men, but all are very dirty and never dream of washing any part of their bodies. The men wear a large pair of bone buttons like shirt studs in their under-lips, and it gives them anything but a pleasant appearance. The women tattoo their chins, which they consider a great mark of beauty, but I cannot say that I agree with them on that point.

THE GATLING GUN—AN AMUSING INVASION.

We have built a small block house in which the Gatling gun is mounted so as to command all the approaches to our house, so that if we ever have to fight we can do so with every advantage. During the winter a Noowuk man named "Oonaleena" came down, it is said, with the intention of cleaning out the whole kabloonas (whites), but as he came accompanied by his wife, his intentions were not of a very desperate character. At all events he came and had a "big talk," loitered about for a couple of days, and finally took his departure for home, and sent us down a deer as a present. That was the nearest approach to trouble we have had.

GENERAL NOTES.

July 22d the bark George and Susan arrived, and Captain Knowles came ashore and had dinner with us.

The relief vessel has not yet put in an appearance, but we are looking for her between August 5th and 10th.

I would take this occasion to thank the ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission of your city for the reading matter sent us by the steam whaler Bowhead, and Captain E. E. Smith, her commander, for the ton of mail matter delivered us, as also the captains of the other whalers who brought us more or less mail matter, papers, etc.

We send our first mail, since the departure of the Golden Fleece, which brought us up, by the whaling bark Thomas Pope, Captain Fisher commanding.

OBSERVER.

FROM SITKA, ALASKA.

A letter from one of our missionaries at Sitka gives details of affairs there up to June 6th. A few weeks ago the Sitka mission buildings were burned, and now measles in their worst form, and also to some extent scarlet fever, have become epidemic among the children. Mrs. Austin writes:

The past month has been a sad and eventful one. We have been visited by sickness and death. Nearly every house in the Ranche has sick children in it, some of them six or eight. Most of the medicine was lost at the fire. Nearly all the children of the day-school are down with measles and sore mouth and throat, and also ten of the home-school boys. The Russians have also lost many children, and we have done what we could for them also. Every day the parents come to tell us of new cases of sickness, and some we have visited three times a day. We feel we can make a strong appeal to our friends to send us medicines, that we may not be left in such a plight again. I have tried in vain to get whole flax-seed; have had to use the ground. We want slippery elm, saffron, flax-seed, camphor, and in fact all kinds of medicine. I have used homoeopathic medicine, as I had that and understand that treatment better than alopatic. It is very hard to be in a place without doctor or medicine.

Since writing, the United States revenue cutter has arrived, bringing the officers and crew of the Rogers, that was burned in the Arctic. They brought three physicians, and it is a great relief to us, although they are not attending the sick in the Ranche. They pronounce the diseases black measles and scarlet fever, and say that hundreds are dying of measles north of here. We have great cause for gratitude that our Indians' lives have been spared. There is a greater demand for garden seeds this year than last.

I will send you names of boys and girls attending day school, and any items of interest I can gather concerning them. The Indians are not apt to speak of their past lives, and it is with difficulty that we can learn from them any incidents. But I have learned something lately concerning Allen, one of our home boys. He belongs to Hovcho-nov, and his mother was accused of witchcraft some time since, and captured and tried in accordance with their custom. This little fellow

watched his chance, and at midnight cut the ropes from off his mother, secured a canoe, and escaped with her to Sitka, where they have lived, fearing to return. Allen is noted for his honesty, has a sad face, and endured with his mother many hardships. He has a little sister, a beautiful child, almost white. He is one of the best boys we have to depend upon. He has not as yet been taken by any society.

The Indians, before leaving for their hunting and fishing expeditions, come to say good-bye, and ask us to pray for them while absent from us. It is remarkable to see the childlike faith they manifest in prayer, and in our treatment of them during sickness. How I longed to take these poor little ones and put them into a comfortable bed. When I looked upon them lying upon the floor wrapped in a blanket, my thoughts turned immediately to the children of our homes in the East, and I said, ah! what a difference!

I wish I might picture to the dear children that have soft, snowy beds to lie upon, and good food to eat and a kind mamma to watch beside them, how thankful they should be to their Heavenly Father that they were not born in an Indian home.

Think of these poor little sufferers with mouths and throats covered with sores, trying to eat salt-dried salmon; it makes our hearts sick to look upon such a scene.

I wish we had some good woman among us who would help us make gruel and soft toast for them. I cannot say enough to impress the kind friends, when preparing boxes, to send also supplies to be used in times of sickness; we have so needed beef tea. But it is impossible to get it save when the mail steamer comes, which is only once a month. We should like extract or fluid beef. I hope, when we have a new building, we can have a large room fitted up for hospital purposes, and it certainly is greatly needed for our home inmates. It is necessary for the advancement of the work to have a building as soon as possible.

We still need more boys' clothing. All mothers who have boys know it is a constant necessity to patch and make anew. It keeps me very busy with my large family of boys, and I cannot keep them as I could wish. The garments that I have made are wearing out, and much mending has to be done.

Gifts of medicines suitable for sending through the mails, can be sent direct to Alonzo E. Austin, Sitka, Alaska. Monies for medicine or for rebuilding, should be directed to Mrs. M. E. Boyd, P. O. Box 1938, New York city.

FROM THE NORTH.

Good and Bad Mining News—Master Putnam's Body—Discovery of a Great River—Starvation and Death.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

VICTORIA, Oct. 24.—The steamship Idaho from Alaska and Cassiar touched here this afternoon and passed on to Port Townsend. \$30,000 was brought down from Takou by miners. The Cassiar gold mines are in a condition of decadence and the Chinese are gradually possessing themselves of the country on Thibert creek. The old bed of the stream

had been found and miners were doing very well there. No new creeks had been found. Health of the diggers was good.

The U. S. steamer Hassler was lying at Wrangel, where the Idaho supplied her with 100 tons coal for winter consumption.

Macadam Bros., passengers by the Idaho, made \$10,000 each in Yakon. The weekly dividend to each party was \$400. Quartz promises very well and is increasing in richness as the shaft descends.

PT. TOWNSEND, Oct. 24.—Steamer Idaho arrived this A. M. bringing news from Sitka up to the 11th.

The revenue cutter Corwin arrived at Sitka Oct. 13 from an extended cruise in northern waters. All on board well. During the cruise the Corwin called at Belkapskai and found that much sickness had prevailed among natives during the summer.

The fur companies report a successful season, the sea otter catch being large.

The example made by Capt. Healy on his late cruise has had a healthy effect, and brewing of grass has become much lessened.

The Corwin will go to Juneau and return to Sitka before going to San Francisco. The Corwin on her northern cruise left Ooraliska July 30, stopped at St. Paul and St. George islands; found sealing season over usual, the catch being good; went under sail to St. Mathews island, famous for polar bears. From there she steamed to St. Lawrence island to ascertain the information concerning Master C. F. Patnom, of the Rodgers.

On August 3d a boat was sent ashore to the village of Kollegok and found about 100 dead bodies in advanced stage of decomposition.

On August 5th anchored at Northwest Cape, the only village where any of the natives are left alive. They state that the deaths were caused by starvation, the annual supply of walrus having failed.

On August 6th spoke schooner Lea in Plover bay with relief party on board. Next day arrived at North Head and were informed that on May 26th the ice pack that had been settling toward the Siberian coast had drifted back. A party of natives went sealing on the ice and came across the body of Putnam on a floe. The body was very much swollen and decomposed, and lying near by was his revolver, the skeleton of a dog and a broken sled. The natives left everything undisturbed, they being too superstitious to touch a dead body.

On August 10th spoke whaling barks George and Susan, Francis Palmer, and Abraham, bark Sea Breeze and brig Hidalgo, all nearly empty. Anchored at night off U. S. signal station at Cape Smyth, about 10 miles south of Point Barrow. Lieut. Ray and party of eight men are well and comfortably located. The lieutenant had made two sledge journeys during the winter, one fifty miles in the interior and one a hundred miles along the coast. On the latter and toward the Mackenzie a large and hitherto unknown river was discovered, that appeared to be as large as the Mississippi. It was shallow, but owing to ice Ray could not ascertain whether it was navigable. The Indians in the neighborhood of the station have shown signs of discontent, and the lieutenant has built a stockade and mounted a gatling gun on the tower for protection. His party are well armed with repeating rifles, and are able to look out for themselves.

The Corwin went so far north as 71 deg., 45 min., higher than she has ever been before. On Aug. 11th, spoke whaling barks "The Cone," "The Coral," "J. H. Hollan," "Helen Mar," "Boulding Billow," and "Flectwing." All had met with very poor success. Next day reached longitude 149 degrees 28 minutes west, within a few miles of the return reef, the point where Sir John Franklin and party turned back in 1846. The ice becoming thick and heavy the Corwin stood to the westward homeward bound. Coaled the ship at the coal mine on Cape Sishume. Found coal of good quality.

Bishop Nestow's body has been found and will be forwarded to San Francisco during the summer. The Corwin cruised 18,000 miles. The season has been an open one and very mild. The work done reflects great credit on Capt. Healy, officers and men, and proves the increasing efficiency of the revenue marine service.

The Adams has moored in Sitka harbor which she will make her headquarters. Her commander evinces much interest in the welfare of Alaska.

Business is good and merchants are doing well. The receipts from the district during the month of September, reached \$11,310.

The Northwest Trading Co. are shipping large quantities of cranberries and numerous bales of deerskins.

The oil works at Killisnoo are running on full time. Whales are getting plentiful there. One was caught on August 13 that will yield sixty barrels of oil.

New placer diggings are being discovered at Douglass Island of great richness. One dollar to the pan is said to have been realized.

Assistant Surgeon H. W. Yeomans, of the marine hospital service, has arrived at Sitka and assumed duties. He is the first officer of the service ever stationed here.

The new missionary building is up and will be shingled in a few days.

The Idaho brought down a large number of passengers who were afraid to face the severe winter. They will go back in the spring.

A party of prospectors who have just returned to Juneau from the Yakon, report rich diggings and a mild climate in that region.

A miner named McGuire fell off the Idaho and was drowned. His body was recovered and buried.

The steamer Rose ran on a rock near Sitka and stove a hole in her bottom.

THE DAILY STANDARD.

Official Paper for the City of Portland.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 27, 1882.

WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

The Fellow who will Dun Alaska or Burst an Iceberg.

The Malfesance of a Government Official That Requires Attention.

On the recent arrival in San Francisco of the U. S. man-of-war Wachusett, Pearson commander, from Alaska, an Examiner reporter went aboard to inquire into the charges against Wm. Gouverneur Morris, Collector of Customs at Sitka, preferred by Lieutenant Benson, of the ship, and obtained the following statement:

"In the first place," said the lieutenant, "I was placed in command of the Sitka garrison, and represented the senior officer of the Wachusett in his absence, during the months of May, June, July, August and September of the present year. Knowing of the reputation borne in the community by Mr. Morris, Commander Pearson left me positive orders to endeavor to get along peacefully with him. I used all means in my power to do this, but from his conduct I found it impossible. I soon discovered by observation that he was a blackguard and a scoundrel, a most unfit person to occupy the responsible position he holds, and resolved that he should not serve me as he had all the others who have come in contact with him. After watching him closely, as I have said, in September I came to the conclusion that the rights of the people of Alaska and the citizens of the United States were being most basely trampled upon, and I made up my mind that the Treasury Department should at least know of it. I filed a report with secretary of the navy, asking that it be forwarded to the secretary of the treasury, under whom Morris holds his place.

THE CHARGES.

Among other things I charged Mr. Morris with smuggling liquor into the Territory. For many months the whites have been bothered by intoxicated natives, and on several occasions incipient riots have been caused by the drunken braves of these ignorant people. I am satisfied that Morris is at the bottom of it. Upon the arrival of every steamer he gets cases of brandy, which he disposes of at his favorite saloon. Liquor dealing is prohibited by law, yet gin-mills are allowed to be conducted under his very nose. On the last steamer he received several boxes of brandy, which he claimed had been sent by order of

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President Arthur, to be used as medicine in preventing an epidemic of the measles. Private persons sent for liquors for the same purpose, but they were stopped at Port Townsend. Morris' liquors he offered for sale at \$2 per bottle, and they were used to muddle the brains of himself and deputies instead of being applied where they might have done some good. The employes of his office are negligent of their duties, and, along with the principal, are in a drunken stupor nearly all the time. In my complaint I also charged Morris with gambling. I have seen him continually, when he should have been employed in attending to the wants of the people, which, God knows, are many and varied enough, sitting

AT A GAMING TABLE

With a half-dozen others of his stripe, gambling for money in large and small amounts. In this way he neglects his duties and is continually absent from his post. I charged him also with intermeddling in private affairs which concerned him no more than they do you. He made a great fuss simply because Signal Service attache McLean desired to arrange a croquet ground upon government land, where, instead of devoting his time to whisky-drinking and gambling, he proposed to take a little innocent recreation. Having been granted permission, Lieutenant McLean arranged the ground, whereupon Mr. Morris made a great hue and cry at Washington. The outcome has been that Mr. McLean has been detached and ordered home; and certainly the United States never had a more faithful man in its employ than he. When I remonstrated with Mr. Morris against such conduct, he simply replied; "I'm aggressive and disagreeable, and, by G—, if the people don't like it, they can lump it; and if I can't have my way here, nobody else shall have their way. My backers are Senator Miller, by G—, Senator Jones, by G—, and Governor Perkins, by G—! And I'll stay here till hell freezes over."

SHOOTING DOGS.

I charged him, also, with ruthlessly shooting the Indian dogs. Now to understand the grievousness of this you must know that the dog is the Indian's ox, his horse—one of the few means by which he can obtain his livelihood. I have seen him take his Winchester rifle and fire indiscriminately about the streets, killing these animals for his own pleasure. Upon several occasions he narrowly missed inflicting mortal injury upon white persons. Continued complaints were made to me regarding this singular freak and it was only by the rigid exercise of my authority that I was able to suppress it. The natives arose in

OPEN REBELLION.

He was threatened with his life and an attack was made upon his house, large rocks being thrown through the windows and other damage being done. I was compelled to guard his house for two months with a fifteen minute patrol in order to keep the people from entirely demolishing it. I made many other charges against Mr. Morris, of which I desire to say nothing. It is sufficient that the public know that he is a base, degraded man, who carries with him all that is low and obscene. He has not the first requisites which should belong to a person engaged in looking out for the interests of Alaska, and if he is not early replaced by a more gentleman-

ly, conscientious, honest and capable man it will take more than one war vessel to repair the damage that will be done by his disgraceful conduct."

Lieutenant Benson referred to a misrepresentation made regarding the Wachusett, calling the attention of the reporter to an article written by Mr. Morris in the *Oregonian* of a recent issue. It was stated by the newspaper that the steamer had found Alaska troubled by a measles epidemic, and after ascertaining that it was proving fatal to large numbers steamed away and refused to leave any medical assistance behind. This statement was emphatically denied by Commander Pearson, Lieutenant Benson, Surgeon Jones and Assistant Surgeon DuBose, and was characterized as a base slander upon all the officers. The commander claims that his medicines, of which he took a large supply, were well nigh exhausted by constantly giving them out wherever it was necessary; that every possible thing was done to relieve persons who suffered from measles, and that when the Wachusett left the north the disease had entirely disappeared.

ALASKA.

Mineral Developments in all Respects Satisfactory—Political Condition of the Territory—Civil Law Needed—An Account of the Arrest of the Rose for Alleged Violation of the Revenue Laws.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SITKA, Alaska Territory, }
August 20, 1882. }

July 22d the steamer Rose of Sitka left this port for Juneau City and Chilcot, in Portage Bay, returning July 28th. From reliable correspondence we hear that W. B. Robertson has contracted for the cutting of a tunnel 126 feet in depth for the North Star Mining Company. All of the placer claims have been paying well, the very wet season having proved a good thing for the owners of diggings.

Messrs. Harris and Juneau cleaned up about ninety-five ounces of gold dust as the result of nine days' work, having a force of five men employed. Dickson & Co., in Specimen Gulch, are running a ditch one and one-quarter miles in length from the head of Gold Creek. This work will be completed very shortly, and will bring water to some excellent claims with deep grounds. Two weeks ago the one-third interest in a set of claims adjoining the Harris & Juneau property, sold for \$1,000 cash. Another party of fifteen men arrived in Juneau bound for the Yukon River District, though only a portion of these will go into that region this year. This latter party, with those who have preceded them, will bring the total number to forty-five, who have started on a prospecting tour through the Yukon District. These men have gone overland by way of Chilcot. Schieffelin and party go by way of St. Michaels. Webster's stamp mill on Gold Creek will be ready for work in a very short time. There is a contract already signed to crush the quartz from the Lowhee mine. Treadwell's stamp mill on Douglass Island is in full blast and crushing out the valuable mineral handsomely. The placer mines on this island are paying well in some instances.

SICKNESS IN SITKA—THE EVANGEL.

There are still quite a number of sick children in town, but the mortality has not been so great during the past month. Rev. Father Metropolsky, resident priest of the Russian Church, has sent his family down to Victoria for the winter. The steamer Evangel, owned

by the company which secured the new contract for carrying the mail, had to lay up at Departure Bay, unable to proceed on her journey during the July trip, and great trouble was experienced in securing a vessel to carry the mail to Sitka. The Evangel made the trip successfully in August but she did not have the mail, owing to trouble with the postal authorities at Port Townsend. The citizens of Alaska are meanwhile the sufferers, and the probabilities are that we shall have no mail for two months unless the excursion steamer Dakota brings it up this trip.

A PROTEST AGAINST "MARTIAL LAW."

We see in the Congressional proceedings that Senator Miller of California offered a resolution empowering the President to declare martial law in Alaska. We fail to see the necessity of such a measure at the present time. A short time ago there was some trouble with the Indians encamped in the vicinity of Juneau City, but this was quickly settled without bloodshed by the energetic action of a committee of the miners. A garbled report of this trouble was telegraphed to Washington, and this pretext was seized upon to offer a resolution depriving the citizens of Alaska of the last remnants of civil rights left to them.

The climate, the productions, the people, civilized and savage, have been the subjects of misrepresentations by interested writers. It is not martial law but civil law that is needed in our much-maligned Territory.

There is neither lawlessness nor anarchy rampant here that such an injustice should be perpetrated on the peaceable citizens of this Territory. There are no crimes that the civil law would not be fully competent to deal with. There is at present considerable capital in money and muscle invested in the country, and much more to come, if the arm of the civil law were stretched protectingly over this Territory. We sent our delegate, Colonel Ball, to present our petition for recognition of our rights as American citizens, but up to the present writing his persistent and indefatigable exertions have been in vain. The ambitious few who have come out here to grow up with the country, might as well be living in a penal colony for all the rights of American citizenship which they now enjoy.

MARINE MATTERS—THE CASE OF THE STEAMER ROSE.

August 1st United States steamer Wachusett arrived in port, remaining long enough to receive a supply of coal, afterwards returning to Fort Wrangell. August 15th the steamer Rose of Sitka, owned by Messrs. Whitford & Co., was seized, ostensibly for violation of Section 4,463 of the Revenue Statutes of the United States. The language of the section quoted is explicit and clear, and enjoins the Collector to notify the Captain or owners of steamboats that certain sections are being violated. The Collector knew that the steamer Rose was about to go on a voyage, and knew, also, that her regular engineer was unavoidably absent, but the mistake which the Collector made was in seizing the vessel for violating that section of the Revenue Statutes to which he ought to have first called the attention of her owners or Captain. The Collector was fully cognizant of the contemplated voyage of the steamer Rose, as he requested her Captain to furnish transportation from Juneau City for his brother-in-law. He also knew that her regular engineer was unavoidably absent; that a competent mechanic was placed temporarily in charge of the engine; that this temporary engineer had avowed his intention to apply for an engineer's certificate immediately on the arrival of the Inspector at Sitka; that the object of the voyage of the Rose was a matter of life and death, namely, to bring down from Chiloet the Rev. E. Willard, wife and child, all of whom had been suffering from terrible afflictions and privations for months previous; that the case was so urgent the commanding officer, Lieutenant G. R. Benson, furnished fuel in order to expedite the trip, at the same time offering to do anything else to send relief to the sufferers;

and that Mrs. A. Austin, the wife of the Superintendent of the Sitka Mission Home, went on the steamer to offer her services. When the Rose returned, Mrs. Willard was too prostrated to walk to the rooms placed at her disposal by Mr. Austin, and Mr. Willard was crippled. In this sparsely settled and remote country, the Captain and owners of the steamer Rose have done everything to comply with the letter and spirit of the Revenue laws. Every precaution was taken to comply with these laws, and if the letter was broken, it was to render succor and relief to suffering humanity, even when they knew the trip would not pay the expenses of the voyage. JUSTICE.

COMMITTEE ON INDIAN RIGHTS.

The Secretary of the Committee on Indian Rights submitted the following report. It was accompanied by a memorial, which, being in print, is not repeated here.

To the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Session at Springfield, Illinois:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your Committee on Indian Rights, would report that they met at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday evening, January 12, 1882, and organized with the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Chairman, and the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., Secretary.

The enclosed memorial to the President and Congress was adopted and ordered read to the President and Indian Committees of Congress by Justice Wm. Strong.

On Thursday morning a hearing was had before the joint Indian Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives, and in the afternoon, a similar hearing before the President, Secretary of the Interior, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

The Secretary of the Committee was directed to memorialize the Presbyteries and Synods to take such action as shall awaken increased public interest in Indian civilization.

The Hon. Wm. Strong, Hon. S. J. R. McMillan, Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D., and Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, D. D., were appointed a sub-committee to take any further action that might be necessary.

The above proceedings, with the accompanying memorial, is respectfully submitted.

SHELDON JACKSON,
Secretary.

BISHOP BOMPAS, whose diocese borders on Alaska, and extends to the Arctic Ocean, thus summarizes the work done among the Indians in that section: "Six mission stations—six mission houses and three church buildings. A manual printed in the seven dialects of the country, containing a summary of Christian instruction. A manual of devotion and the Gospels, printed with Indian characters in the Slave and Chipewyan languages. The Tukuth nation turned completely to Christianity. Full translations have been made into their language. The majority of the Slave and Beaver Indians have also professed Christianity."

ALASKA.

Commander Glass on Its Need of Civil Government.

NATURAL PRODUCTS AND CLIMATE.

The Territory's Future Under a Simple Governmental Organization.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2, 1882.

Many bills were introduced at the last session of Congress pertaining to a civil government for the Territory of Alaska, none of which, however, became laws. Alaska is viewed generally as a cold, barren waste, with a soil unproductive and possessing no natural advantages to attract capital and labor. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that this section of country is not worth looking after, not only by Congress, but by shipbuilders, capitalists, fishermen, lumbermen and the searchers for rich minerals. The day is not far distant when it will be a great stock country, and as we now have to resort to oleomargarine for table use here there is a fine prospect ahead for the dairyman in that country. The rich alluvial bottom lands produce our common grasses in abundance, and I have been repeatedly told that timothy will grow over six feet in height and yield from three to five tons to the acre. The straits and sounds of Alaska have no superior in the world for romantic scenery—narrow and deep and walled in on either side by sloping mountains whose sides are thickly studded with the finest timber in the world. These mountains will range from three to six thousand feet in height, and often their tops are white with snow the year through, while at their base beautiful flowers or vegetation may be growing in luxuriance. A proper form of government given to Alaska and a more thorough military examination of the great and unknown interior would undoubtedly prove to Congress that it had acted wisely. There has been a constant demand by the few settlers there for some manner of government which would protect them in their rights and interests. The recent heavy shipments of gold dust from different points in that section and the rich assays of quartz found there have led many of that migratory class who always open up new countries to again urge upon Congress the necessity of establishing courts of justice and giving them protection as they sought to make known Alaska's resources. A topographical exploration of that country by the commander of the military department in which it is situated would be followed by miners and pioneers, who are the real source on which any new country must depend for being "opened up."

Knowing that many others who have studied this matter from a disinterested standpoint were equally anxious to see Alaska progress and not be hampered as she has been the past fourteen years, your correspondent sought out Commander Henry Glass, United States Navy, now in this city, and propounded several questions concerning Alaska's resources. Commander Glass was stationed a long time at Sitka with the United States ship Jamestown, and afterward had occasion to visit almost every tribe of natives along the coast while in command of the Wachusett. Taking a deep interest in that country when he had properly ex-

amined it, and believing it was worthy of more attention than has been bestowed upon it, I could have found no person who could speak so intelligently concerning it, and whose views would have greater consideration at Washington, as he narrates only what has come under his immediate observation.

CORRESPONDENT—What is your opinion of Alaska's future, if proper encouragement and a good government are given it by Congress?

COMMANDER GLASS—I have a very favorable opinion of the future of Alaska, and think if any system of laws should be provided for the territory by the present Congress population would be attracted there at once, and the great resources of the country be rapidly developed. At present, beyond certain regulations of the Treasury Department and two or three sections of the act governing intercourse with Indians, no legislation has been had affecting the Territory since the date of its cession from Russia.

CORRESPONDENT—Are not her fishing resources immense and almost unprecedented as to variety and quantity?

COMMANDER GLASS—I think the fisheries of Alaska are very valuable, and destined to play an important part in the commerce and industries of the Pacific coast. Salmon of fine quality is found in the greatest abundance in every creek and river of the Territory. It is probable that several canneries will be in operation next year. The waters in places are teeming with halibut of the finest quality, and already the herring fishery has become of great value, works having been established during the present year for the manufacture of herring oil. Great numbers of whales frequent the inner channels and bays, and arrangements are now being made to prosecute whaling extensively. This can easily be done, and at much less expense than in the open seas, as small and inexpensive vessels can be used on the calm bays and channels of South-eastern Alaska. To the northward and westward of Sitka are banks of considerable extent where very fine codfish are found in great abundance. You can easily see that with government and laws for protection of life and property the resources of which I have spoken would not be allowed to remain idle as at present.

CORRESPONDENT—You have spoken of her vast timber area and of the splendid cedar found there. Please give me fuller particulars.

COMMANDER GLASS—Alaska possesses enormous amounts of timber, which in the near future will be of great value. On all the islands and the main land of Southern Alaska are heavy forests of fir, spruce, alder and cedar. Up to the present time very little timber has been cut in Alaska—only that needed for consumption in the Territory. But, with the inroads now being made on the timber of California, Oregon and Washington Territory Alaska must soon become a source of supply, and from the accessibility of the timber along the extensive shore line it can be exported very cheaply. On many of the islands are found large quantities of a hard yellow cedar, superior to any found elsewhere on this coast. This wood is quite hard, is easily worked, takes a high polish, is quite aromatic, and is said to possess the power of resisting the attacks of the teredo, which, if true, would make it very valuable in ship building. I was told when in command in Alaska that the timbers of a Russian vessel constructed of this wood, after being some forty years under water, were found perfectly sound, and that they had not been touched by the teredo.

CORRESPONDENT—Please describe the natives with whom you came in contact and your opinion of the best modes of dealing with them.

COMMANDER GLASS—The natives of Alaska are well inclined toward the whites. They welcome traders and teachers among them, and I think can be made of great use in the future development of the country. They are industrious and show a strong disposition to adopt civilized habits, ideas and modes of living. They are a sensitive, proud race, with a keen sense of justice, and I found generally with a strict regard for truth in dealing with each other and with white men. They need to be treated justly and firmly, and were such course of treatment followed by white men no trouble would ever arise. The only trouble that has occurred, to my knowledge, between the whites and Alaska Indians has grown out of attempts to defraud them on the part of unprincipled traders, or where they have been supplied with liquor or means for making liquor by the traders among them. I had to investigate many cases of complaint on both sides, and never failed to find the Indian easily satisfied where justice was done him. Any weak, vacillating policy or undue severity exercised with these Indians could easily make them as dangerous as the Apaches have ever been.

CORRESPONDENT—From your knowledge of the country what do you think of her future prospect in placer and quartz mining?

COMMANDER GLASS—I believe the placer mines in what is known as the Harris district of Alaska to be quite valuable. During the present year over \$200,000 have been sent away in gold dust from this

district, and this amount of gold will, I think, be largely increased hereafter, as at present the miners are using very limited, crude machinery for taking out the gold. Quartz mining is equally promising in the same district, several extensive ledges having been discovered and traced one or two miles, and although only surface work has been done in prospecting a great deal of fine quartz has been shown. The want of laws and courts to adjudicate disputed claims has prevented any extensive work being done up to the present time. With the organization of the Territory capital would be attracted there and mines of value be developed.

CORRESPONDENT—In your opinion what form of government would best subserve the interests of natives and whites?

Commander GLASS—I would be in favor of a limited and inexpensive form of government, and would say that the bill introduced at the last session of Congress by Mr. M. C. George, of Oregon, would best serve the interests of both whites and Indians, and aid in the development of the Territory. It is of the first importance at present to have a land office established and a district court, with justices' courts at the principal settlements. Of course for some time the occasional presence of a vessel of war or revenue cutter would be of advantage; but I don't think the continual presence of an armed force would be necessary in Alaska after the organization of the Territory.

CORRESPONDENT—Are her agricultural interests

anything at the present time and has she an outcome in this respect?

Commander GLASS—At present nothing of importance is done in agriculture, only a few small gardens being planted about the principal settlements to supply vegetables. The summer is too short for any of our cereal crops, but potatoes of very fine quality could be grown in Alaska, and in all the valleys fine grasses grow luxuriantly, and portions of Alaska will hereafter be valuable for grazing purposes.

CORRESPONDENT—What is your opinion of the proposed "geological survey" by the Interior Department before the country has been explored and treaties made with the natives in the interior?

Commander GLASS—On this point I hesitate to express an opinion. Any such survey will, however, from its nature be very costly, and I don't think immediately productive of good. The Coast Survey can for the present, in surveying the channels and harbors, do all that is necessary for the development of the interests and business of Alaska. You ask me about treaties made with the natives. This I would strongly discourage. The natives of Alaska should be taught that they are not members of independent nations, but that they are directly under control of the United States laws and authorities, with the same accountability as other inhabitants of the Territory and the same protection in their rights.

CORRESPONDENT—Have any coal mines been found there?

Commander GLASS—Coal has been reported in several portions of the Territory, but as yet nothing of value has been discovered.

CORRESPONDENT—What other minerals are known to exist?

Commander GLASS—Besides gold and silver copper is reported in considerable quantities about the Copper River to the westward of Mount St. Elias. This, however, I had no opportunity to investigate.

CORRESPONDENT—What of the fur trade in the southeastern portion of Alaska?

Commander GLASS—Southeast Alaska also produces furs of value and quite a large trade is carried on. Land and sea otter, lynx, several varieties of the fox—the most valuable being the silver gray fox—bear and deer skins are exported in considerable quantities.

CORRESPONDENT—How about the climate and the sanitary condition of the country?

Commander GLASS—I regard Alaska as being an exceedingly healthy country. The climate is not at all severe. The lowest temperature that I saw recorded in Alaska during the two winters I was there was four degrees below zero (Fahrenheit); this was only on one day of January of the present year, in latitude 59 degrees north. The highest temperature recorded on board ship during the summer was 80 degrees; this was at Sitka, about the middle of August. The mean temperature for December, January and February, as I found by hourly observations taken on board the Jamestown under my command, was about 32 degrees Fahrenheit. A great deal of rain and snow fall in southeastern Alaska and there are few perfectly clear days during the year. You will understand that these remarks apply to what is known as Southeast Alaska, say from Mount St. Elias to our southern boundary at Portland Canal. The climate of Western and Northern Alaska differs very greatly, and a very low mean temperature is experienced in that portion of the Territory. This difference is largely due to the influence of the Japanese current, or Kuro Siwo, a portion of which is deflected by the Aleutian Islands and impinges on the coast in about the latitude of Sitka.

ALASKA.

BY MISS BUTLER.

Alaska is a peninsula in the northwestern part of this continent. It is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean; on the east by British America; on the south by the Pacific Ocean; on the west by Behring Sea. Its area is 580,170 square miles. The distance from the extreme northeast to the southwest is 2,200 miles. Its great river, the Yukon, is 2,000 miles long; and is navigable 1,500 to 1,800 miles. The width of this river varies from one to five miles along its course.

The greatest mountain peak on this continent is in Alaska—Mt. St. Elias being 19,500 feet in height. This peninsula contains 64 volcanoes of which 10 are active.

Alaska formerly known as Russian America was discovered by Vitus Behring—a great Russian explorer—on July 18th, 1741; and afterwards visited by Captain Cook in 1778. In 1783 a trading establishment was opened; and in 1879 the Russian Fur Company was established, under the sanction of the Emperor Paul. In 1865 a scientific corps, from the United States, who were trying to select a route for the Russo-American telegraph line—which was not needed when the Atlantic Cable was successfully laid—explored it. In 1867, Alaska was bought by the United States, for 7,500,000. This purchase created quite an excitement in this country; but, strange to say, nothing was done, and Alaska was left worse off under enlightened Christian United States, than despotic Russia. Russia gave them government schools and Greek Religion; but when the country passed from their possession, they withdrew their rulers, teachers and priests, and the United States sent none to take their places. The only thing the United States has done for Alaska has been the introduction of whiskey. The great Christian heart went on planning, praying and laboring for Asia, Africa and the Isle of the sea; but no eye pitied, no heart was burdened, no hand stretched out to save the fifty thousand dying heathens for whom we, as a Christian people, are chiefly responsible.

The native population is from 26,000 to 70,000. The northern and central sections are chiefly of Esquimaux descent; the southern and island portion, of Indian blood. In civilization they are far in advance of the Sioux of Dakota. In the northern section the people live in underground houses called Topeks; in the southern portion, in plank barrabara or houses above the ground. They adopt chiefly the European styles of dress—some of them paint their faces with oil and lampblack—making a hideous appearance. Polygamy is common among the wealthier classes. Feasts are given on the erection of a new house, marriages, births, naming of children, deaths, &c., consisting of dancing, singing, and feasting. A cure for crying babies is: they are held in the sea until they cease. Children on the coast are bathed in the sea daily and learn to swim almost as soon as to walk. The condition of the women is degraded beyond description. Mothers often take their little girls into the forest and leave them to be devoured by wild beasts, rather than to grow up and be

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sold into slavery. There are hundreds of slaves in Alaska—bought and sold like cattle, and their lives regarded scarcely more than the lives of cattle. The incurable sick are sometimes killed. In some parts of the country the dead are burned and their ashes preserved: while in other parts, they are doubled up and packed away in boxes which are raised on four poles and surrounded with household utensils or symbols of religion. Among some tribes women are denied a burial and are cast out to be eaten by dogs.

Alaska is undoubtedly rich in gold, silver, copper, iron, platinum, coal and other mines, but owing to the hostile disposition of the natives, any investment is attended with great risk.

The timber resources are valuable and inexhaustible. One of the most valuable woods in all America for ship building purposes grows here—the yellow cedar.

The fisheries are simply enormous but are only in infancy. It is not uncommon to catch 7,000 salmon at one haul of the seine.

Many people make a great mistake in regard to the climate of Alaska. They think that because it is so far north that it is very severe. Quite the contrary is true. Owing to the warm ocean current, from Japan, the climate is much milder than that of the eastern coasts. The temperature seldom rises above 70 degrees, or falls below 5 or 6 degrees below the freezing point.

The first church was organized at Fort Wrangle, with 29 members, 25 of whom were Indians. Mrs. Mac Farland established the first mission school and home for girls in 1877. Last summer Miss Dunbar joined her. There are now 6 or 7 Missionaries in Alaska.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SITKA.

Soon after reaching the wharf of the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company, we were elbowing our way on board the "Dakota," bound for Victoria, B. C.

Having found our stateroom and deposited our baggage, we went on deck ready for the departure. The gong sounded, the gang-plank was hauled away, the cables let go, and we moved slowly out into the bay. We took our parting glances at the city as our vessel swept gracefully around toward the Golden Gate. This was the most delightful part of the first part of the voyage. When we had crossed the bar and stood out to the northwest, we found a strong breeze was blowing in from the southwest. It was not long before we began to realize that we were actually started upon a sea voyage. Our noble steamer, that had moved so stately and majestically across the bay, seemed now to lose in a great measure her sense of

propriety. She became very unsteady, in fact positively reckless, in some of her motions. Dire forebodings filled my mind. Nevertheless "the boy stood on the rolling deck" for about half an hour after we were fairly at sea, and then sought the seclusion of the stateroom. The romance of the first sea voyage was all gone. Its realities were upon us—what stern realities! I thought while we were gliding smoothly across the bay that I might make a pretty good sailor; but that conceit was soon out of us, and more too. The voyage was no doubt interesting to a great many who were on board, but to me the sight-seeing became very monotonous. We were just three days in going from San Francisco to Victoria, and I spent most of that time looking at an old tin bucket. Nothing seemed of sufficient interest to attract me in any other direction. Not even the fullness of the sea as it broke upon the shore; the beauties of sunrise or sunset; nor any of the poetic fancies of sea voyage glories could break the spell. Then I lay looking and looking at that unsightly object with all the eagerness of despair. Mrs. L. proved to be much the better sailor. She did not discover from experience what sea-sickness was. I believe men are usually slow about acknowledging women as their superiors. I stated that my *experience* had been much more extensive, even if my equilibrium had been much disturbed. We were coolly informed that the opportunities for learning from *observation* had been even more than could be desired. Mark Twain has most forcibly described the effects of this dread nausea by saying: "When persons at first get seasick they are afraid they will die; and after they have been sick for awhile they are afraid they won't." If this sentiment is not the outgrowth of experience I am badly mistaken.

On the morning of the third day we were in the strait Juan de Fuca. The vessel had again assumed her good behaviour. With considerable effort I summoned courage enough to adjust myself somewhat, and went out to breakfast—the first and only meal I had

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taken during the trip.

By noon we were in Victoria. We were in this quiet, orderly little city for almost a week, and enjoyed our stay very much indeed. We had the pleasure of seeing Parliament opened, and the honor of calling upon the Governor. We were indeed becoming attached to the place, but the steamer California, that runs between Portland and Sitka, came into the harbor one evening, and the next day with us on board she was pushing her way on toward the North Pole. The steamer takes the "inland passage" after leaving Victoria, and from there to Sitka is not out of sight of land. Multitudes of islands are thickly sown along this part of the coast, and much of the way land is quite near on both sides of the vessel. Along such parts of the course the water is smooth. Often it seemed as though we were sailing on a body of water that was entirely surrounded by land. We could not tell where we came in or how we would go out. Then we would turn aside into some passage leading into another apparent lake or wider channel. Thus we were led on through constant variety. The scenery was fine. The water is quite deep in these channels, and the ship would sometimes run close to the base of some huge mountain that rose like a scarred battlement from the water's edge. The tops of the mountains were clothed in their snowy mantles, their sides covered with dense forests, while down their wild gorges mad streams went plunging to the sea. It is useless to attempt a description of the scenes with which this route abounds. Those who have traveled in Alaska and foreign lands say as did Irving: "Never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery."

One evening after it had grown somewhat dark, we went on deck while we passed through "Seymour Narrows." We had hoped to reach this place before night, but were unable to do so. It is quite a narrow pass, through which the tide rushes with great force as it ebbs and flows. At times a vessel can hardly

pass against the tide. It was in this pass that the "Saranac" went down a few years since. She struck a hidden rock that was not marked on the pilot's chart, and in a short time went down in water although so narrow, yet three or four hundred feet deep. It was a little exciting to pass through here. We had been sailing for some time in a wide channel, and turning rather suddenly to one side we ran into the Narrows. The angry waters whirled and dashed against the rocks that seemed almost within reach. The steamer surged and rolled, but rushed on at double her usual speed. The same pilot stood by the wheel who had guided the fated "Saranac." But the spot where she went down was fixed on his chart and in his mind as well. We passed in safety, and in a few minutes were again gliding peacefully over smooth water. The route from Victoria as far as Fort Wrangel only affords two opportunities for getting sea-sick, and I was careful to improve both. But I guess every body else on board was prodigal of these advantages. The first is crossing Queen Charlotte's Sound, one side of which is open to the ocean. The other is at Cape Fox, which is also exposed to the ocean's swell. The steamer was not long in passing either of these places.

On the fourth day after leaving Victoria we arrived at Fort Wrangel, Alaska. Here we found the missionaries all in good spirits: Mrs. McFarland superintending her Home, into which she has gathered her very interesting family of Indian girls; Miss Dunbar, teaching the school, which is well advanced and interesting; Mr. Young and Dr. Corlies, looking after the affairs of the church and Indian ranch, both in general and particular. If any one after seeing the result of missionary labor at Wrangel, could say that "it was a mistake for the church to undertake the work at all," we would be forced to consider him either incapable of being informed, or else doggedly determined that he would not be.

Mr. Young had planned a visit to the Indians on Prince of Wales Island, and

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desired me to accompany him. I concluded to do so, and this would make it necessary for us to wait for the next trip of the steamer to reach Sitka. So we stopped at Wrangel. Will give a hasty account of our visit to the Indians in the next. X.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

AFFAIRS AT SITKA.

The following intelligence from Alaska, written June 1st, by a missionary's daughter, will be of special interest to those who have assisted this noble work in our remotest Territory.

"We have had a pretty full school till lately, when measles and sore throat broke out in the ranche, and in fact all over the town, and nearly every child is ill with one or the other. Many of the Russians have died. Two little girls now await burial. Father and mother have their hands full, preparing medicine and food, as we have no physician in the place. I feel so sorry for the poor little things, and only wish we were able to do twice as much. They lie on the cold floor, with scarcely any covering, and with nothing better to eat than a piece of dried fish, which is anything but nourishing. Our visiting is hailed with great delight, as we bring them gruel and such things. The mothers come up to the school and say to me, 'Tell your papa to come to my house; my children very sick; I guess die in two days more.' They have wonderful faith in father, and go away perfectly happy when I promise he will come, and, as they do exactly as he tells them, most of the children are getting along nicely. When they were first taken sick one of our brightest girls, whose brother Rudolph is in our Home, went into convulsions and remained unconscious for hours. They sent for father and wanted him to pray for her, which he did. It seems he had been preaching about prayer that Sunday, and told them about Daniel. So Rudolph, Jake, and his brother went there also and prayed three times each day. Father sent her food and medicine, and the child is now up and well. We all had given her up, and the parents had her burial clothes out and wanted father to have a coffin made. They think she got well in answer to prayer, and so do I. The Home boys, so far, are well, and I hope will keep so. I wish we could have a good doctor's book and some medicines sent us; they would be of great assistance, as mother is quite a good doctor. The other day some of the older boys went out fishing, and brought home a good supply of halibut and salmon. We have a large boat, and the boys

are going to get their own wood for winter use. This year they have planted little gardens of their own, besides the one for general use. They are so bright and happy! I wish you could see them.

"June 6th.—Friday, the revenue-cutter Corwin anchored here with three doctors on board. They say that the children and people have the black measles, scarlet fever, and mumps; in some cases they have two of the diseases combined; further north the people are dying very fast with something similar.

"June 10th.—Over half of our boys have taken the measles, and for the present the school has had to be given up, as we have quite a hospital in the Home. They seem to be getting along nicely. Our friends are all very kind, and send the boys clothing, etc. We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mail steamer. L. A.

"P. S. Father has just brought in two trunks of excellent clothing from the Presbyterian church of Washington Heights, New York. How can we sufficiently thank them and our many other friends for their help to the Mission in this our time of need!

"Our great need just now is money to rebuild the Mission House destroyed by fire.

"Friends that would help us should send their checks to Mrs. M. E. Boyd, P. O. Box 1,938 New York, and mark 'Special, for rebuilding at Sitka.'"

Alaskan News.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 25.—A dispatch from Nanaimo, Vancouver island, says the steamer California has arrived there from Sitka, with dates to the 16th instant. The United States steamship Wachusett returned from Yakutat September 22 with the Indian who murdered Campion and Maloney last fall. Captain Glass has taken charge of the Wachusett, and will sail for Chilicat, Tao and Wrangell on the 20th instant.

The revenue cutter Richard Rush arrived this morning from Kokeak. She had as passengers Mr. Craven, late Deputy Collector at St. Pauls, and wife. They report no news from the Jeanette or Rodgers. The steamer landed a quartz mill and several mining men. Times are lively at present. Everybody is feeling jubilant over the placer diggings, which are turning out well.

Citizens have petitioned President Arthur to have Collector Morris removed, on account of his over-officiousness, which is detrimental to the interests of the Territory.

Prospecting on the Yukon.

The following has been received from E. Schiefelin, who organized a prospecting party and built a steamboat in this city to ascend the Yukon:

ST. MICHAELS (Alaska), July 31, 1882.

The New Racket is tied up to the Alaska Commercial Company's dock, all loaded and ready to fire up. We start to-morrow for the mouth of the Yukon, sixty miles to the "southard," with Charlie Peterson as pilot.

One of the company's traders is going up to Nulatto, 600 miles up the river, to his station. From there up to the mouth of the Tananah we will depend on the Indians. We expect to winter at the mouth of the Tananah, and, if lucky, will get there by September 1st.

SITKA, ALASKA, Dec. 22, 1882.

Mrs. B. F. POTTER,

Dear Friend:—Your very welcome letter reached me by last steamer, but she staid in port only thirty-six hours, and I had twenty thousand feet of lumber, and over a hundred packages of goods for our new "Home," landed on the wharf, making it impossible for me to examine the goods, to find out where they came from, or to answer my correspondents. On examination, I find that only one package of the number you mention, has been received. But that is a perfect gold mine. To have so large a box filled with such nice and such useful things, and then coming too just at the right time, when Jack Frost comes blustering along, and pinches the boys toes and ears until they are red, and creeping slyly through the large cracks in their poor Dormitory, making them shake with cold, and wish for the morning. Truly our Heavenly Father must have ordered this box to hasten on its long journey, because His poor children here were in such need. As we saw the cards attached to some of the articles, bearing the names of the kind donors, young and old. Infant classes, &c., &c. we thought it was much more than a box of dry goods. It was full of love, good wishes and prayers, from many unknown friends, both young and old, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor heathen Indian boys and girls of Alaska. These things encourage our hearts, and strengthen our faith, as we strive to bring them to a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I suppose the other boxes, &c., you mention as on the way, will probably arrive by next steamer. I write to you before their arrival, because I know that our kind friends will be anxious to hear from their gifts, and because many of our friends east, fail to realize how long it takes to communicate with us, and I doubt not often feel that we do not appreciate their efforts to feed, clothe, and educate Christ's naked and ignorant ones, because they have to wait so long before they hear from us. If the boxes and bales come by the next steamer I shall not be able to acknowledge the receipt by return mail. You will confer a great favor, if you can notify the different Societies of the facts, and express our grateful thanks for the generous donations, which their love for the Master's cause has prompted them to furnish us so speedily, in answer to our appeal.

They must not worry on account of their detention, for I doubt not, they will come by next steamer. I had the pleasure of presenting the two packages to Rev. Mr. Willard. We heard last July that Mr. and Mrs. Willard were very sick, and likely to die. Parties here were induced to send a small propeller to Chilcat, and Mrs. Austin went there, and brought them to our house, where they have remained ever since. Mrs. W. has a beautiful boy three months old. We buried our little grand-son yesterday close by our new Home, during a furious snow storm. We sadly miss our darling, but we know he nestles on the warm bosom of the Good Shepherd, and heaven seems nearer and dearer to us, because so many of our loved ones are gathering there. Mrs. Austin is under the doctor's care, and has been for nearly two months, has trouble with her eyes; and he has forbidden her to read, write or sew. Brought on he says by her care and anxiety for the sick. She thinks the goods in the box from your place very beautiful and just the things we most need. She desires me to express her warmest thanks to you, and through you to all the other kind friends. My daughter is doing the best she can alone, with over a hundred scholars. The school room is so cold, it was formerly used as a stable. The books, stationery, &c., are not in the box received, but she knows they are very nice, and will please her just as well, as though she

had seen them, and she sends much love, and many thanks to the donors for their kind remembrance. You ask if we were tired when we finished unpacking the box? We were very tired when we commenced, but I think it rested us, looking at the nice goods as they came out of the young store house. Thinking meanwhile how comfortable they would make our boys, and of the loving hearts that gave, and the willing hands that grew tired in packing them preparatory to their long journey. No! we forgot that we were made of flesh and bones and our hearts grew stronger for the work before us. The packages you mentioned sending last January, a gift from the "Boys Band," came safely to hand. I remember them well, as I remarked at the time, "Whoever put them up knew her business." Did not receive the money. It probably went into the fund for Alaska. When donations of money are sent to the Board, the object for which they are sent should be specified, with a request that it be forwarded to the party for whom it is intended. Please thank all the kind boys of that Band, for their very generous gift, who have been waiting so long without a word of thanks. The Lord knew all about the gift, and the donors, if I did not, and he will surely reward them. The Lord bless our boys, and prepare them by His Spirit to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, to take our place when He calls us away. Nearly all the things the "Girls Band" sent to "Kitty," were given to her and were saved, a very few which we were keeping for her, were lost in the fire. She is a very bright little girl, and keeps her clothes very neat and tidy. We expect to take some girls when we get into our new Home, and we shall take her if we can get her.

Our Home when finished will be a large substantial building. It is 50 by 100 feet, two stories high and will accommodate over a hundred boys and girls, and we shall use a constant supply of clothing for both boys and girls. We need at present suits of clothing for boys, ages ranging from eight to sixteen, made of blue overall stuff, a little larger around the waist than for white boys, and heavy peg shoes, very broad and high in the instep. The parents of one of our best boys wanted to take him away from the Home this month. He is about fifteen years of age and they wanted him to marry an old squaw, who recently lost her second husband, drowned with four others while on a hunting expedition over at Mt. Edgecomb. They wanted his sister who is two years younger, a beautiful little girl, to marry her grandfather, her grandmother is still living. They came to the house bringing two friends with them to help them talk. When I told them how wrong and sinful it was, that God only made one wife for Adam, and that He made her, after He made him, so that she was younger; the father said, "That just as the white man believed that God told him that, the Indian believed that God told his fathers a long time ago to do as he does." I told him this was a mistake, we were all His children and that he gave one law to all, that the Indians had gone in the wrong way, because they were in the dark, had no Bible. Told him that our way was best, just the same as our houses, clothes, steamers, guns and axes, were better than his houses, clothes, canoes, bow and arrows, and axes made of stone. This will give you a slight idea of our talk which lasted over two hours, for like some other people of whom I have read, they were after the houses and blankets. I finally ended the wau-wau, by telling them, they should not have the boy, and that if they made the little girl marry her grandfather, I would tell Captain Merriman, and have them put in the Skookum house-prison. They gave up, so far as the boy is concerned, and said they gave him to us, just the same as my son. I shall try to get both of his girls into our Home if possible. I have always

considered this family to be the best one in the Ranche. One of the saloon keepers here tried to get one of our boys away from us, but we kept him in our house until after the steamer sailed, and in this way prevented it. These annoying incidents to us, which have occurred the present month, will show our friends how much these people need the Gospel, and how much we need your prayers.

I have fifty-six letters to answer this month, so hoping to hear from you again, I close and remain.

Most gratefully yours,

A. E. AUSTIN.

"Women's Executive Committee of Home
Missions of the Presbyterian Church,"
23 Centre St. New York.

*The Hospital at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, for the
Destitute Sick who are Friendless.*

In the November number 1881 of the "Presbyterian Home Missions," is a short article by Mrs. Young, wife of Rev. S. Hall Young of Fort Wrangel, on the deplorable state in which she had found some months before four Indian women, whose condition suggested starting this Hospital. It is as

In a private letter to her relatives of October 20,

1881, speaking of these women, she says, "We have been taking care of these sick ones for a long time, and I found them so grateful that I longed to do more, but they were too far away for me to give them daily supervision." She goes on to say, that afterward she moved three of these women to an impromptu hospital consisting of two rooms in the Garrison Building which she had secured free of rent, cooking for them and taking the entire care of them, though they were sick in bed, for nearly a month, before she could get an assistant. She received contributions from the store keepers, and miners. "The Indians also" she says "have done very well in giving fish, grouse, etc. She entered on this with three patients and four dollars in her pocket, had received at the time of writing two dollars more, yet adds "I feel no concern at all about their future." We commend Mrs. Young and her hospital patients to your remembrance and charity.

The Park Place Home Mission Band has opened a subscription paper for the relief of the sick in this institution. It is open to the smallest sums, while larger ones will be gladly received. This paper may be found at No. 4 Union St., or donations may be left with any member of the Home Mission

Something Added to Geographical Knowledge.

Since the first reported discovery of Wrangel Land it has remained an open question whether the land was not a myth, or whether it was an island or an Arctic continent. The Corwin has established this much, that Wrangel Land actually exists, and so far as is known the first white men who ever set foot on that land were those from the Corwin. It is not now known whether it is an island or a continent. The fact that a large river was flowing down to the sea would seem to indicate that the land was extensive. No signs of the Jeannette were discovered. It was the intention of Captain De Long to touch at Wrangel Land, and to leave there some account of his voyage thus far. It is not even known that the Jeannette ever touched at any part of this land. The search, however, was necessarily brief. The land is desolate, and very little animal life was seen. The fact that Wrangel Land has been found and a landing made, goes to reduce the chances somewhat of finding the Jeannette. Whether she was crushed before she reached this point, or touching it and going further north, or has not been crushed at all, is still the painful question.

The Rogers is the best equipped ship which has ever entered the Arctic through Behring Straits for exploration. The Corwin brings no news from her. She will make a most thorough search, going far beyond Wrangel Land if possible, and far beyond any latitude which the whalers have ever reached. No less than 54 whaling vessels have been lost since 1871 in that part of the Arctic frequented by whalers which enter by way of Behring Straits. These vessels were only of the usual strength, and, of course, took unusual hazards in order to make successful voyages. The Corwin sends the intelligence of the loss of the Daniel Webster during the present season. Besides the re-discovery of Wrangel Land, which is important as a geographical fact, the only other fact of importance is that the exploration reduces the probabilities of ever finding the Jeannette, although if in an open sea she had gone much further north and had then become fast in the ice, the brief exploration on Wrangel's Land would not establish a theory adverse to possible safety. If anything had been left by the Jeannette in a cairn on Wrangel Land it would have been left in the place most accessible to exploring vessels, or at such a place as they would be most likely to land. The Corwin in the brief exploration, found no evidence that the Jeannette had ever reached that land.

THE JEANNETTE SEARCH.

Exploration of Herald Island...No Signs
of the Missing Ship.

Dangers of Arctic Exploration—Fauna and
Flora of the North.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.]

STEAMER CORWIN (Off Herald Island), }
ARCTIC OCEAN, July 31, 1881. }

We left Herald Island this morning at 3

o'clock, after landing upon it and exploring it pretty thoroughly from end to end.

A WHALER REPORTED IN DISTRESS.

On the morning of the 25th we were steaming along the coast a few miles to the south of Icy Cape, intending to make an effort to reach Point Barrow to give aid to the whaleship Daniel Webster, which we learned was beset in the ice thereabouts, and was in great danger of being lost. [The total loss of the Daniel Webster has since been reported by the whaling bark Legal Tender.] We found, however, that the pack extended solidly from Icy Cape to the southward and pressed so hard against the shore that we found that it would be impossible to proceed even with the steam launch. We therefore turned back with great reluctance and came to anchor near Cape Lisburne, where we mined and took on about 30 tons of coal. About 4:30 P. M., July 28th, we hoisted anchor and sailed toward Herald Island, intending to make a general survey of the edge of the great polar ice-pack about the island of Wrangel Land, hardly hoping to be able to effect a landing thus early in the season.

MAKING HERALD ISLAND—EFFECT A LANDING.

On the evening of the 30th we reached Herald Island, having been favored with delightful weather all the way, the ocean being calm and glassy as a mountain lake, the surface stirred gently here and there with irregular breaths of air that could hardly be called winds, and the whole of this day from midnight to midnight was all sunshine, contrasting marvelously with the dark icy storm-days we had experienced so short a time ago.

Herald Island came in sight at 1 o'clock P. M., and when we reached the edge of the pack it was still about 10 miles distant. We made our way through it, however, without great difficulty, as the ice was mostly light and had openings of clear water here and there, though in some close-packed fields the Corwin was pretty roughly bumped, and had to steam her best to force a passage. At 10 o'clock P. M. we came to anchor in the midst of huge cakes and blocks about 65 feet thick, within 200 or 300 yards of the shore.

EXPLORATION OF THE ISLAND.

After so many futile efforts had been made to reach this little ice-bound island, everybody seemed wildly eager to run ashore and climb to the summit of its sheer granite cliffs. At first a party of eight jumped from the bowsprit chains and ran across the narrow belt of margin ice and madly began to climb up an excessively steep gully, which came to an end in an inaccessible slope a few hundred feet above the water. Those ahead loosened and sent down a train of granite boulders, which shot over the heads of those below in a far more dangerous manner than any of the party seemed to appreciate. Fortunately nobody was hurt, and all made out to get down in safety. While this remarkable piece of mountaineering and Arctic exploration was in progress, a light skin-covered boat was dragged over the ice and launched on a strip of water that stretched in front of an accessible ravine, the bed of an ancient glacier, which I felt assured would conduct by an easy grade to the summit of the island. The slope of this ravine for the first 100 feet or so was very steep, but inasmuch as it was full of firm, icy snow, it was easily ascended by cutting steps in the face of it with an ax that I had brought from the ship for the purpose. Beyond this there was not the slightest difficulty in our way, the glacier having graded a fine, broad road.

ON THE SUMMIT.

Kellet, who discovered this island in 1849, and landed on it under unfavorable circumstances, describes it as an inaccessible rock. The sides are indeed, in general, extremely sheer and precipitous all around, though skilled mountaineers would find many gulleys and slopes by

which they might reach the summit. I first pushed on to the head of the glacier valley, and thence along the backbone of the island to the highest point, which I found to be about 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. This point is about a mile and a half from the northwest end, and four and a half from the northeast end, thus making the island about six miles in length. It has been cut nearly in two by the glacial action it has undergone, the width at this lowest portion being about half a mile, and the average width about two miles. The entire island is a mass of granite, with the exception of a patch of metamorphic slate near the center, and no doubt owes its existence with so considerable a height to the superior resistance this granite offered to the degrading action of the northern ice sheet, traces of which are here plainly shown, as well as on the shores of Siberia and Alaska and down through Behring Strait southward beyond Vancouver Island. Traces of the subsequent partial glaciation it has been subjected to are also manifested in glacial valleys of considerable depth as compared with the size of the island. I noticed four of these, besides many marginal glacial grooves around the sides. One small remnant with feeble action still exists near the middle of the island. I also noted several scored and polished patches on the hardest and most enduring of the outswelling rock bosses. This little island, standing as it does alone out in the Polar Sea, is a fine glacial monument.

A MIDNIGHT OBSERVATION.

The midnight hour I spent alone on the highest summit, one of the most impressive hours of my life. The deepest silence seemed to press down on all the vast, immeasurable, virgin landscape. The sun near the horizon reddened the edges of belted cloud-bars near the base of the sky, and the jagged ice boulders crowded together over the frozen ocean stretching indefinitely northward, while more than a hundred miles of that mysterious Wrangel Land was seen blue, in the northwest, a wavering line of hill and dale over the white and blue ice-prairie, and pale gray mountains beyond, well calculated to fix the eye of a mountaineer, but it was to the far north that I ever found myself turning where the ice met the sky. I would fain have watched here all the strange night, but was compelled to remember the charge given me by the Captain to make haste and return to the ship as soon as I should find it possible, as there was 10 miles of shifting, drifting ice between us and the open sea.

PLANT LIFE ON HERALD ISLAND.

I therefore began the return journey about 1 o'clock this morning, after taking the compass bearings of the principal points within sight on Wrangel Land, and making a hasty collection of the flowering plants on my way. I found one species of poppy quite showy, and making considerable masses of color on the sloping uplands, three or four species of saxifrage, one silene, a draba, dwarf willow, stellaria, two golden compositae, two sedges, one grass, and a veronica, together with a considerable number of mosses and lichens, some of them quite showy and so abundant as to form the bulk of the color over the gray granite.

INHABITANTS OF THE CLIFFS.

Innumerable gulls and murres breed on the steep cliffs, the latter most abundant. They kept up a constant din of domestic notes. Some of them are sitting on their eggs, others have young, and it seems astonishing that either eggs or the young can find a resting place on cliffs so severely precipitous. The nurseries formed a lively picture—the parents coming and going with food or to seek it, thousands in rows standing on narrow ledges like bottles on a grocer's shelves, the feeding of the little ones, the multitude of wings, etc.

VISIT FROM A POLAR BEAR.

A fox was seen near the top of the northeast end of the island, and after we had all returned to the ship and were getting under way, the

20
Captain discovered a polar bear swimming deliberately toward the ship between some floating blocks within a few yards of us. After he had approached within about a dozen yards the Captain shot at him, when he turned and made haste to get away, not diving, however, but swimming fast, and keeping his head turned to watch the ship, until at length he received a ball in the neck and stained the blue water with his blood. He was a noble-looking animal and of enormous strength, living bravely and warm amid eternal ice.

NO SIGNS OF THE JEANNETTE.

We looked carefully everywhere for traces of the crew of the Jeannette along the shore, as well as on the prominent headlands and cliffs about the summit, without discovering the faintest sign of their ever having touched the island.

OFF FOR WRANGEL LAND.

We have been steaming along the edge of the pack all day after reaching open water, with Wrangel Land constantly in sight, but we find that the ice has been sheering us off farther and farther from it towards the west and south. The margin of the main pack has a jagged, saw-tooth outline, the teeth being from two to 10 miles or more in length, and their points reaching about 40 miles from the shore of Wrangel Land. Our chances, however, for reaching this mysterious country some time this year seem good at present, as the ice is melting fast and is much lighter than usual, and its wind and current movements after it breaks up will be closely watched for an available opening.

JOHN MUIR.

WRANGEL LAND.

Conflict with the Ice---A Struggle to Reach Shore.

The Corwin in an Arctic River---Acquisition to the National Domain.

STEAMER CORWIN,
OFF POINT BARROW, August 16, 1881.

Four days ago a notable addition was made to the national domain, for on the 12th of this month Captain C. L. Hooper landed on Wrangel Land and took formal possession of it in the name of the United States.

The extent of the new territory thus acquired is not definitely known, nor is likely to be for many a century, or until some considerable change has taken place in the polar climate, rendering the new land more attractive and more accessible. For at present even its southernmost portion is almost constantly beset with ice of a kind that renders it all but inaccessible during both the winter and summer, while to the northward it extends far into the heart of the frozen ocean, hopelessly beyond the reach of the navigator.

This mysterious country, which was so long and faithfully searched for in vain 60 years ago by Wrangel, by command of the Emperor of Russia, and which was dimly and uncertainly seen by Kellet in 1849, and by whalers from time to time under favorable conditions of the ice and weather, and even by the natives at long intervals, from high ground near Cape Jakan, on the coast of Siberia, was first landed on by a party from the Corwin. Also during her present cruise about 120 miles of the coast has already been traced and definitely located around from the southwest cape to the eastward and northward, while the land has been seen stretching indefinitely northward beyond this surveyed portion for perhaps 100 miles or more, thus making about 220 miles of coast line that has been seen thus far.

We landed near the southeast cape, at the mouth of a river, in latitude $71^{\circ} 4'$, longitude $177^{\circ} 40' 30''$.

HAULKED BY SHORE ICE.

On the day after leaving Herald Island the fine weather we had been enjoying for a week began to vanish, heavy cloud-piles growing about the horizon, and reeking fogs over the ice. We kept on around the serrated edge of the pack, and were glad to find a wide opening trending to the northwest, that is toward the southernmost point of Wrangel Land, up which we steamed excited with the brightness of our hopes as to effecting a landing and searching the shores for traces of the Jeannette. In the afternoon, while yet our way was tolerably clear, and after the land had been long in sight, we were enveloped in fog, and hove to, instead of attempting to grope a course through the drift ice and running the danger of getting the ship embayed. Next day, August 2d, the fog lifted early in the morning, when we got under way and pushed hopefully onward once more, with the mountains and blue foothills of the long-lost land in full view, until noon, making our way easily through the drift ice, dodging to right and left past the large masses, some of which were a mile or more in length. Then the fog began to settle again over all the wild landscape, the barometer was falling, and the wind began to blow with indications of a stiff breeze that would probably press the ice towards the shore. Under those conditions we dared not venture farther, but loth to turn back we made fast to a field of ice and waited developments. The fog partially cleared again, which induced us to make another short push ahead, but our hopes were again and again baffled by darkness and close-packed ice, and we were at length compelled to seek the open water once more, and await a general calm and clearance. Next day was spent in groping anxiously landward again through fog and ice, until about 6 P. M., when we reached the heavy, unbroken edge of the coast ice, at a distance of about 25 miles from the nearest point of land, and all hope of advancing farther was now at an end. We, therefore, turned away, determined to bide our time, hoping that warm winds and waves would at length melt and smash the heavy fields along shore some time before the setting in of winter. Nor were we altogether without hope of finding open water leading around the west shore of Wrangel Land. We soon found, however, that the pack stretched continuously across to Cape North on the Siberian Coast, thus promptly forbidding all efforts in that direction.

A WAIT OF ARCTIC SEAS.

On the morning of the 4th we discovered a ship's foreyard with bits of rope still attached to it, in such a way as to show that it had been carried away while the sail was bent. It seemed to have been ground in the ice for a winter or two, and probably belonged to one of the missing whalers.

TRYING TO FORCE THROUGH THE ICE.

After cruising along the Siberian Coast for a few days, and calling at the Cape Wankern village to procure as many as possible of the articles taken by the natives from the wreck of one of the lost whalers, we found ourselves once more on the edge of Wrangel ice, and once more in dense fog on the morning of August 9th. A huge white bear came swimming through the drizzle and gloom and black heaving waves toward the ship as we lay at anchor, guided doubtless by scent. He was greeted by a volley of rifle balls, no one of which injured him, however, and fortunately he could not be pursued. The fog lasted in dismal thickness until 1 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when we once more saw the hills and dales of Wrangel Land hopefully near. We discovered a lead that enabled us to approach within perhaps 15 miles of the nearest portion of the coast. At times we thought ourselves much nearer, when the light falling favorably would bring out many of the smaller features such as the subordinate ridges on the faces of the mountains and hills, and the small dimpling hollows

with their different shades of color, furrows that seemed the channels of small streams, and the peculiar rounded outlines due to glacial action. Then pushing eagerly through the huge drifting masses towards the nearest cape, judging by the distinctness of its features, it would suddenly seem to retreat again into the blue distance, and some other point catching the sunlight would be seen rising grandly across the jagged hummocky ice-plain, relieved against the blue shadowy portions to right and left as a background. It was not long, however, after tracing one lead after another, and coming always to a stand-still with the ship's prow against ice of enormous thickness, before we were forced to the conclusion that all efforts made hereabouts would now be vain. The ice did not seem to have been broken or moved in any way for years. We turned therefore and made our way back to open water with difficulty and steamed along the edge of the pack to the northeastward. After a few hours run we found the ice more promising, showing traces of having been well crushed and pounded, enabling us to bear gradually in toward the land through a wedge-shaped lead about 20 miles in length. At 5:30 P. M. we were again brought to a stand-still against heavy ice, but this time within about five miles of the shore. We now felt pretty sure that we would be able to make a landing here, and the questions that we wanted to put to this land of mystery came thronging to mind. This is perhaps the most likely place to find traces of the Jeannette expedition in case any portion of this country was reached. Would we find such traces? Had the country any human inhabitants? Would we find reindeer or musk oxen? What birds shall we find, plants, rocks, streams? etc. We intended to walk the five miles of ice, dragging a light skin-covered boat with us to cross any open spot that we might come to, but ere we could set off the fog began to settle gloomily down over the land and we determined to wait until the next morning, and in the meantime steam back out of the narrow ice-jammed throat of the lead a few miles to a safer position in case the ice should close upon us. Just as we turned from our nearest point of approach we fired a cannon to stir the echoes among the hills and give notice of our presence in case anybody was near to listen.

SUCCESS AT LAST—THE CORWIN ANCHORS IN FRESH WATER.

Next morning steaming ahead once more to the end of our water-lane, we were rejoiced to find that though there was now about eight or 10 miles of ice separating us from the shore, it was less firmly packed, and our little vessel made a way through it without difficulty, until we were within two miles of the shore, when we found the craggy blocks extremely hard and wedged closely, but a patch of open water near the beach, now plainly in sight, tempted us to continue the struggle, and with the throttle thrown wide open the barrier was forced, and by 10 o'clock A. M., the *Corwin* was riding at anchor less than a cable's length from a dry, gravel bar, stretching in front of the mouth of a river. The long battle we had fought with the ice was now fairly won, and neither the engine nor hull of the ship seemed to have suffered any appreciable damage from the terrible shocks and strains they had undergone.

A TRAMP INLAND.

Going inland, along the left bank of the river, we found it much larger than it at first appeared to be. There was no snow left on the lowlands or any of the hills or mountains in sight, excepting the remnants of heavy drifts; nevertheless, it was still about 75 yards wide, 12 feet deep, and was flowing on with a clear, stately current, at a speed of about three miles an hour. While the snow is melting it must be at least 200 yards wide and 20 feet deep, and its sources must lie well back in the interior of the country.

NO TRACE OF THE JEANNETTE.

Not the slightest trace, however, could we find along the river, along the shore, or on the

bluff to the northeastward, of the Jeannette party, or of any human inhabitant. A land more severely solitary could hardly be found anywhere on the face of the globe.

ANIMAL LIFE OF WRANGEL LAND.

The beach was well tracked with polar bears, but none of the party could discover any sign of reindeer or musk oxen, though the country seems to abound in the kind of food they require. A single fox track was observed, and some of the burrows of a species of marmot, also a few birds and about 20 species of plants, most of them in bloom. The rock is clay slate, which weathers smoothly, and is covered with a sparse growth of mosses, lichens and flowering plants, not unlike that of the adjacent coasts of Siberia and Alaska.

After spending three winters, commencing in the year 1830, Baron Wrangel writes concerning this country:

JOHN MUIR.

ARCTIC NEWS.

Captain Hooper's Exploit on Wrangel Land—What He Told Captain Fisher, of the "Legal Tender," About It—Probably an Arctic Continent—Dallmann's Claim Clearly Spurious—Remarkable River Discovered by Captain Hooper—Interesting Despatches from Lieut. Berry—Kindness of the Russian Government.

The ALTA is indebted to Captain John W. Fisher, of the American whale bark *Legal Tender*, which arrived in this port September 26th, after a quick passage of 35 days from Point Barrow (via Oummak Pass, Aleutian Islands, 15 days), for the following full and very interesting news from the Arctic Ocean:

On the 16th of August the United States Revenue steamer *Thomas Corwin*. Captain O. L. Hooper, visited Point Barrow, where the *Legal Tender* was then lying, taking in oil and whale-bone from the whaling fleet to bring to this port on freight. The disabled rudder of the *Corwin* had been well repaired, and she appeared to suffer no inconvenience from having carried it away early in the season. Captain Hooper came on board the *Legal Tender* and remained over half an hour, during which time he gave to Captain Fisher a verbal outline of

HIS PAST EXPERIENCE

And probable future movements. Mr. Norton, the first officer of the *Legal Tender*, in the meantime, learned all he could from the boatswain of the *Corwin*. The *Legal Tender* furnished the *Corwin* with a good supply of California potatoes and some fresh vegetables. Captain Hooper said he intended hurrying on to the new coal mines discovered along the shore of the Arctic Ocean, just north of Cape Lisburne and just below Cape Sabine, where he intended coaling his ship, so as to have done before he left. This coal is excellent, and the coal-rooms extend under the sea, in the direction of Wrangel Land, there is much sea-worn and weather-beaten coal, washed up along the coast, for twenty miles or more. It burns well and gives off comparatively little smoke or unpleasant gas. It is bright-looking, solid, and breaks into cubes of various sizes. After coaling, the *Corwin* was to proceed westward, to again visit the coast of Wrangel Land, hoping there to meet and communicate with the United States exploring steamer *Rodgers*, Lieutenant Berry, which they then had no tidings of, but which we have since learned by the arrival of the Russian fleet, had arrived at Petropavlovski, in Kamschatka, on the Russian-Siberian coast on the 9th of July. Captain Fisher is of the opinion that what we term

WRANGEL LAND IS A CONTINENT

Extending far northward toward the pole, and he understood Captain Hooper to express this surmise, as his opinion also. On the 30th of July the *Corwin* landed a boat's crew on Herald Island. In the years 1818-9 Captain Kellett, of the British ship *Herald*, discovered and named Herald Island, which he then supposed to be a part of the land described to Wrangel by a Tshukchi chief, but which Ferdinand Wrangle, the famous Russian explorer, never saw. After his expedition of 1820-24 he communicated

the first knowledge of the existence of this land to the civilized world, as "extensive high land" of which he had simply heard from the Siberian Indians. Captain Thomas Long, in the American whale bark *Nile*, first actually discovered and sketched the entire southern coast of Wrangel Land on the 14th, 15th and 16th of August, 1867. He then named it Wrangel Land, but was unable to land upon it, for he did not feel warranted in taking his vessel through the ice pack along the shore. He discovered the crater since named Mount Long, and many whalers that season, sighted what have since been named the Kellett Mountains. The party from the U. S. steamer *Thomas Corwin*, landed on Herald Island July 30th, 1881, and found it an

ALMOST BARREN GRANITE ROCK,

With rugged cliffs and exceedingly steep sides. After a most laborious climb they reached its summit, and from the top of the island saw distinctly the coast of Wrangel Land, bearing from the east of Herald Island, southwest at one extremity, and west by south on the other. The island appears less than five miles long, by one mile and a half at its broadest part, and is the resort of myriads of sea-fowl, which cover every available perch on the granite ledges. A cairn of stones about six feet high was piled up around an hermetically sealed bottle, containing a notice of the *Corwin's* visit, and a copy of the *New York Herald*. This was at a height estimated to be 1300 feet above the sea-level. In the crevices of the rocks was found a limited variety of

ARCTIC FLORA,

Such as anemones, saxifrage, and a few lichens and mosses. Below, a small cascade fell some two hundred feet, evidently the result of melting glaciers. A white Polar bear was shot on the island, August 4th. The lower part of a ship was picked up adrift on the way to Cape North on the Siberian Coast. After exploring this region as far as Wankarem River, without finding any further evidences of the missing whalers, but meeting flocks of ducks extending many miles in length, the *Corwin* again steered northward for the southern shore of Wrangel Land. When close in near the shore the presumer threaded her way cautiously through narrow ice-leads in the pack and finally landed a party on the beach of a country upon which it is believed by every whaler and Arctic trader that no foot of any civilized human being was ever before set. The country was taken possession of by Capt. O. L. Hooper, of the U. S. S. *Thomas Corwin*, August 12th, 1881, in the name of the United States.

A National salute from the guns of the steamer. At this spot a very

RAPIDLY-FLOWING RIVER,

About 300 feet wide and two and a half fathoms deep, empties into the ocean between slate and sandstone cliffs. The soil was of a soft clay, imbedded in which were dark-colored pebbles and some little pieces of quartz. Birds, bears and foxes were seen, but no human beings nor any traces of the *Jeannette*. Captain Hooper is preparing charts of the new land. Some portions of the shore are nearly twenty-five miles further north than in the present charts. Captain Fisher says that in 1897, the year when Captain Thomas Long first sighted and reported Wrangel Land, he was in the Arctic engaged in whaling, and well remembers the circumstances. It made a great excitement among the whalers, most of whom stood over, and sighted it. He says he went within a mile of Plover Cape at that time, which looked like a pyramid not over a mile in circumference. It was a very smooth day, and some of the people thought Plover Cape stood up

LIKE AN ISLAND,

Although they could not pass to the westward of it on account of ice. Probably this ice was anchored there by either a shoal, or being piled up on a low neck of land, like a sand spit running off from the shore. That season was very open, much like the present one, and he then went within six or seven miles of the eastern shore of Wrangel Land, in the bark *Awashonks*. The whole whaling-fleet flocked over to see it at that time, and no one ever heard of its having been seen before. He asserted for himself, and for many whaling captains, officers and men with whom he had conversed, that none of them believe for one instant that there is any truth whatever in the alleged claim of

Captain E. Dallmann, of the Hawaiian schooner *William C. Talbot*, to having landed twice on Wrangel Land, on the 17th and 18th of August, 1868. Captain Fisher knows Captain Dallmann very well, and cannot understand why he should put forth so absurd a claim at this late day, for he says, had he landed—as he would have us believe—every whaler in the Arctic

WOULD HAVE KNOWN THE FACT

That very season. He repeated most emphatically that Dallmann never could have landed there; he was sure that he never did. A careful examination of his statement shows his claim to be made up from existing charts, which are erroneous, and many facts, he alleges, are proved by recent surveys to be untrue, any one of which are sufficient to condemn his statement as exceedingly doubtful, at best. His track, which he claims he sailed over, would carry his vessel twenty-five or thirty miles across the land. So many separate items of his claim have been proved to be false that little doubt can exist in the mind of any one, that Captain Dallmann's entire claim must be considered as spurious. Captain Fisher states that this year he found the season in the Arctic the most open which had been known for many long years. The past Winter was very mild indeed, and the Arctic basin is reported to have been comparatively free of ice for January and February. The season opened very early indeed. Whalers seldom expect to get past Icy Cape before August 15th, but this year, that part of the Arctic was clear of ice quite early, and August 15th, he saw seventy-five miles of

CLEAR WATER NORTH OF IOY CAPE.

The ice-barrier was over twenty miles north of Point Barrow, and disappearing northward farther and farther every day. The season has been so very open, that he entertains no doubt that the United States steamer *Rodgers* will accomplish much this year, and make a good record for herself and officers. They will have a splendid time, with an open sea, stretching far north, and can readily follow the coast of Wrangel Land northward for a long distance. When the *Legal Tender* left the Arctic, the entire whaling fleet, with one exception, were off Point Barrow, many having been east fifteen to twenty miles east of there. The new American steam whaler *Belvidere* had gone much farther to the eastward of Point Barrow, intending to reach Mackenzie River, about 450 miles further east, along the Northern Coast of America. The schooner *Golden Fleece*, having on board Lieut. F. H. Ray, U. S. A., and party, bound to Point Barrow, to found a United States Signal Station and Observatory, will have no difficulty in speedily reaching their proposed location.

THE BARK "LEGAL TENDER"

Sailed from San Francisco, June 11th, and took as passengers Messrs. Krause Brothers, two scientific gentlemen sent out by the Bremen Geographical Society to make land explorations in Northern Siberia. They were landed at Saint Lawrence Bay, whence, after remaining there two weeks, they will proceed to East Cape and to the Diomed Islands; thence returning to Saint Lawrence Bay they will work their way down the Siberian Coast to Plover Bay, whence they hope to embark for San Francisco about October 1st. They took provisions sufficient to last until November 1st and plenty of ammunition, in a country actually crowded with game of many kinds. The United States Revenue steamer *Richard Rush* had not been reported at Point Barrow, but was understood to be somewhere on the coast, looking after the small trading schooners engaged in selling rum to the natives. Every whaling Captain is delighted to have the Government act so energetically in enforcing that humane law which forbids the sale of liquors to Indians. An Indian who has once been intoxicated seems disposed to neglect everything to renew the strange sensation. Many families and whole towns are thus suffered to die of starvation from consequent improvidence, at the time when Winter stores of blubber should be laid in. The *W. C. Talbot*, which Capt. Dallmann commanded, was one of these

CONTEABAND WHISKEY TRADERS,

Fitted out at Honolulu and owned by J. O. Pfugger, of H. Hackfeld & Co., a firm which have a branch in Bremen. From the Arctic to this port the *Legal Tender* had good winds, but the weather was rainy, equally and bad, which is unusual as an accompaniment of westerly and northwesterly winds. The *Corwin* expected to leave the Arctic about September

15th, and after making a short stop at Oonalska, would steam directly to San Francisco, hoping to reach here from the 1st to the 10th of October.

Captain Fisher says that Dr. Dall has made a sad error in his reports regarding the current in Bering Strait. All Summer long a strong current sets northward through this Strait, and it is only in September or October that strong northerly winds affect it. He has himself been swept many miles northward in October. Dall's observations extended only over a few days, and were in an eddy current, under the lee of the Diomedes. Off Point Barrow a 3 or 4-knot current sets regularly along the land northeastward, which does not extend fifty miles off shore. In 1872 the *Sea Breeze*, while be-

calm, drifted twenty miles off shore entirely out of sight.

THE NATIVES AT POINT BARROW

Would furnish nothing to eat to the crew of the American bark *Daniel Webster*, which got caught and crushed in the ice-pack July 3d. The crew escaped and the vessel sunk in fifteen minutes. One man died ashore from exhaustion. At Point Belcher, they got all they required from the natives who were very friendly. There is another native settlement at Cape Smith, and at Refuge Inlet, each of which consists of 300 or 400 persons. Natives in the Arctic are very useful to whalers, in cases of emergency, and the Government is very wise to protect them from injury. The crew of the *Daniel Webster* was distributed as follows: Her captain is on the schooner *L. N. Hendee*, which sailed from Point Barrow for this port August 9th and is fully due; her mate shipped on the whale ship *John Howland*, 15 or 20 of the crew were distributed among the whaleships, and 10 or 15 are aboard the *Corwin*, due here about October 10th.

Despatches From Lieutenant Berry.

The following despatch from Lieutenant R. M. Berry, U. S. N., commanding the U. S. Arctic steamer *Rodgers*, is addressed to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, and published by permission:—

PETROPOLLOVSKI, KAMTSCHATKA, July 21st, 1881 —
SIR:—I have the honor to inform the department of the arrival at this port, at 7:30 P. M. on July 9th of this vessel, just 33 days out from San Francisco, Cal. The health of the officers and crew is excellent. I found in port the Russian corvette *Strelock*, which had arrived a few days previously from Vladivostok. Her commanding officer, Captain A. De Livron, informed me that just before sailing he received a telegram from his Government, directing him to offer me any service within his power, which he has done by offering the use of his men, and assisting me to obtain information of the natives north of here. He proposes going as far north as Cape Serdze, and will bring back a mail from us there. I have succeeded in obtaining 25 reindeer skins, and have taken on board 44 dogs and a native from here as a driver. I could obtain very little dried fish for dog food, as the salmon are not yet dried, but hope to get the remainder farther north. I shall sail for Saint Michael's this morning. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. M. BERRY, Commanding.

"Alta" Correspondence from Wrangel Land.

WRANGEL LAND, August 12th, 1881.

EDITORS ALTA: A queer and out of the way place from which to indite a correspondence. But I do so with a feeling of pride in consequence of having witnessed this day, amid the booming of the *Corwin's* guns, the raising of our glorious Stars and Stripes on this land which, as we are informed, has never been visited before by white men. We also left papers, etc., in a cairn erected on the peaks of the island. Our landing was effected with serious difficulty, owing to the heavy masses of ice; but after great labor and exertions the crew landed. Captain Hooper being the first to get ashore, closely followed by your humble servant, an humble unknown. The party succeeded, after great labor and hardship, in attaining the loftiest eminence on the land, from which a magnificent but desolate view was obtained—nothing but masses of ice and snow visible everywhere; and, sad to say, nothing of the anxiously looked-for *Jeannette*. No trace of her could be seen, and up to the present time no information has been obtained from the natives as to their ever seeing a vessel of her class.

We had, however, prior to our arrival here, obtained from the natives near East Cape some additional relics from the missing whalers *Vigilant* and *Mount Wollaston*, and a yard of a vessel, apparently a lower yard, was picked up, but there were no marks on it by which we could identify it. The weather in our present position is disagreeable in the extreme. Strong blows, nasty and dense fogs prevail, and combined with the drifting masses of ice, make navigation anything but agreeable. Captain Hooper is, from what I can see, of the right material, and I hope in my next, after our return from a point south, where we are going to obtain a supply of coal, to be able to communicate to you some more tangible and positive results of our mission than the slight ones already obtained. The most we can say at present is that we have taken possession of more territory for "Uncle Sam," but whether he will be proud of the accession or not, I don't feel at liberty to conjecture.

MORE ANCH.

THE "RODGERS."

Latest News from the United States Arctic Search-Steamer.

By a cable despatch, forwarded by Col. W. H. Gilder, *Herald* correspondent on board the United States Arctic Search-steamer *Rodgers*, we learn that the expedition sailed from Saint Lawrence Bay August 19th. This news reached Yokohama, Japan, whence it was telegraphed to New York.

Capt. De Livron, of the Russian steam corvette *Strelock*, reported having boarded the American whaler *L. B. Handy*, having on board, as passengers, the captain and two seamen belonging to the American whale bark *Daniel Webster*, crushed in the ice north of Point Barrow, off the American coast. He understood them to say that the natives at Point Barrow, reported having seen four white men ashore, very early this Spring, going toward Mackenzie River, where there is a trading post, which is 450 miles east of and beyond Point Barrow. When they visited the snow hut, in which the white men had lived the past Winter, they found in them some bodies of dead men. Around the huts were sledge-tracks and footprints of white men; also, tracks resembling those of dogs or wolves. These men are supposed to have landed from the wrecked whale-ship *Vigilant*, missing since 1879, and recently described as drifting about in the Arctic with reindeer's antlers nailed upon the end of her bowsprit.

THE U. S. STEAMER "RODGERS,"

Lieut. R. M. Berry, left our port June 18th and reached Petropaulovski July 9th. After procuring dogs, clothing and supplies, she sailed thence, northward, July 21st, in company with the Russian corvette *Strelock*, for St. Lawrence Bay, on the coast of Siberia west of Bering Strait, where they arrived August 18th, and, after proper search and inquiries, again sailed northward August 19th, for a thorough exploration of the northern coast of Asia along the Arctic Basin. When they reach Cape Serdze, the complimentary escort of the Russian corvette will end, and she will return, early in the Autumn, with a mail containing the latest news from the American Relief Expedition. This graceful act of international courtesy is rendered by direct instructions received from the Russian Government at St. Petersburg. Whatever reliance may be placed upon the reports here given, they will be of interest as showing what information, sound or otherwise, Lieutenant Berry was in possession of, and upon which he probably acted when sailing from Saint Lawrence Bay, August 19th. After parting with the *Strelock* at Cape Serdze, it is thought that the *Rodgers* would proceed at once to explore the east coast of Wrangel Land, continuing as far north as deemed prudent to go this season, and be reasonably sure of being able to return to her

SOUTHERN COAST OF WRANGEL LAND,

And there select a suitable location to winter the vessel. While there she may meet Captain Hooper, on his second trip this year to the southern coast of Wrangel Land. In this case we may expect further news by the U. S. steamer *Corwin*, Captain Hooper, expected here about October 10th. The arrival of the American steam whaling bark *Belvidere* may bring to us a solution of the reports regarding the white men who are alleged to have wintered on the shores of the Arctic

Basin, east of Point Barrow, and who may have worked eastward to the station at Mackenzie River. Should any of these be saved, and prove to be a part of the crew of the missing whalers *Vigilant* or *Mount Wollaston*, we shall learn full particulars of the severe trials through which they passed, and from which a few only appear to have escaped. It is well, however, to bear in mind that this part of the cablegram is only made up of reports received at second-hand, and claimed to be current news among the natives.

WRANGELL LAND.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The statement that Wrangell Land, recently taken possession of by Captain Hooper, on behalf of the United States Government, is part of the Dominion of Canada, is not considered accurate by government officials, since the colors of the Dominion have never been raised upon the land. Major Clarke, of the Revenue Marine Bureau, to-day received a private letter from Captain Hooper, in which it is suggested that the new possession be named New Columbia. This name is thought to be very appropriate, and will probably be adopted by the government.

THE JEANNETTE.

Captain Hooper has not yet seen any traces of the *Jeanette*. Captain Hooper adds: "This has been the most open season, and if the *Jeannette* does not show herself this year the vessel will not, in all human probability, be seen again, although it is possible the crew may. The whalers are all very positive that she entered what they call 'The Hole,' a lead to the northeast of Herald Island, and that she got shut in.

"To call the 'new possession' New Columbia would be less likely to give offense to those interested in old names on different charts than to give it a name of less national character.

WRANGELL NEVER SAW THE LAND, and after trying for three successive years to get sight of it, refers to it as 'the problematic land of the North.' Neither was he the first to report the existence of it. The object of his cruise was to investigate the truth of reports to that effect brought by previous travelers. Kellet, after whom it is called on the English charts, only dimly saw what he supposed was a small island, and which he called Plover Island. That is where we landed, at the mouth of a good-sized river, on the east end, which now appears on our chart as the Clark River. We have made some valuable corrections in locations along the coast of Asia, between Kolutchin Bay and Cape North, and have taken a good set of magnetic observations."

QUESTION OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

Special Telegram to The Inter Ocean.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—There is just the least probability of a question of proprietorship of the Arctic iceberg lately taken possession of in the name of the United States, by Captain Hooper, of the Revenue Marine Service. It seems that it is not unlikely that England will claim that the island named Wrangell Land is a part of British America, under a treaty dividing the English from the Russian possessions on this continent. The fact is, that the island is worth nothing, so far as it can be concerned to any one, but the Treasury Department is somewhat proud of the acquisition through one of its bureaus, and no doubt it will be insisted that the Department of State shall make the matter the subject of diplomatic correspondence should England set up a claim for the possession of the territory.

POLAR EXPLORATION.

The Corwin's Cruise in Arctic Waters—Wrangell Land taken and Christened New Columbia—Catch of the Whaling Fleet.

The whaling bark *Legal Tender*, Captain Fisher, 35 days from Point Barrow, arrived in this port yesterday, bringing news of the Arctic explorations of Captain Hooper and the crew of the Revenue cutter *Thomas Corwin*. Leaving St. Michaels the *Corwin* steamed to Kotzebue Sound and there explored the Kee-wa-lik River. The ship coaled at the mine, 20 miles above Cape Tisbourne, and steamed for Herald Island. A successful landing was effected and the cliffs for the

first time were scaled. The view from the high ground was grand and far-reaching. Wrangell Land was distinctly seen at midnight on July 30th. From the center of the island the land bore southwest at one extremity and west by south on the other. The island is the home of myriads of sea fowl. On the northeast end of the island a cairn of stones was erected in a prominent spot; and in its interior was deposited a bottle containing a notice of the *Corwin's* visit.

Leaving Herald Island, Captain Hooper then steamed for Wrangell Land, where numerous attempts were made to effect a landing, without success. The ship then explored the coast of Siberia from Cape North to the Wankarein River, and collected along the coast quite a number of relics of the missing whalers from the natives. A spear was also found, but bore no mark on it by which it could be identified. At the latter place the natives live in a simple manner. They do not use firearms and never saw ships or white men before. They kill polar bears with arrows and spears and use a sling for killing ducks. Flocks of ducks, miles in length were seen along the coast. Returning north, Captain Hooper made another effort to reach Wrangell Land, and on August 12th succeeded in crowning his efforts. The new country was taken possession of in the name of the United States. The American flag was hung to the breeze and the country christened New Columbia. A record of the *Corwin's* visit with a copy of the *New York Herald* was placed in a bottle and secured to the flag pole. The cutter saluted when the flag was hoisted. The actual position of the land is 25 miles further north than the existing chart records it, and this disposes of the claim that a captain of a German trading schooner visited the land in 1866. The land has frequently been sighted, but this is the first authentic account of any landing. The country is sterile and desolate. There was no sign of human habitation, and no traces of the *Jeannette*. A great many polar bears were seen on the ice. The country is alive with them. In the new chart being prepared by the *Corwin*, the two Eastern capes are to take the names of the navigators, Kellet and Wrangell.

After leaving New Columbia the movements of the *Corwin* were directed to the relief of the whaling bark *Daniel Webster*, which was caught in the pack on July 3d, off Point Barrow and crushed. The crew barely escaped as the ship sunk in 15 minutes.

On this subject the log of *Legal Tender* says: The whaling bark *Daniel Webster* was crushed in the ice off Point Barrow, the latter part of July. The crew escaped across the ice excepting one man who attempted to walk from Point Barrow to a point below it, but perished from exhaustion. The balance of the crew are on board the schooner *L. N. Handy*.

The *Legal Tender* sailed from Point Barrow August 22d. She had strong head winds and foggy weather nearly all the passage to Oumimak Pass. Thence to Port West, and northwest winds with plenty of wet and squally weather. The briers nothing new from the whalers. August 20th off Point Barrow she spoke the United States steamer *Thomas Corwin*. The *Corwin* sailed south August 20th for coal, etc. The report from the whaling fleet is, that they had 135 whales and 60,000 pounds of bone in all. It is expected that the catch this year will fully equal that of last.

On the incoming *Geo. W. Elder*, due here to-morrow, are three ladies—Misses Rankin, Gould and Mathews—*en route* for the Presbyterian missions in Alaska. It is indeed noble of these ladies to leave their comfortable eastern homes to go into the midst of untold privations, but it has been ever thus; the plowshare of Christianity must first break up the fallow ground and the reward will be glorious. The Revs. R. W. Hill, R. G. Brady and Dr. Sheldon Jackson are coming from Portland, going to Alaska also. To the Doctor's zeal and energy is to be attributed much of the success of the Presbyterian missions in that dark corner of the earth, where only a few months ago some natives were put to death on the assertion of the "medicine man" that they were guilty of witchcraft.

NOTES FROM ALASKA.

Shipping Notes—Development of the Mines—Election of a Delegate to Congress—Etc.

NANAIMO, B. C., Sept. 21.—The Los Angeles arrived at Departure bay at 5 P. M. yesterday evening. She brings the following news from the north:

The steamer Gertrude made her last trip up Stickeen river on the 15th inst.

The Los Angeles brings \$19,000 in dust from Cassiar. She arrived at Sitka on the 10th inst.

The United States steamer Wachusett, had just returned from a 12 days' cruise, having visited Harrisburgh, Hoon Yah and Chilkat. Found all the Indians quiet and peaceable. She will soon visit Yakutat, to investigate the murder of R. Champion, who was killed last summer by a Behrings bay Indian.

The United States steamer Hasslar arrived at Sitka on the 9th inst., having been on a general surveying cruise. She was to have left for the south on the 12th inst.

The mines at Harrisburgh are looking well. The placer mines have suffered much for want of water. On the 5th inst., however, a heavy rain set in, giving an abundance of water. The mines are yielding well. Several new discoveries have been made.

The Morris G. mine, owned by Wm. Murray, has sunk a shaft 30 feet, and the ore taken out looks better than any yet discovered. Mr. Murray has shipped by the Los Angeles, a ton of this ore to be assayed in San Francisco. More of the quartz miners are busy working on their ledges.

The Los Angeles brings about \$5000 of gold dust from Harrisburgh. Business is lively and everybody hopeful.

The election which took place on Sept. 5th to elect a delegate to the forty-seventh congress, resulted in the election of Col. M. D. Ball over Major M. P. Berry, by a large majority. Col. Ball leaves for Washington on the next steamer.

Captain Henry Glass, formerly of the Jamestown, is to return to Sitka to take command of the U. S. steamer Wachusett. Much satisfaction is expressed by the citizens of southeastern Alaska at his reappointment to this post, as they are well satisfied that Captain Glass is the right man in the right place.

Many new buildings have been erected at Harrisburgh.

The Los Angeles called in at Klawack and took on three thousand cases of salmon, consigned to the N. P. T. & S. Co. of San Francisco.

The Indians are all quiet and well behaved at that place.

The weather for the last two months has been fair.

Among the passengers per the Los Angeles is Mrs. A. R. McFarland, the lady missionary who has done so much towards civilizing the natives of Alaska.

The Los Angeles sails from Nanaimo at 12 this morning for San Francisco via Port Townsend.

PORT TOWNSEND, Sept. 22.—The steamship Los Angeles arrived last night from Alaska.

The United States steamer Hassler reached Sitka on the 8th inst. from Cordova bay on a general surveying cruise. All well on board. She will sail down the coast on the 12th inst. Commander Lull has had an investigation into the murder of Kercon Campion and Thomas Maloney at Yakutat last summer, and will probably sail in the spring for that place to try and capture the murderer, a Behring bay Indian.

Spohn and Vanderbilt, joint managers of the Northwest Trading Co., have fitted up a commodious store on the wharf at Sitka for merchandise and Indian curiosities.

Major Wm. Gouverneur Morris, the new collector of customs, was heartily welcomed on his arrival at Sitka.

J. T. Treadwell, who represents a San Francisco mining company, is well pleased and has men at work running a tunnel.

Messrs. Pilz and Hilton are on their way to San Francisco. They are large owners in both the quartz and placer mines.

W. B. Robertson, manager of the Takou Mining Co., will return by the next steamer to work the company's mine. It is reported that a party in San Francisco will send up a ten-stamp mill by the next steamer.

Captain Tom Wright, who is well-known on the Pacific coast, and Dr. Sheldon Jackson of the Presbyterian board of home missions, also came down. Dr. Jackson established new missions among the Hooniah and Hydah tribes of southeastern Alaska, erected mission buildings at Chilkat, Hooniah and Chikan, located three mission families and traveled 500 miles in a canoe during these labors.

The Los Angeles sailed for Victoria this morning, thence to San Francisco.

THE veteran missionary evangelist of the far west. Rev. Sheldon Jackson D. D. will address the Presbyterian churches of this place on "Utah" next Sabbath morning in the Mahoning church and will preach in the same place in the evening.

At 3 P. M. he will speak on work among the North American Indians to the Sabbath Schools, in the Grove church, and on Monday evening by request on "Alaska" in the Mahoning church. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may desire to attend these services.

Barville Intelligencer.

THOMAS CHALFANT. . . EDITOR.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1883.

ALASKA.—Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., of New York City, missionary evangelist, under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, delivered several discourses in the Mahoning Presbyterian church, on Sunday and Monday last, on the subject of missionary work in the great West and Alaska. We were present on the occasion of his address on the latter territory, on Monday evening, and, along with the large audience present, were highly edified and informed in reference to this latest addition to our country's previous immense territory. The lecturer prefaced his remarks by stating that most persons who give their thoughts to Alaska, if they think of it at all, is that it is a land of sterility and desolation, a land of snow and ice, where the elements combine to prevent any settlement beyond that of the fur trader and seal catcher, who choose this high northern latitude to secure the finest furs to supply the markets and fashions of the world. Rev. Jackson showed that so far from its being a country alone,

"Where the wolf's long howl is heard on Onalaska's shore."

Certain portions of it, the lower, adutting on the Pacific Ocean and the British possessions, is blest with a climate as mild as that of Pennsylvania, in fact as equable as that of Kentucky, and as agreeable. And while this may astonish many who have given Alaska but a thought, their astonishment will cease when they view the topography of the great seas which wash its shores. It will be seen from Alaska's conformation, that the southern border act as a breakwater to the immense ocean current which sweeps up from the tropics along the coast of Japan and strikes Alaska off Sitka, where it divides, the greater volume pressing down along the coast of Oregon and California,

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tempering that climate, while the minor portion passes on towards the Arctic Ocean through Behring Straits. This border has quite an interesting native population, blest with a fair intelligence, and eager to receive the benefits of civilization.

The area of Alaska is nearly 600,000 square miles; a territory equal to Mexico, or thrice the size of France. It is a land of wonderful physical formation, of giant mountains, vast glaciers, immense rivers, all kinds of mineral springs, unlimited salmon and cod fisheries, and a seal and fur trade that already yields \$3,000,000 to the nation—nearly one half of the amount paid by the United States Government to Russia for the territory—while the land in the neighborhood of Sitka is arable and susceptible of cultivation and capable of supporting a redundant population.

We have neither time nor space to publish in detail the lecturer's graphic description of other features of that far-off but interesting portion of our country, but will draw attention to the fact, as stated, that this immense territory is to-day without the pale of United States territorial laws, not one having yet been introduced. This leaves the whole country at the mercy of the lawless and dissolute and outcasts of society, who can perpetrate all manner of robberies and brutalities on the more provident and weak, without fear of being brought to punishment. We waged a seven years' war at the expense of billions to rid the country of negro slavery, yet according to Dr. Jackson's account, a more imbruted form of slavery exists in Alaska than ever existed in the South. Where woman has no rights whatever, who can be tortured and sacrificed and her body sold as merchandise in the market; indeed, her condition ought to stir the heart of every American who feels for the honor of his nation and desires to see all its people protected. But another shame to the nation is its conduct towards the people of the Aluetian islands, a succession of islands that jut out from the mainland of Alaska into the Behring sea. These people, the lecturer stated, are civilized, and when the islands were under the control and protection of the Russian government had schools provided, to which all the children were sent, and they grew up with a fair share of knowledge. Since the annexation of the islands to the United States, the schools, not having government support, have been abandoned, and the inhabitants are growing up in the grossest ignorance. As a result, the people are tending towards barbarism. This state of affairs demands that our national legislators

should turn their attention to these distant possessions and provide for them territorial laws, the same as is vouchsafed to Dakota, Montana, Arizona and the other territories.

In a religious point of view, Alaska opens up a fertile field for missionary labor, and Dr. Jackson's appeal was earnest, eloquent and forcible. As he stated, the whole territory is under the domination of paganism and the rankest superstition, where Christianity has but a feeble foothold.

Seldom have we listened to a more interesting lecture or a more capable lecturer. Earnest in manner and in love with his subject in which he is thoroughly posted, the lecturer won on his audience by his unassuming manner and clever method of imparting information, and they made this practically manifest at its close by a unanimous vote of thanks.

THE REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D., spoke to large and appreciative audiences on the subject of Home Missions, in the Mahoning Presbyterian Church last Sunday morning and evening. On Monday evening at the hour of assembly every available seat in the Church was occupied. The subject was Alaska, and for an hour and a quarter the congregation listened to the vivid descriptions and earnest appeals of the speaker with marked attention and unflagging interest. A basket collection was taken for incidental expenses, with the understanding that all over this amount should go to the erection of the Sitka School, in Alaska. As the result of the collection more than \$70.00 were secured for the Sitka School. A Collection of \$74.25 was contributed on Sunday morning for the work in Utah. Should Dr. Jackson return to Danville again he will doubtless have a warm welcome.

The lectures of Rev. Sheldon Jackson were highly appreciated, and crowds attended on every occasion.

ALASKAN EXPLORATION.

News from the Schieffelin Party at the Mouth of the Yukon—An Account of the Voyage from San Francisco to St. Michaels.

The *Bulletin* received to-day the following letter from Ed. Schieffelin, who organized a prospecting party of miners in Arizona and built and equipped a steamboat in San Francisco to ascend the Yukon and tributary rivers of Alaska:

ST. MICHAELS, Alaska, July 31, 1882.
We are here all safe and well, after a long, tedious passage, caused by a succession of calms and strong head winds. Our troubles, however, are over now. The New Rackett is tied up to the Alaska Commercial Company, all loaded and ready to fire up. We start to-morrow for the mouth of the Yukon, sixty miles to the "southard," with Charlie Peterson as pilot. One of the Company's traders is going up to Nulatto, 600 miles up the river, to his station. From there up to the mouth of the Tananah we will depend on the Indians. We expect to winter at the mouth of the Tananah, and, if lucky, will get there by September 1st.

In my next letter I may be able to give a description of the country.
ED. SCHIEFFELIN.

Mr. Scheiffelin gives the following account of the voyage from San Francisco to St. Michaels: We left San Francisco on the 13th of June last aboard the good schooner H. L. Tiernan, Captain William Lund, and carried the steamer New Racket on her deck. The first few days out we had light baffling winds, but after that, when about one hundred miles from port, we caught a north gale which lasted three days. It blew terribly and there was an enormous sea running. We were all rather under the weather, and feared that the little steamer New Racket would be washed from her fastenings on deck. After this storm we had pleasant weather with only an occasional blow. Time passed quickly and pleasantly.

The 30th of June was celebrated by firing a salute and drinking to the memory of our late beloved President Garfield, as we all felt certain Gulteau would hang that day. The Fourth of July was also celebrated by firing salutes and drinking to the health of the Union. We were all in high spirits, and many a toast was also drank to the mining territory we were seeking.

Through Oummah Pass we had dense fogs, and they prevailed until our arrival at Ounalaska, on the 16th of July. We were kindly received by Mr. Neumann of the Alaska Commercial Company, and Mr. Stauf of the Western Fur Trading Company, the same evening. A ball was given in our honor by Mr. Neumann, which was enjoyed greatly by us all. The ladies were very pretty and excellent dancers, and their dresses were of the prevailing styles. We will all remember the kind reception at Ounalaska.

On July 18th we sailed for St. Michaels and arrived on July 25th, together with the "Leo," which sailed from San Francisco eleven days after us, but as we were delayed about one week by calling at Ounalaska, it accounts for her beating us. Besides, the Tiernan had a more difficult cargo to carry.

By the Leo we received the news that three days after our sailing we were reported capsized. That was afterward contradicted. It made us all feel very bad on account of our relatives and friends, but we trust they will soon know we are all safe. The Leo sailed again the following day for Golowih Bay and Point Barrow with all well aboard.

The New Racket was successfully launched on July 27th. We were pleased to see her afloat again. The remainder of the week was spent in fitting up. Many thanks are due Mr. Neumann for his assistance, kindness and hospitality. To-day we are all ready to begin our voyage in the New Racket, and we shall to-morrow start for the mouth of the Yukon River, as the weather is fine, and everybody is in good health and spirits. With much regret we to-day said good-by to Captain Lund, as he intends sailing again for San Francisco. We all wish he could remain here and take charge of the New Racket, but he cannot. Great praise is due him and the officers of the Tiernan for their kindness to us.

tages of Christian civilization, than can be found elsewhere in the Territory. While from other settlements in Alaska alarming reports of anticipated Indian cutbreaks of violence and murder are set forth, I have no such fears in Wrangel. The Indians are, in fact, more peaceable and orderly than many of the whites, and are friendly to all whites who desire their respect and friendship. This happy and promising situation of the past is due to the efforts of the missionaries, and especially to the unwearied zeal, directed by sound judgment, of Mrs. MacFarland. It is needless for me to recount the many difficulties and trials which beset her path, or to express my respect and admiration of the energy with which she pursues her adopted life's mission.

I am sincerely yours,
I. S. OAKFORD.

The report was approved.

Rev. I. H. Condit, stated clerk of Oregon Presbytery, read a statement on the condition of mission stations and teachers in Alaska.

The executive committee reported in favor of establishing an Alaskan Presbytery.

By unanimous consent the stated clerk was instructed to cast a ballot electing Rev. R. W. Hill as synodical missionary for the ensuing year.

The evening was occupied in listening to addresses from Rev. D. O. Ghormley, on "Higher Education," and Rev. J. R. Thompson, on "Popular religious errors, and how to refute them."

THIRD DAY, OCTOBER 7th.

TERMS OF THE BULLETIN.

Daily, by mail or express, per year.....\$ 12 00
Weekly and Friday's Daily..... 3 00
Yearly alone..... 2 50
Parts of the year at the same rates

Daily Evening Bulletin.

San Francisco, Friday, January 30, 1880.

The Great North Country.

A colony from the Northern States is about to settle in the Puget Sound country, and another in Shasta county, in this State. One or two colonies are also making preparations to settle in Southern California. Up to this date no colony has settled in Alaska. There was a little prospecting done by the representatives of a proposed Iceland colony, but while the report was in many respects favorable there was no other result. The country is so large and there

The minutes of the last meeting of the Synod were then read.

Rev. R. W. Hill, synodical missionary, read his annual report, and at its close read the following encouraging letter, received yestertay from J. S. Oakford, collector at Fort Wrangel, part of which we publish:

DEAR MR. HILL: My official position at Wrangel necessarily brings me into intimate relations with the missionaries, and I have endeavored to make those relations not only cordial and friendly, but mutually useful. In the absence of any regularly organized civil government in south-eastern Alaska, the preservation of order devolves upon the collectors of customs. I believe myself justified in claiming for the Indians of Wrangel a more correct observance of good order, and a higher appreciation of the advan-

Synod of the
Columbia

(1879-83)

is so much vacant land that colonists are not driven by any necessity into the extreme Northwest. The Puget Sound country fills up slowly. Its magnificent forests invite the lumberman more than agriculturist. When the lumber interest first invites attention, agriculture is for a time in the back ground. Yet all the cereals are produced with as little trouble in Washington Territory as in any part of the United States. After one has reached the southern line of Oregon the question of irrigation is dropped out. The amount of moisture increases for the next fifteen hundred miles. No farmer in Washington Territory ever concerns himself about irrigation. The clouds distil rain enough for all his wants, and frequently more than accords with his ideas of convenience. The Puget Sound settler has certain great advantages. He has timber, running water, a fertile soil, mild climate, and always moisture enough to ensure the certainty of crops. He has also at no great distance, the most remarkable land-locked body of navigable water in the world. It is not then a wonder that colonists from the far East should look with some favor upon such a country. There will be great openings in the forests. For a century to come spars will be furnished to the maritime world from Puget Sound. The coal measures will produce cheap coal for steam, and one of the great wheat ports of the Northwest will be at the final terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad.

Farther north we have the great Territory of Alaska, only partly explored as yet. A Territory having two rivers which rank among the longest on the continent, and rich in a great variety of natural resources. This is the Territory which has been the fruitful topic of derision for that class of newspaper men in the East, who never cared to make any intelligent inquiry as to its actual resources. No other Territory has been treated with such studious neglect, and no other has been subject to such a series of malign influences. There never has been an organized Territorial Government. There is to-day no law for Alaska except such as a powerful fur monopoly chooses to give—a monopoly unlike any ever before tolerated in this country. When it is proposed to organize a Territorial Government, it is at once announced that A and B don't want any organization of that kind; and especially that the Fur Company don't want any such thing as a Territorial organization. The next fact usually quoted is that there is not population enough to warrant such an organization. The mines, the fisheries, the furs and the choice lumber draw a few hardy adventurers, but they do not draw permanent settlers. The Indians about Sitka are no fair representatives of the thousands of stalwart men who live along the margins of great rivers and fiords further in the interior. They are asking for a Government. They say that their own has been destroyed, and now they want a white man's Government. They, as well as the better class of whites, must have for protection some standard of civil rights to which they can appeal for justice. An intelligent traveler in that country recently noted a case where the Indians had arrested a criminal who had killed his wife. They brought him to the whites and asked that he be dealt with according to their law. They were told substantially, that white men had no law in that country.

The fact that the Fur Company may not want an organized Territorial Government for Alaska, ought not to have a feather's weight of

influence in settling the question. Here is this great North country, with its vast forests, fisheries, mines and fur-bearing regions, with a belt of cedar more than 800 miles long. It is a country, too, where over a considerable part of it the whole list of cereals can be cultivated and where the winters are not as cold by many degrees as in Minnesota and the Red River country of the North, which is now attracting so much attention as a grain-producing country. Adventurers winter in Alaska from choice. Many of them would become permanent settlers if there was any civil protection. The hulk of the old *Jamestown* lies near the shore of Sitka in order to keep renegade Indians in subjection. Now and then a revenue cutter does a little service in the way of preventing illicit trade in spirits, and any poaching upon the preserves of the Fur Company. Is life and property so cheap in Alaska that it should not have as much consideration and protection as even fur seals enjoy?

Little by little, we come to know that this great North country is worth the having. The original price paid for it was less than that often paid for a half-developed mine in Nevada or Arizona. There is one other fact of some significance. Alaska is a food-producing country. Its rivers and inlets swarm with fish. Its forests and plateaus abound in wild animals. The Indians are stalwarts because they get enough to eat. Now, a food-producing country, aside from the consideration of forests and mines, is worth having. It is entitled to as much consideration as Dakota, or Montana, or Washington. But when it is proposed to give the protection of civil government to such a territory, certain interested persons step in and say, we don't want it. We want to be left to take care of ourselves. It is certain that such statements are never made in the interests of actual settlers, nor with any regard for the future development of that Territory. The Government receives every year sufficient revenue from the Alaska Fur Company to sustain a Territorial Government. But whether that were so or otherwise, it is time that the policy of keeping a permanent population out of Alaska were abandoned.

DAILY STATE GAZETTE.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

JOHN L. MURPHY, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

TRENTON, N. J.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

All About Alaska.

The New York *Nation*, in a recent number, says:

"The Rev. Sheldon Jackson's paper on 'The Neglect of Education in Alaska,' with its map and many woodcuts, is the most noticeable feature of the Bureau of Education's Circular of Information No. 2, just issued, containing the proceedings of the department of superintendence at the National Educational Association in Washington last March."

Mr. Jackson is also the author of a volume on Alaska, where he spent some time. He is expected to give some account of his observations of the religious state of that territory at the First Presbyterian Church, in this city, to-morrow evening.

THE GOOD WORK IN ALASKA.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska, Jan. 24, 1883.

Dear Dr. Field: Sabbath, the 7th of January, was such a precious day to our mission, that I must tell THE EVANGELIST's readers about it. The whole Fall and Winter has been by far the most prosperous, earnest, religious season ever known here. The church has been crowded with eager listeners. Those whom we thought hardened enemies of the cause, have become willing adherents. The old customs of superstition have been voluntarily replaced by those of Christian civilization. The sails of our ship are full, and the water smooth.

Many a private conference with the pastor must always precede applications for church-membership in this field. If the missionary thinks the applicant unworthy or unready, he must tell him plainly not to appear before the Session at all. Every one received must be prepared by instruction and prayer, and tested carefully for weeks beforehand, lest the holy Church of God be shamed.

The preliminary meeting was held on Saturday, and candidates for baptism examined. They were brought before the whole company of church members, and required to give their full experience. There is also a clearing up of all clouds from the firmament of the Church. It is made a time of mutual confession, forgiveness, charity.

At the pastor's house these talks were prolonged until midnight, and one serious difficulty of long standing permanently settled.

Let me sketch the group of twelve that stood with solemn joy before the altar in the crowded church next morning, to take upon themselves the vows of God's house, and receive the "water of God" upon their foreheads.

First knelt a noble looking young man, the first and best inmate of Mrs. Young's Training School. He has it steadily in his heart to preach to his people the blessed Gospel he now professed, and to that end he is being trained. He received the name of Lewis Kellogg. May he walk worthily in the steps of the sainted man whose name he bears. We rejoiced in this second conversion in our Boys' Home "as one that findeth great spoil."

Then came a sturdy hunter and his wife—a couple "of good repute"; then a young husband whose wife has long been a member of our communion. Next bowed a woman whose tongue, once "full of deadly poison," and by reason of its ready sharpness the terror of the neighborhood, now tremblingly promised obedience to Him who "reviled not again." Her daughter, a rosy cheeked school-girl, was baptized with her.

Our interest centered strongly in the next group of four, and our eyes grew dim with gladness. They were the Home girls. The names given them will be recognized at once by many

of your readers, whose prayers for them were the "moving cause" of their presence at the altar of consecration. The ladies whose names they bear stand high among "the worthies."

First poor Annie Graham, wasted with consumption, fighting death inch by inch with strong will, who *would not* sit down although her limbs trembled violently, bowed her dear head to receive her precious name. Then Dora Davis, Louisa Norcross, and Carnie Martin "witnessed a good confession."

At this King's feast the "mained and halt" were not wanting. Charley and Sam, two inmates of the Faith Hospital, converted since entering, stood up to be baptized because they could not kneel. Charley—paralyzed in one side—leaning heavily upon his staff, comes forward with his peculiar uncertain motion. Five years ago he was doomed to death for witchcraft, scourged, starved, and choked in the sea, and was called by his own relatives "the son of a devil." Now his name was enrolled among those of some of his former persecutors as a "son of God," beloved, soon perhaps to "see Him as He is." Sam, a boy of eighteen, swollen and crippled with rheumatism, every motion torture, stumped slowly to the altar on two crutches, with a look of happiness upon his face we shall not soon forget.

Then forty-five of us sat down with full hearts to the Lord's own feast of love. The Week of Prayer that followed with nightly meetings, partook of the spirit of this day, and many asked for, and numbers professed to find, the way to Christ. Rejoice with us.

S. HALL YOUNG.

The Thirteenth-street church was crowded on Sabbath evening, to hear Drs. Kendall and Jackson on the subject of missions in Alaska, and to give a suitable farewell and God-speed to Miss Austin, who is about to go to the assistance of Mrs. A. R. McFarland in that distant field. The occasion was one of much interest. We will add in this connection that we are glad to observe that our Methodist brethren in Oregon, recognizing the fact that Presbyterians are the pioneers in Alaska, and that there is plenty of work nearer at hand, do not propose to interfere or establish rival missions in that far off and sparsely populated region. The responsibility is therefore upon us to establish schools and preach the Gospel at Fort Wrangel, and in the regions beyond.

MISSION TO ALASKA.

A meeting was held at the Thirteenth street Presbyterian church on Sunday evening last on the occasion of the expected departure of Miss Olinda Austin, a member of that church, who is to leave for Alaska, as teacher among the Indians of that territory, under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

The Rev. Mr. Simpson, pastor of the

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church, presided and introduced the speakers. Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson of Denver, who has traveled through all the Western and Pacific regions, gave an account of the deplorably degraded condition of the Alaska Indians and especially of the women. He had heard often of Indian women leaving their cabins in the night and going into the forest with their little girls, where, after making a bed of leaves, they lulled them to sleep and left them to be devoured by wild animals, preferring that they should perish as innocent babes rather than grow up to be sold into slavery, and suffer as their mothers had done. It was no uncommon spectacle in Sitka to see a woman offer her own daughter for sale to any trader or person who would consent to buy her. It was not true that there was no slavery within the jurisdiction of the United States; there were hundreds of slaves in Alaska, bought and sold like cattle, and their lives were regarded scarcely more than those of cattle. Sorcery and witchcraft were common among them. The burning of widows had been practised among the natives, and the bones of murdered slaves were often exhumed beneath the corner-posts of houses. They were in a deplorable state of heathenism.

Rev. Dr. Kendall, Secretary of the Board, verified the statements of Dr. Jackson in regard to the condition of the women, and the general state of things in the territory. He spoke also of the eagerness with which the Indians received the gospel. A church had been organized at Fort Wrangel with twenty-five Indians as members.

Indian babies are born subject to all the ills that baby flesh is heir to, but with this great difference between them and ours—when sick they are either killed or cured without delay. This does not happen, however, from sinister motives; it is not done to avoid the irksome care of a sickly, puny child; it is not the result of lack of natural love for offspring—not any or all of these: it is due to their wonderful “medicine,” their fearful system of incantation.

A pappoose becomes ill; it refuses to eat or to be comforted; and after several days and nights of anxious, tender endeavor to relieve her child, the mother begins to fear the worst, and growing thoroughly alarmed, she at last sends for the “shaman,” or a doctress of the tribe, and surrenders her babe to his or her merciless hands. This shaman at once sets up over the wretched youngster a steady howling, and then anon a whispering conjuration, shaking a hideous rattle or burning wisps of grass around the cradle. This is kept up night and day until the baby rallies or dies, one doctor relieving the other until the end is attained, and that result is death nine times out of ten.—HENRY W. ELLIOTT, in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

SHELLING AN ALASKAN VILLAGE.

COMMANDER MERRIMAN DECLARES FORMER REPORTS TO HAVE BEEN EXAGGERATED, AND HIS ACTION TO HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY COMMENDABLE.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: IN THE TRIBUNE of November 28 I read an article criticising my burning the village of Agagoon at Kilisnoo, entitled “A Study in Compensation.”

Once upon a time a tailor founded a family. In the will entailing the property he left was a clause compelling his heirs to keep forever his portrait (painted with shears in hand cutting out clothing) hanging in a conspicuous place, or the property was to go to the “Tailors' Union.” One discontented descendant turned the picture to the wall, and on the reverse side caused the same features to be painted, only this time in armor, as a mounted Crusader. He was within an eighth of an inch of the truth.

The article in question is based on the view that I, on an indefinite threat from the Indians to destroy property wantonly burned their houses, bedding and winter provisions, and then turned out their women and children to perish in the pitiless cold of an Arctic night. I purpose to give you the lacking eighth of an inch of truth. A Shaman, or Medicine Man, of the Hootsnoo tribe of Indians, eighty miles from Sitka, was accidentally killed while whaling with white men. The tribe immediately seized the two white men, demanded two hundred blankets, and on their demand not being complied with, waited to get another white man, as one of the two captured had but one eye, intending then to put the two to death. They captured a steam launch, two fishing boats and all the seines, of the value in all of several thousand dollars. The prisoners were to have been put to death on the evening of the day I arrived. The daughter of the killed medicine man tells me the third man would have been taken the same day. Besides the actual value of the captured property, the stoppage of the fishing in the middle of the season entailed a loss of much money to the owners. As a punishment for stealing property to the amount of several thousand dollars, for stopping the fishing by force, and for violently taking the law into their own hands, I demanded double the amount they claimed, or four hundred blankets, and told them if the demand was not complied with, I would burn their town. I gave them until the next day. They at first said they would. They went to their village, and Ka-chuck-tee, the richest chief of the tribe—friendly, but at the time absent—tells me they broke open his house, stole one hundred and sixty-six blankets which he had stored there, and sent me eighty of them, hauled up their large canoes, took their winter provisions, blankets and bedding back into the woods, and sent me word they would not pay the fine, but to come on and they would defend the town. I destroyed what canoes were in the vicinity of the vessel, and burned their town, purposely sparing enough to house them for the winter, and their large canoes. No “looting” was done, no provisions were burned, and no Indians were killed, as some accounts have it. Ka-chuck-tee says no blankets were burned, but that his were stolen, and he grimly added: “I will get my fur coat and every blanket back from ‘Saginaw Jake’” (the culprit chief). The Indians think the houses spared were saved by accident, and that my purpose was to destroy all their property and provisions. I wanted them to think so. I desired to teach them a lesson, and I succeeded. Had I not done so, they would have killed more or less white people, and destroyed a trading post and fishing station and property of much value. I am of the opinion that the measure was a necessary one, and will be productive of much good, and I may add that the property-holders and missionaries here agree with me. I believe the lesson will last the Indians for a generation, although they rebuilt their houses in a month.

My aim in this letter, however, is not to attempt to guide public opinion but simply to supply you with the facts. The daughter (Kinzo) of the man who was killed

described the whole plot to me, the motive for it, and the manner in which they were to kill the three men. They consider one hundred blankets the equivalent for the death of one of their number. If they could have had the blood of one white man, then one hundred blankets would have answered. The extra hundred was to satisfy them for the death of an Indian killed some time before while felling timber for a wharf. Their belief in "a life for a life," or one hundred blankets for a life, will yet cause trouble unless put down. They should be compensated for a death occurring by accident, as in this case, and probably would have been but for their hasty action. This blanket business does not consist, as might first appear, in dragging the cover off an Indian's bed. The blanket is the Indian dollar. The standard is a single blanket of the Hudson Bay type, worth \$1. Kah-luck-tee, mentioned above, is worth 11,000 blankets, Ken-al-koo, another chief, 8,000.

The Indians of Southeastern Alaska are a most interesting race, alike far removed from the Indian of the plains and the Esquimaux. Revengeful and cruel in war, they are, when well treated, and not under the influence of liquor, hospitable, brave, industrious, intelligent, skilful, not honest, but easily led for good. They do not want the white man on their fathers' land; at the same time they do not desire to molest him. If he kills one of the tribe, either purposely or by accident, they want to kill a white man, or be paid a hundred blankets. They claim the game and the land of the country, and want to keep them. If all kinds of malt liquor as well as distilled were interdicted, and non-sectarian schools for the education of the Indian children, supported by the Government, established, I predict that the Alaskan Indian would be a source of revenue to the Government, for he is at all times willing to give an honest day's work for reasonable pay, an attribute unpossessed by any other tribe within my knowledge. The United States Government should provide some kind of law to protect the miner and Indian in this Territory, or abandon it. There is a law prohibiting the sale of distilled liquors, but not beer. The rum-sellers, taking advantage of this, mix bay-rum, Florida-water, etc., into the beer, and sell the mixture to Indians, and then troubles arise. The rum-sellers themselves, in such cases, yell the most lustily for help. All the fault lies entirely at their doors. The winters here are far from rigorous. The average of our thermometer from October 25 to date is 40° 21' Fahr. for meridian, and 39° 55' Fahr. for midnight. Very truly yours,

E. C. MERRIMAN, Commander U. S. Navy.
U. S. S. Adams, Sitka, Dec. 29, 1882.

RECEIVING WITH LITTLE BROWN JUGS.

Dear Evangelist: The young ladies of Mrs. A. P. Reed's Bible-class connected with the Prebyterian Sabbath-school of this city, have furnished an example worthy of imitation. Having become interested in the grand work of that noble, self-sacrificing woman, Mrs. McFarland of the Alaska Mission, through her letters published in THE EVANGELIST, they have for some time past been making up and preparing a box of clothing for the scholars of her mission school. This being completed, the ladies gave a reception a few evenings since in the lecture-room of the church, for the purpose of raising funds to pay the transportation of the box to Fort Wrangle. An interesting feature of the whole arrangement was its modest simplicity. There was no charge either to go in, or to go out—there was no begging. But conspicuous as you entered the room, suspended from the ceiling, were two little brown jugs. These were not suggestive jugs, for they had closed mouths, yet no one could fail to discover that there was on one side a little crevice, just large enough to slip in a silver dollar.

After the singing of several familiar hymns, A. P. Reed, Esq., read from THE EVANGELIST, Dr. Kendall's interesting letter from Fort Wrangle. Mr. A. J. Curtis, at one time a resident of Santa Fé, N. M., was then called upon and gave an interesting account of the missionary labors of Dr. and Mrs. McFarland in that field, where they laid the foundation of Protestantism, and of their subsequent removal to California, where Mrs. McFarland, by the death of her husband, was left a widow in a strange land. And when a missionary

was wanted for far-off Alaska, a woman, Mrs. McFarland, was the first to respond. Elder Husted then read from the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian a letter from Mrs. McFarland, portraying some of the barbarous customs of her Indians. After which the pastor, Rev. B. T. Jones, closed this part of the exercises with very interesting and appropriate remarks.

Attention was next directed towards that end of the room where stood the tables laden with refreshments tastefully arranged with a great profusion of flowers. After the feast of good things, came the interesting ceremony of breaking the jugs and counting the money. The occasion was not only a pleasant one to all, but profitable as well. The ladies were encouraged in their good work, and all present felt a renewed interest in Mrs. McFarland and the Alaska Mission. M.

Westchester, Sept. 27, 1879.

THE PRESBYTERIAN OF BOSTON BYTERIAN BANNER—W

The Point Barrow Esquimaux.

[Boston Herald.]

The natives, who maintain a rather arduous struggle for existence at Point Barrow and its immediate neighborhood, belong to the Esquimaux race. They are called Innuits, from the word "innuit," which in their language means man, the plural of which is "innuine," meaning men or people. Although there is great general resemblance between all the subdivisions of the Esquimaux race, there is yet considerable disparity existing between the various families, both in language and manners, depending, no doubt, on the accidental circumstances of locality, surroundings, etc. The language of an eastern Esquimaux would be entirely unintelligible to a native of the western coast; and even the native of our side of Behring's Straits speaks a dialect differing considerably from that of the other side. There are, in fact, many more points of similarity between all the natives of the eastern side of Behring's Sea than there are between them and any of the natives of the opposite side—thus the natives of the Diomedes differ more in language and dress from the natives of East Cape, only twenty miles away, than the natives of Point Barrow do from those of Golovin Bay in Norton Sound, 700 or 800 miles to the southward. The natives of the American side are, on the whole, superior to those on the Asiatic—better looking, more intelligent, and more cleanly looking, where cleanliness, of course, only means a lesser degree of filthiness—and the natives of Point Barrow are a trifle superior to any of the natives we have seen at any other point on the American side.

It seems to be a universal law that the savage deteriorates when he comes in contact with civilization, and the longer the contact the more abject he becomes, and no one passing along the coasts of Behring's

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Sea and of the Arctic Ocean to Point Barrow can fail to be struck by the clear exemplification of this law. There seems to be a strong tendency in savage man everywhere to acquire the bad habits of the civilized, rather than the good, whenever the two races come in contact, and the Esquimaux race is no exception to the rule. Thus the natives of Point Barrow, having, until recently, had but little intercourse with the white man, seem to have deteriorated less than the tribes to the southward, and are quite respectable people for savages. They are rather a good-looking people, with interesting, intelligent, but not very handsome faces. In general, their noses are too flat and the complexions too coppery for beauty. Their bodies are well formed, not at all chunky, and of average stature; their hands and feet are smaller and better formed than those of the average white man, and, if they had laid aside one or two rather nasty habits and learned to wash themselves occasionally, they might be considered tolerably handsome.

The women are more intelligent and better looking than the men, and are treated with more consideration than among most savages. Still the man is the lord and master, and his wife or his daughters have no rights that he is bound to respect by any code of law or morals existing among them. A woman cannot choose her husband, but is given away much the same as a cow or a horse is, and her husband can beat her, or put her away, or sell her at pleasure, except she may happen to have more friends than he has, and then it may not be altogether safe for him to exercise his lordly attributes too fully. Self-interest, however, and the indolent, easy-going habits of these people, prevent much harshness to exist in the relations between husband and wife, for the females of a marriageable age are seldom in excess of the males, and consequently there is really little choice allowed, and, besides, it is imperative that every man shall have a wife, if possible, because an Innuut without one is about as forlorn and helpless an individual as can well be imagined. There is no such thing as marriage ceremony. The whole affair is a bargain, and of no more importance than any other bargain. No morality, in the proper sense of the term, exists, nothing intrinsically right or wrong. Individuals have got rights, if they are able to maintain them, so that really might is the great arbiter of right, except in such cases as superstition steps in and exerts a regulating influence over conduct. Notwithstanding all this, the social relations are carried on as smoothly, and with as little injustice, as among civilized people.

Affairs in Alaska.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Commander Henry Glass, commanding the Jamestown, reports to the Navy department from Sitka, that affairs in the Territory of Alaska are in a most satisfactory condition. Perfect quiet prevails, and the Indians show every disposition to be at peace. Since the date of the last report he has succeeded in having treaties between the Stickeena and Hoochenoo tribes, and between the Stickeenas and Sitkas, thus ending the feuds that in one case had been in existence over fifty years. The chiefs showed a desire to make peace and to abandon their former custom of exacting satisfaction in kind for every injury. He thinks the treaties will be faithfully observed.

National Educational Assembly.

The National Educational Assembly opened at Ocean Grove, Tuesday morning, August 8th, at 10 o'clock. The attendance was large, there being many representative men from different parts of the country present. The Assembly was welcomed by Rev. Dr. Stokes, President of the Ocean Grove Association. Rev. Dr. Guard, of Baltimore, offered prayer. Bishop Coxe, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, presided at the morning session. In a felicitous address he spoke of the importance of the Assembly and of the work it contemplated. The representatives from all parts of the country present showed that it was unsectional and undenominational, the purpose of the Assembly being to discuss the great subject of how best to reach the illiterate masses of our whole nation. Rev. Dr. Hartzell, conductor of the Assembly, mentioned the names of many representative men who had written letters commendatory of the Assembly and of its work, and regretting that they could not attend. The opening address was delivered by Hon. John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, and was a very strong, comprehensive and eloquent presentation of the subject that the Nation is the only patron of education equal to the present emergency. The address was applauded frequently. It elicited much praise from the educators in attendance. An educational conference, to consider "Our Illiterate Mass," was held in the afternoon, Dr. H. R. Waite, special educational and religious statistician of the United States Census Bureau, presiding. Short addresses were made by General James Rushing, of Trenton, N. J., Rev. L. R. Fiske, of Michigan, and Professor Caldwell, of Tennessee. In the evening Captain Pratt, President of the Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa., spoke upon "the Education of the Indians." Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of New York, spoke upon "Education in Alaska." The last address was made by Barnard Peters, of Brooklyn.

SECOND DAY

"A PASSPORT TO HEAVEN."

Mrs. A. E. AUSTEN, of Sitka, Alaska, writes: "One can scarcely imagine the wickedness that abounds among the Russian population here. It is impossible for any one not an eyewitness to realize the great importance of Christian work, and the necessity of immediate aid, to replace the mission buildings destroyed by fire.

The Russian priests do very little for their charge, either spiritually or temporally. The funeral services seem such a mockery to me. One of the distressing scenes I witnessed was a passport to heaven, which the priest brought out and read aloud to the audience. After reading, it was placed in the hand of the deceased, to be handed on her arrival at the entrance of the heavenly gate, a recommendation from the priest to God.

The priest will put on his church robe and go to the gambling table, and from there to the death-bed, to administer to the dying.

It makes me shudder at the thought of having our poor Indian people in any way brought in contact with such influence. But the more they study the character of these men the more they seem disgusted with them."

FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, Nov. 29, 1879.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE BOARD:—I submit to you the report of my first quarter of school labors, ending November 28. I have been here now long enough to feel quite settled in my new home. I find in Mrs. McFarland a congenial companion, and we get along very nicely together.

I am glad to be able to say that I have succeeded much better than I expected with the work upon which I entered so tremblingly. It takes some time for one who has not held such a position before to get thoroughly acquainted with the work, and the best manner of doing it, and I feel that I have still much to learn. The school is prosperous, and indeed every department of the mission is in quite a flourishing condition. I have eighty names enrolled, with average attendance of forty. The pupils have not been as *punctual* as I should like; but this, however, has been unavoidable on account of their absence from the village. But now they are once more settled for the winter, and the school is filling up rapidly. We have been blessed with an *unusual* degree of health among so many children. The most encouraging feature connected with the work is the great eagerness to receive instruction. I was told by some people before I came here, that *Indians* could not learn; but in this respect I have been *very* agreeably disappointed; I must say, in dress, order, and studiousness, they rank with many of our common schools. In singing, reading, spelling, writing, at the blackboard, or mental arithmetic, they evince ability to learn what white children learn. Perhaps they are a little slower, but, considering they are mastering a new language at the same time, all due allowance can be made for them.

Wishing to become acquainted with the people in the homes, I took our interpreter (Mrs. Dickinson) with me, and visited nearly every family in the ranch. I found four who did not attend school; these I invited, and to my great surprise they were out the next day. Two of these are now inmates of the Home. I received a warm welcome wherever I went; but I think those at home cannot realize how great a trial it is to the new missionaries to be *unable* to speak to the people without an interpreter. We have begun the study of the language, but it is slow work, and I fear it will be some time before we master it.

We are still holding school in the new church. During this severe weather it takes a great deal of wood to keep two stoves going, but the boys manage to keep ourselves and the church well supplied. The days are so short now we are obliged to have *only* one session of school—opening at ten and closing at half-past two, without *any* intermission. Mr. Young has re-opened the *night* school for those who cannot attend through the day. Dr. Corlies and Mr. Chapman are assisting him. Last steamer I received a present of a very handsome globe for the use of the school from Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, of Oakland. Mrs. Young teaches a singing class every Monday evening. We are now practicing songs for Christmas eve. Our oldest girl in the Home (Tillie Kinnon) has become a Christian, and expresses a great desire to be trained for a teacher; she is already quite a help to me with the small children. She is a young lady of much promise and decision of character. Mrs. Corlies is doing a good work among the wild Indians; a great many of the children attend our church and Sabbath-school. My interest in the cause and work increases with every day of my life. I have every reason to be thankful to God for his directing me here, and guiding and prospering my way. We are thankful that the prayers of many of God's dear people are ascending in our behalf. All we want is God's favor and blessing, *and* then we may hope, in his own good time, to build up a model Christian village, reflecting light and radiating heat to many darkened tribes all along this coast.

Yours respectfully,

MAGGIE J. DUNBAR.

ALASKA'S RESOURCES.

Exploration of a Comparatively Unknown Territory.

THE COLD GRASP OF MONOPOLY.

How Immigration is Discouraged by Capitalists and the National Government--The Fur Company.

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

SITKA (Alaska), May 17, 1878.

When we consider how little has been done towards exploration in Alaska, together with the studied neglect by the Government at Washington and the persistent efforts to decry the value of the Territory and discourage immigration hither, it will, I think, be admitted that the discoveries of mineral wealth already made but are a forecast of very great and valuable discoveries yet to come. Gold, silver, copper, graphite, lead, iron, sulphur and coal have already been found within the Territory in sufficient quantities to pay for working the deposits. Eight well-defined ledges of gold-bearing quartz have been prospected on Baronoff Island, close to this town; their owners owe their discovery and partial development to the enterprise and energy of one Haley, who was formerly a soldier of the garrison that was stationed here. He appears to have been the only man in Sitka of late years who possessed sufficient enterprise and industry to explore the mountains and encounter hardship and privation with a hope of bettering his fortunes. Starting out alone and passing solitary days and weeks in the mountains, Haley has gone through many privations and had various adventures. On one occasion he had a rough-and-tumble fight with a large brown bear, in which he was badly punished, but finally came off victor. He began to utilize his gold discoveries about three years ago by quarrying out rock and crushing it in a common hand mortar. By this primitive process he obtained money enough to support his family and pay the cost of a visit to Portland and San Francisco in search of capital to develop his mines. Alaska has for some time been under such a black cloud of distrust--thanks to the scribes who were paid to write the Territory down--that Haley's visit was unsuccessful, and he was forced to return to his pickax, pestle and mortar. The next year he tried another visit to Portland, and met with better success. A company was formed to work two of his ledges, and last year work was begun on the ledge nearest the water, known as

THE STEWART LEDGE.

Mr. Walter, an experienced mining engineer, now has charge of the works of the company and makes a very favorable report of their progress and prospects. He writes: "The mine is situated about fourteen miles southeast of Sitka, 800 feet above the sea level and a mile and a quarter from deep water, where the largest ships may come in safety. The ledge is well defined, runs east and west and is about fifteen feet wide, with an ore-body from three and a half to four feet in width. The rock is bluish gold-bearing quartz and lies in a slate formation between a good foot and hanging wall. About 250 tons of rock have already been taken out, some of which runs as high as \$35 to the ton. The rock will have to be crushed by the wet process, concentrated, and the sulphurets roasted and passed through chloridization to separate the gold from the sulphurets. This process will cost \$4 per ton. The tunnel has been run in 106 feet and has cut two bodies of

fine ore, the first body being sixty feet and the second eighteen feet long. These bodies are nine feet apart, with good tracings between them. Water-power sufficient to run an eighty-stamp mill will be brought to the mine at a cost of \$100. A tramway a mile and a quarter in length, to deep water, is being built at a cost of \$1500. The furnace is making good progress, and the twenty-stamp mill will be up from Portland in July. We have wood and water in abundance and pay \$1.50 per day for labor." The mill and works will be in full operation by September, and if the profits of the mine come up to their present promise they will make Mr. Haley and his associates rich men, and attract a large number of prospectors and speculators to this place from British Columbia, Oregon and California. A ledge known as the Haley & Militich mine, located half a mile below the Stewart, has lately been purchased by San Francisco parties who are now here and express their entire satisfaction with their purchase. They will begin work at once. The Francis claim, higher up the mountain, shows very rich specimens containing free gold. Mr. Francis, United States Consul at Victoria, and his son, who is Deputy Collector here, are interested in this claim with Haley.

THE CHILCAT COUNTRY.

Three veteran and successful miners from the Cariboo and Cassiar diggings are here, preparing to start next week for the Chilcat country, 100 miles north of this place, in search of placer diggings, of which they have heard reports, and which they believe to exist. They propose to cross our strip of territory into British Columbia territory, by way of the Chilcat River, and travel northeast to meet the streams and lakes that wash the base of the foothills of the Rocky Mountain range. These men are amply able to live in comfort upon their earnings in the Cassiar diggings, and are apparently prompted by a love of adventure rather than a greed for riches. They expect to return to Sitka in November. Little is known of that section of Alaska which lies back of the coast, between Cross Sound--where the Alexander Archipelago, with its 1100 islands, ends--and Prince William's Sound. Several small but good and deep harbors are found upon the coast, and have been visited by navigators from the days of Cook and La Perouse down, but no white men have ventured into the interior, and nothing is known of the mineral or other resources of the district. In Prince William's Sound are several Indian villages, and several tracts of prairie land which may be easily cultivated. Beyond this large inlet lies Kadiak and Cook's Inlet. As a fishing and agricultural district this is undoubtedly the best section of the whole Territory of Alaska. The climate is milder, the winters less severe, and the rainfall less than in the southern counties of Scotland. Both on Kadiak and the shores of Cook's Inlet are large tracts of prairie land, which now afford excellent pasture for cattle and sheep, and which can be easily cultivated for all the hardy vegetables, barley and oats. Timber is abundant and easily accessible from the water. A large deposit of coal has been prospected, the quality of which is declared by Professor Newberry of the Columbia College and School of Mines, New York, to be fully equal to any coals found on the Pacific coast, not excepting those of Vancouver Island and Bellingham Bay. The Indians who come down to the head of the inlet report large deposits of native copper a short distance inland, and exhibit ornaments and utensils of the same. Lead of sufficient purity to be molded into bullets is also found there. The waters literally swarm with fish; millions of salmon of superior size and quality pass up the inlet and the rivers that are tributary to it; halibut and codfish are very abundant, and it is safe to say that there is no district of country on the whole Pacific coast which offers so many advantages for the profitable establishment of fish-canning and fish curing works. With a comparatively moderate investment of capital, exports of fish to the value of several millions of dollars annually may be sent from Cook's Inlet, which would pay a large profit to the owners of the works and would support many thousand fishermen, laborers and mechanics. Yet with all this actual and prospective wealth within its borders,

Is barely recognized by the Government as part and parcel of the territory of the United States, bought and paid for with the money of its citizens. Secretary Sherman, who is charged with the care of the Territory, limits that care to placing obstructions in the way of free intercourse and trade with the Territory, whereas he should be encouraging intercourse, trade, emigration, and a general development and utilization of its resources. The town of St. Paul's on Kadiak Island is the largest settlement (except the new town of Wrangel) in Alaska; its people are citizens of the United States, yet they have no mail service and no means of visiting the States. A citizen of California, Oregon, Washington Territory, or of Wrangel or Sitka, wishing to visit the Kadiak District or the Aleutian Islands, must hire or buy a vessel to carry him there. You have a mail service from San Francisco to Tahiti, another to the Fiji Islands and one is proposed to the Samoan Islands; yet these districts of United States territory, which may easily be made tenfold more valuable than all the islands of the South Pacific, are outlawed, ostracized and handed over to the Alaska Commercial Company for the private uses and profit of its shareholders, and with an utter disregard of the interests of the residents of Kadiak and the forty-five millions of American people who are not shareholders in the Alaska Company. Ten years experience has shown that no improvement in the government of this valuable Territory can be hoped for, so long as it remains under the sole control of the Treasury Department. Successive Secretaries have either been indifferent to the value and resources of the Territory, and disregarded its needs and the reasonable claims of its inhabitants and such other citizens as have desired to trade with or emigrate to Alaska, or they have been in close alliance with the Alaska Company, and, in the interest of the company, have discouraged, if not positively forbidden general trade and emigration, that the Territory might remain a vast hunting preserve for the sole profit and benefit of the monopoly. Secretary Sherman has gone further than his predecessors in office in his subservieney to the Fur Company. By ordering the removal of the troops from Sitka, he deprived the residents of the Ter-

ritory of their only protection against Indian violence, and by his efforts to abolish the Collectorship of Alaska he threatened to take from the Territory the last official representative of United States sovereignty. He has refused to grant permission to citizens of the States to hunt the sea otter in the waters of Alaska, for the obvious reason that such permission would interfere with the profits of

THE FUR COMPANY.

Kadiak and the Aleutian Islands are, as I have already observed, without any means of communication with the States, and an attempt has lately been made to deprive Sitka and Wrangel of their present monthly mail connection with Portland. One Elliott, who assumes to be an authority upon Alaskan affairs by virtue of his having made a tour of the coast at the expense of the Government and under the patronage of the Company, and who has gained an unenviable notoriety by his persistent efforts to decry the Territory, and his fulsome adoration of the mushroom millionaires who manage the Alaska Company, has urged the withdrawal of the mail steamer between this place and Portland, and wants the mails carried by revenue cutter "at intervals of two or three months." As no passenger is permitted to travel on a revenue vessel without a special permit from the Treasury Department at Washington, Elliott's proposal simply means non-intercourse between Alaska and the States, so far as passenger travel is concerned, with mails at irregular intervals of several months—an arrangement which would suit the views of the Company, and check the settlement and development of the Territory. This scheme has fortunately failed. The Postmaster-General has entered into a new mail contract with the owners of the *California* for three years from the 1st of July, and that excellent and comfortable steamer is to be kept upon the route. Before the expiration of her new contract, Alaska will have a population of 3000 or 4000 citizens from the States,

with a Delegate in Congress to look after the interests of the Territory. Friends of the Fur Company plausibly assert that their patrons have no interest in decrying Sitka, inasmuch as they have no stations and no trade in this part of the Territory; but the astute managers of the Company know very well that if one or two thousand enterprising Californians come here, many of them will soon find their way further west and oust the Company from its control over the Kadiak district. To facilitate the opening up of that district, Congress should authorize a monthly mail by steamer or fast sailing vessel, between this place and St. Paul's, Kadiak, in connection with the mail steamer from Portland. Cook's Inlet, the Aleutian Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands can be easily reached from St. Paul's, and the whole district therefore brought into easy monthly connection with the States.

THE EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS

Of the Alaska Company over the Territory of Alaska have no foundation in law or equity. The Company claims "to be the successor of the Russian-American Company, with its stations, that were established more than seventy years ago, all over Northern Alaska"—a claim which is not justified by the terms of the treaty by which Alaska was accepted by the United States. The sixth article of the treaty declares that "the cession of territory and dominion herein made is to be free and unincumbered by any reservations, privileges, franchises, grants or possessions by any associated companies, whether corporate or incorporate, Russian or any other, or by any parties, except merely private individual property-holders; and the cession hereby made conveys all the rights, franchises and privileges now belonging to Russia in the said territory or dominion, and appurtenances thereto." Mr. de Stoeckl demurred to article six, but Secretary Seward refused to modify it, and wrote: "I have the honor to acquaint you that I must insist upon that clause in the sixth article of the draft, which declares the cession to be free and unincumbered. * * * and must regard it as an ultimatum. With the President's approval, however, I will add \$200,000 to the purchase money on that account." The terms were accepted by Russia, and the money paid, by which the privileges, franchises, grants and possessions of the Russian-American Company became vested in the United States for the consideration of \$200,000. The United States has not parted with any of those rights to the Alaska Company, or any other company, with the single exception of the lease of the Seal Islands, which carries with it no rights, privileges, franchises or possessions on the mainland of the Territory, or in any part of Alaska outside of the Seal Islands. Any attempt by the company to exercise sovereignty or control over any district of Alaska, except the Seal Islands, is therefore simple usurpation.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

The policy heretofore pursued by this once powerful Fur Company of crushing all competition, placing obstacles in the way of immigration and preserving vast tracts of valuable territory as a hunting-ground from which to draw their vast supplies of furs, is being closely followed by the Alaska Company, fortified by the large profits acquired by its lease of the Seal Islands. For many years the Hudson Bay Company checked immigration into Manitoba, now the most progressive province of Canada. It ruled British Columbia until it was thrust aside by battalions of hardy miners and farmers, who, by opening up the rivers to travelers, by building roads, cutting and working the timber, and working the gold placers and mines, have displaced the reign of the monopoly and drawn larger returns of wealth from the province in a year than its fur trade yielded in half a century. Despite all the Company's efforts to keep it back, the tide of civilized industry is fast overflowing its closely-guarded hunting fields, and the power, prestige and profits of the great corporation are fast vanishing. Its career is drawing to a close, and this, the last of the great trade monopolies of England, is not likely to outlast this century. In striving to follow the policy of the Hudson Bay Company, the managers of the Alaska Company forget that the United States of 1878 is not the England of the Stuarts, and that privileges and pretensions which were in order then cannot be tolerated or permitted now.

Besides, the Hudson Bay Company was specially empowered by the Crown to exercise a quasi-sovereignty over the unsettled territory of British North America. The Alaska Company can claim no such privilege from Congress to justify the appropriation to its own uses and profit of the Territory of Alaska, and Congress should see to it that the rights of others are fully protected against the power and the usurped claims of this rich and arrogant corporation; that protection to life and property shall be given to residents in the Territory, and an economical system of local government put into operation, to check disorder, punish crime and redeem the Territory from its present disorganized and anarchical condition—a condition which is in striking and disgraceful contrast to our adjoining province of British Columbia, where life and property are as carefully protected at Cariboo and Cassiar as in Victoria.

MISSION WORK IN ALASKA.

FORT WRANGELL, Dec. 22, 1879.

I am very glad to say that I have succeeded much better than I expected with the work upon which I entered so tremblingly. It takes some time for one who has not held such a position before to become thoroughly acquainted with the work and the best manner of doing it; and I feel that I have still much to learn. The school is prospering, and indeed every department of the mission is in a flourishing condition. The pupils have not been as punctual as I could desire, but this has been unavoidable, on account of so many of the Indians being absent from the village. Now they are once more settled for Winter, and the school is filling up rapidly. We have been blessed also with an unusual degree of health.

I was told before I came here that Indians could not learn, but in this respect I have been very agreeably disappointed. I must say that in dress, order, and studiousness, they rank with many of the pupils in our common schools. In reading, writing, singing, and spelling, at the blackboard or mental arithmetic, they evince the same ability to learn that white children do. Perhaps they are a little slower, but considering that they are mastering a new language at the same time, all due allowance can be made for them.

A short time since, wishing to become acquainted with the families in their homes, I took with me our interpreter, Mrs. Dickinson, and visited nearly every family in the ranch. I found a few children who had not been in school since I came. These I invited, and to my surprise they were on hand next day, and two of these are now inmates of the Home. I received a warm welcome wherever I went, but I think those at home can hardly realize how great a trial it is to the missionaries to be unable to speak to the people except through an interpreter. Of course the most of the children in the school speak and understand English, but we desire to learn the Thlinkit to be able to converse with the old Indians. There are seven tribes on the

coast who speak this, or the Stickine as some call it; but the correct name of the language is Thlinkit.

Mr. Young, our pastor, has just returned from a five weeks' trip in a canoe, with some Christian Indians of this place who accompanied him to the Chilcat country, north of us. He travelled hundreds of miles, tenting out at night around a camp fire. They went from island to island, holding meetings with the chiefs and councils to know their mind about the gospel. He aroused a great deal of interest. Such was their anxiety to hear, that when he would talk for hours, and thinking they must be tired would quit, "Go on, tell us more of the new way," they would say, and when they could not all get into the house where he was speaking, they would climb up on the roof, and listen for every word, with quiet attention. They would ask why the tide rose and fell? and many other questions in their search after knowledge. Mr. Young thinks the Chilcat country a more promising field than this, because there have never been any whites living with them.

We have organized a female prayer-meeting. It meets after the close of school. It is well attended, and we have been surprised that all the Christians can lead in public prayer; neither do they show the least sign of diffidence when called upon to make remarks. In prayer they seem very earnest and become very much affected. We do not understand what they say, but by their manner we judge. So with their men in our Wednesday evening prayer-meetings. They expect to take their part of course. Many of them pray in Chinook, and Mr. Young understands this and says they pray very well and intelligently.

MAGGIE J. DUNBAR.

THE ARCTIC.

The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *St. Paul*, Erskine, master, arrived from Behring Sea at 4:30 o'clock yesterday. She left St. Paul's Island July 29th, and Ounalaska August 5th, and had a favorable passage. She brings a valuable cargo, consisting of 85,000 fur-seal skins, from the Seal Islands, and 15,000 mixed furs, from the Yukon District; also a quantity of seal oil. Among her twenty-three passengers are the following: Col. H. G. Otis and Capt. J. H. Moulton, Treasury Agents at the Seal Islands; Messrs. McIntyre and Armstrong, agents of the Alaska Commercial Company; Mr. Wardman, correspondent of the *Pittsburg Gazette*, and Mr. Beresford, first officer of the shipwrecked brig *Timandra*.

The following is her budget of news:

The sealing season on the islands of St. George and St. Paul was favorable. It commenced June 2d and closed July 16th. The full lawful quota of 100,000 skins was taken. The year's catch of mixed furs in other parts of the Territory—on the Aleutian Islands and the main—was also good. These are yet to arrive.

THE "JEANNETTE" LOOKING FOR NORDENSKJOLD.

James Gordon Bennett's Arctic-bound steamer *Jeannette* arrived at Ounalaska August 2d, 25 days out from San Francisco, all well on board. After coaling and taking on a lot of fish and fur clothing, she was to resume her voyage on the 7th inst. She

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expected to be overtaken at Fort St. Michael, Norton Sound, by the supply-schooner *Hyde*, which sailed from San Francisco July 8th, with a cargo of 100 tons coal and 25 tons provisions for the expedition. Though late in reaching Behring Sea, Lieutenant De Long, commander of the expedition, hopes to push through Behring Strait and reach Wrangell Land, above the 71st parallel, before the ice closes in. There he expects to winter. He will be somewhat diverted from his course by the necessity of going to East Cape and along the Siberian shore, to search for the Swedish explorer Nordenskjöld, whose passage southward through Behring Strait Lieutenant De Long doubted, as he had not heard the later news to that effect, and no confirmation of that news had been received at St. Michael, through Indians from the Siberian coast, up to the 23d of July. The present season is regarded as exceptionally

FAVORABLE FOR ARCTIC EXPLORATION,

On account of the openness of that sea. Natives report that the breaking up of the ice in Norton Sound in January, which took place last winter, had not occurred in forty years before, and that the ice on the Arctic shores was so scarce that the catch of walrus was greatly diminished.

The mercury fell at Unalakleet only to 1° above zero, and at St. Paul's Island to 1° below; but at Fort St. Michael, once during the winter, it marked 55° below, and at Fort Reliance, 1700 miles up the river Yukon, 66° below. The last-named points are both above the sixty-third parallel. At the other extreme, the mercury rose on August 4th, at Unalakleet, to 80°.

INTERESTING SHIPPING NEWS.

The U. S. Revenue cutter *Richard Rush* has been cruising during the summer about the Aleutians, the Seal Islands, and in Norton Sound, and once penetrated the Arctic. On the 15th of July she was in Behring Strait, off Cape Prince of Wales, in latitude 66° 12' north, within 364 miles of Wrangell Land. She saw neither vessels, boats nor natives. The weather was thick most of the time, but once the sky lighting up, a glimpse of the continents was obtained.

The brig *Timandra*, Thomas, master, which cleared from San Francisco March 8th, and from Honolulu April 9th, with a cargo of rum, fire-arms, ammunition, etc., for the Arctic trade, went upon a reef at Unnevak Island, May 20th, and after three days' work by the crew at the pumps to save her, she was abandoned. The cargo was saved, excepting the rum—97 packages, about 2900 gallons—which was spilled in the hold, to keep it out of the hands of the Indians. The brig was to have met the schooner *Ellen J. McKinnon* last March 31st, a week out from San Francisco, and divided cargo with her. The first officer, Mr. Beresford, and three shipmates, escaped from the scene of the wreck in an open boat, reaching Unalakleet on the 30th of July, four days on the passage of four hundred miles, and reported the facts. Captain George W. Bailey, U. S. Revenue cutter *Richard Rush*, sailed August 4th to rescue the remainder of the crew, and look after the cargo of the wrecked vessel.

The schooner *Pauline Collins*, which sailed from San Francisco, April 26th, to take the place of the shipwrecked *McKinnon*, was overhauled by the cutter at Unnevak Island, but had not fallen in with the *Timandra*.

Anxiety was felt at St. Michael over the non-arrival of the Western Fur and Trading Company's schooner *Daisy Rowe*; but she finally came in on the 23d of July, 50 days out from San Francisco.

THE INDIANS ON NORTON SOUND.

Some cases of disturbance and bloodshed, caused by Indians, occurred in the Norton Sound and Yukon River regions last fall and winter. In September, Mrs. Bean, a white woman, wife of a trader on the Tananah River, was murdered by two Tananah Indians, who entered the house while the husband and wife were at breakfast, and one of them shot Mrs. Bean, while the other attempted to shoot her husband, but failed, owing to his gun missing fire. Mrs. Bean then hurriedly abandoned the place. The murdered woman's body was subsequently recovered and taken to Tananah Station, near the mouth of the river, and buried.

In December a notorious Mahlemut Chief, of Norton Sound, named Argnapiik, was killed by his brother-in-law, an Indian named "Saxey." These Indians lived together in the sand barrabara, and the Chief had for his wives two of his slayer's sisters.

He had made himself hated and feared by Indians and whites alike, on account of his violent, overbearing conduct and threats to kill, and so his death was resolved upon. "Saxey" first struck his victim with an axe, while lying asleep in his barrabara, made a ghastly wound in his head, and left him for dead. The wounded Indian lay in that plight during an entire night, but, next morning, showing signs of life, his brother-in-law finished him by cutting his head off. He then killed a son of the murdered chief to prevent retaliation by the boy. Argnapiik had himself killed a sick Indian a few months before for refusing to let his wife leave home and follow the chief on one of his expeditions. The dead Indian had the reputation of being a very bad live Indian.

THESE TROUBLES,

The Indians declared, had their origin in rum, which was abundant in the Indian village. The illicit trade in rum and fire-arms between Kotzebue Sound and other points on the northern coast of Alaska continues uninterrupted, and is complained of as a dangerous evil. The rum is brought from San Francisco and Honolulu in trading schooners, and bartered to the Indians for bone, ivory, etc.

HOME MISSIONS.

In Home Mission work we show you a church organized in far-distant Alaska, to be a beacon light to many a wandering soul. Mrs. McFarland writes also that she is cheered and encouraged at seeing the buildings for Home and School under way.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN ALASKA.

On the 10th of August, 1877, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. A. R. McFarland reached Fort Wrangell to commence Presbyterian missions in Alaska.

Finding an independent school and mission that had grown up under the labors of Philip McKay, a Tsimpsian Indian, they reorganized and placed it on a permanent basis under the care of the Board of Home Missions.

Upon the return of Dr. Jackson to the States Mrs. McFarland was left in charge with Philip as an assistant.

In August, 1878, she was joined by the Rev. S. Hall Young, who entered upon the work with great zeal and success.

On the 3d of August, 1879, Mr. Young, taking advantage of the presence of the Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., and Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, M.D., proceeded to the formal organization of a church, all the above ministers taking part in the service. Twenty-three members were received, eighteen of whom were Indians.

Affairs in Alaska.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Commander Henry Glass, commanding the *James Town*, reports to the Navy department from Sitka, that affairs in the Territory of Alaska are in a most satisfactory condition. Perfect quiet prevails, and the Indians show every disposition to be at peace. Since the date of the last report he has succeeded in having treaties between the Stickeen and Hoochenoo tribes, and between the Stickeen and Sitkas, thus ending the feuds that in one case had been in existence over fifty years. The chiefs showed a desire to make peace and to abandon their former custom of exacting satisfaction in kind for every injury. He thinks the treaties will be faithfully observed.

FROM SITKA, ALASKA.

RECEIPT OF A BARREL OF GOOD THINGS FROM BRIDGEPORT—AN EXCITING INCIDENT—THE NEW HOME—PLANS FOR ENLARGING THE WORKING, ETC.

The following extracts from a letter received in this city yesterday, will prove of interest to many who heard Dr. Sheldon Jackson's appeal for Alaska made in the Presbyterian church about a year ago. It will also be remembered that the boys school at Sitka was destroyed by fire last year, and during the fall the Ladies' Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church sent a barrel containing blankets and clothing. The letter is dated Sitka, Alaska, January 20, 1883, and says:

"Your kind letter of November 20th reached me late in the afternoon on Christmas Day. The five dollars enclosed will more than pay the freight from San Francisco. We had some four tons of merchandise for the home, and my freight bills amounted to over forty dollars, although part of the donors followed your good example and prepaid the freight to San Francisco. I found two barrels among them, one of which was as fat as a Thanksgiving turkey. I could not account for it till I read your letter, then I placed it to the credit of our Bridgeport friends. I might have known it came from Connecticut, for only Yankees could ever get so much into a barrel. Please accept our warmest thanks for your generous donation to our Indian boys. They are better provided for now than they have ever been since the home was started. This relieves us of one great anxiety.

"We had a severe gale last month and the waves dashed a large log against our school room in the old stable nearly demolishing it. My daughter Rainie with over a hundred children was in at the time. The water came in at the windows and they retreated in great disorder. If it had not been for a partition reaching from the floor to the roof, which I had put up to make a dormitory, it would have fallen on them. This broke up our day school for the third time since vacation. We hold the school at present in our new home, which will be fully completed in another month, D. V. This is a large building, 50x100 feet, and two stories high. It is one of the most substantial buildings in Alaska and we expect to greatly enlarge our work when we get into it. Shall take the girls as well as boys. Its foundations were laid in troublous times. When you see Mr. Jackson ask him about it. We should have had to stay in the stable another winter if he had not paid us a visit. Can't you come up and see us next summer? It would be a splendid trip for you and we should be glad to see you. With many thanks, sincerely yours,
A. E. AUSTIN.

WOMAN'S H. M. PRESBYTERIAL CONVENTION.

The Woman's Presbyterian Convention a notice of which was given in this paper assembled in the Mahoning Presbyterian Church on Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

The first half-hour was spent in conference and prayer. Miss Dyer, Corresponding Secretary of the Synodical Committee presided and conducted in an earnest and graceful manner a very interesting Scripture reading.

At 2 o'clock the convention listened to an address by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., on the special features of woman's work for Home Missions and the necessity for permanent organization.

The business meeting was then called to order by the reading of the roll of churches in the Presbytery. Twenty-two delegates from Berwick, Bloomsburg, Williamsport, Mill Hall, Watsonstown and other places responded to the roll. Miss Dyer was temporary chairman. This interesting and eloquent lady introduced the subject of missionary organization, by speaking of the urgent need which there is in the West, of earnest educational effort to provide for the enlightenment of the millions coming to our land. At the close of Miss Dyer's address, the constitution recommended for Presbyterian societies by the Woman's Ex. Com. of New York, was read and adopted by articles. A committee appointed by the chair then retired to nominate officers. A hymn was sung and Miss Ella Everett, of Danville, gave a recitation entitled "The Watered Lilies."

The following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, a bill has been introduced into Congress, providing for Territorial government in Alaska, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Home Mission Presbyterian Society, in Presbytery of Northumberland, endeavor to obtain throughout the Presbytery signatures to a petition urging upon the Congressmen of the several districts in this part of the State, the necessity of speedily taking action upon the above mentioned bill.

The newly organized society then adjourned.

ORGANIZING THE PRESBYTERY OF ALASKA.

Paper No. 6. A memorial from S. Hall Young, G. W. Lyons, and Sheldon Jackson, D. D., requesting that the General Assembly organize the Presbytery of Alaska, to include all the territory of Alaska; or if this cannot be done, to place the ministers in Alaska in connection with the Presbytery of Puget Sound.

The committee recommend that for the present no action be taken in these matters. Adopted.

You, as well as many of your readers, are no doubt aware of the fact that the Board of Home Missions commissioned the Rev. Eugene S. Willard to go as missionary to Alaska, and that accordingly he, together with his wife, established one year ago a mission among the Chilcats, two hundred miles north of Sitka. The latter place being the terminus of the line of California steamers, all freight, as well as mail matter, is there landed. A small vessel owned by a trading company is the only means of supply, except an occasional Indian canoe. This company also owns a store near the mission. When supplies are ordered, or sent by friends, they are often left behind, that their own interests (as is supposed) may be promoted by compelling those dependent upon them to purchase the necessities of life at exorbitant prices.

Thus it will be seen that the missionaries are wholly at their mercy. For these reasons, as well as the fact that the missionary is compelled to visit the different villages, in some cases a distance of thirty miles, on foot, or expose himself to the perils incident to travel, from water and weather, in an open canoe. As these villages are frequently located on the coast or on rivers a call has been made for a small steamer, the cost of which, delivered at the mission, would not exceed \$600, \$100 of which are already pledged. As the missionary is a practical man a steamer could be managed at small cost, and not only afford a much safer and more comfortable mode of travel, but would also relieve him from the incredible impositions and exactions of those to whom they have heretofore been compelled to submit. It might be well to say there are no domestic animals in that country. Will not some lover, or lovers, of Home Mission work respond to the call and assist in procuring this much-needed means of transportation and travel?

Contributions may be sent to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Galesburg, Ill. Also a report of amounts contributed to Mrs. Joseph S. White, Newcastle, Pa., who is engaged in raising the funds, in order that it may be known when sufficient amount is raised.

Why Reports of Indian Troubles at Sitka are Circulated.

(Correspondence of the Examiner.)

FOR. WRANGEL, July 17.—The Portland Oregonian and other papers of June 22d contained a dispatch headed "Alaska Affairs," purporting to give the news from here. As usual, the burden of the song is that the Wachusett is not anchored at Sitka—a fixture until relieved. One item given is an account of an Indian disturbance there, which was promptly suppressed by the Lieutenant of the marines. A little farther on we have a lugubrious howl, that the Indians have become cheeky and exhibited signs of discontent; that the Lieutenant had his hands full to preserve order, etc., and keep them in subjection. The whole thing, in a nutshell, is that Sitka is destitute of all resources except a small Indian trade, and when the war vessel is not there the place is dead. It is situated on the very outskirts of Southeastern Alaska, and only owes its importance to having once been the capital and emporium of the Russian Fur Company, its location making it easy of access from the sea, and being adjacent to the Seal Islands. For a long period the Russians did not trade with the natives to the east and south of Sitka. The Hudson Bay Company leased the privilege from them and had the sole right to the Cross Sound, Takou and Chilcat and to the southern extremity of Alaska. For a number of years the Hudson Bay Company leased to the Russian American Ice Company the privilege of getting ice at or near Sitka. After receiving rental for several years, some astute Russian discovered that they had no right to it under their charter, and concluded that they would reap the benefit. This place is

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER

Of the business of this portion of the Territory. It is about the same distance as Sitka from Juneau, and within eighty miles of Klenah, where there is a cannery. About forty miles from here there is a sawmill, and below this point a company are engaged in putting up salmon, and in the neighborhood men are engaged in fishing, etc. This is the port of entry for goods destined for Cassiar. There are several British steamers running here at intervals with freight and passengers, and a stern-wheel steamer on the Stickeen river. Miners from Cassiar make this place their headquarters in winter. Every one here is engaged in some pursuit, and are too much occupied to be creating sensational stories about Indians or slurring at the Commander of the war vessel because he goes where he deems fit. Some time since he was credited with remaining here because he could hear oftener from the New York stock market, and a lot of other schoolboy trash, which, if intended for a joke, was silly, and if in earnest merely proves the writer a fool. It is true that, instead of one boat a month, with which the other portions of the Territory are favored, we have several arrivals, and get mails two to three times additional. As to

THE INDIANS

Of the country, there is no show whatever for a general uprising. They are traders, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and are always anxious and willing to earn a dollar. If you wish any work done there is but one answer, "How much will you pay?" They furnish the place with fresh fish, salmon, deer, ducks and all kinds of game. They require flour, rice, sugar, etc., and dress well on holidays. Fish is their principal food, and now, at this season of the year, they are nearly all away from their winter village and are engaged in catching halibut, salmon and other fish for winter use. The men catch

and the women and children dry the men. Another good characteristic of them is their kind treatment to children. I have never seen an Indian child maltreated by its parents, and it is no unusual sight to witness a big, strapping man packing his young one around with as much pride as if he were a dog with a pair of tails. I will give you an idea of how sensational yarns are manufactured. Some time since a report was received here by a canoe that there had been a serious Indian disturbance at Juneau. A gentleman wrote below to a person interested in Alaska, stating the report, but added: "Since then we have had letters which inform us that the trouble actually amounted to nothing." On receipt of the letter the portion speaking of the disturbance as serious was telegraphed to Washington, and in fact throughout the United States, making a false statement. Gen Miller, the fur-clad knight of Alaska, arose in the Senate and tooted his horn for martial law to be proclaimed in Alaska. It is a wonder that the men of the Wachusett had not been ordered to don their war-paint, sharpen up their scalping-knives and proceed immediately to the seat of war, and purchase their goods from the store in which the Senatorial gentleman is interested.

YUKON.

GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS IN ALASKAN WATERS. — Capt. Morse, of the schooner Granger, states that on his recent voyage to Alaska, he saw quite a number of icebergs, or hummocks, varying in size from one or two hundred feet in length to pieces as large as a bale of hay. This drift ice comes from the great glacier in Prince Frederick Sound, thirty miles northwest of the mouth of Stickine river, another glacier in Holcom bay in Stevens' Passage, and from the head of Takou inlet. On the 17th of July last, Capt. Morse counted 130 of these icebergs in Holcom bay. The largest he estimates as about twelve feet high from the surface of the water. This ice is perfectly fine, and transparent as a crystal. As the glaciers slowly force their way to the shores, masses of the ice become detached by the heat of the summer sun, and fall into the salt water. Capt. Morse says that these glaciers, when seen with the setting sun shining on them on a clear still afternoon, present a spectacle of unparalleled beauty: the ice glitters from every jutting point like countless diamonds, and the solid body of the glacier showing the most vivid colors, from delicate pink to deep sky blue. Capt. Morse states that, on one occasion, Capt. Carroll, of steamer Enricka, ran the stem of the steamer gently against one of the transparent icebergs and detached a large piece of ice which was taken on board the steamer for the use of the passengers, who enjoyed the fun as well as the ice. We predict that it will not be long before Yankee enterprise will make those glaciers available to commerce.

It is expected that Rev. H. Kendall, D.D., and Rev. Sheldon Jackson will sail for Alaska on the June steamer. Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., of Portland, has been invited by the Board of Home Missions to accompany Dr. Kendall. Drs. Kendall and Jackson have been officially requested by the Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, to send him a report of the condition of the people in Southern Alaska as the basis of future Congressional action with respect to that country, and to facilitate their inquiries the Secretary has issued instructions to the United States Revenue Cutter Rush to take them along the coast. Dr. Jackson will also look after the erection of the Home at Fort Wrangell.

ALASKA NOTES.

The following notes are collected from the *Alaska Appeal* of June 17th:

The bark *Legal Tender*, Capt. Fisher, has cleared for the Arctic Ocean.

The *Olympia* has been withdrawn from the Wrangell route. She will be put on again in September or October.

The Rev. J. O. Milligan, Presbyterian, has offered himself as missionary among the Aleuts. It is possible that he will be sent to Alaska this season.

During his stay at Fort Wrangell, Dr. S. Jackson will take the initiative steps necessary for the erection of the home to be located there. The establishment will be conducted by the Presbyterian missionaries at that place.

On the 28th of May a trial trip of Falkner, Bell & Co's steamer *St. Michael* was had, and everything work satisfactorily. On the 4th inst., the little craft sailed for Oonashka—on the deck of the schooner *Daisy Rowe*. The dimensions of the *St. Michael* are the following: Length on deck 50 feet; breadth of beam 12 feet; depth of hold 4 feet. She will run on the Yukon river.

Presbyterian Banner.

The Oldest Religious Newspaper.

JAMES ALLISON, ROBT. PATTERSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1882.

A SMALL STEAMER NEEDED.

NEW CASTEE, PA., July 6th, 1882.

DEAR BANNER:—You, as well as many of your readers, are no doubt aware of the fact that the Board of Home Missions commissioned Rev. Eugene S. Willard to go as missionary to Alaska, and that accordingly he, together with his wife, established a mission

one year ago among the Chilkats, two hundred miles north of Sitka. The latter place being the terminus of the line of California steamers, all freight as well as mail matter is there landed.

A small vessel, owned by a trading company, is the only means of supply except an occasional Indian canoe. This company also owns a store near the mission. When supplies are ordered or sent by friends, they are often left behind that their own interests may be promoted by compelling those dependent upon them to purchase the necessities of life at exorbitant prices.

Thus it will be seen the missionaries are wholly at their mercy. For these reasons, as well as the fact that the missionary is compelled to visit the different villages on foot, a distance of thirty miles, in some cases along the coast or rivers, or expose himself to the perils from water and weather incident to travel in an open canoe, a call has been made for a small steamer, the cost of which, delivered at the mission, would not exceed six hundred dollars. One hundred is already pledged. Will not some lover or lovers of mission work respond to the call, and assist in procuring this much-needed means of transportation and travel. Donations may be sent to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Mission House, 22 Centre Street, New York. Also a report of amount to Mrs. Jos. White, New Castle, Pa., who is engaged in raising the fund, in order that it may be known when a sufficient amount is raised.

MRS. J. W.

[A vessel of this kind has been in use among the Sandwich Islands for many years, and we do not see any reason why such an appliance might not be of great assistance to our entire missionary work in Alaska.—EDS BANNER]

REVIVAL OF SUSTENTATION.

Notwithstanding the unceasing war waged upon the Sustentation Scheme from its beginning and the ignoring of it by the Secretary of the Board of Home Missions in his address to the General Assembly, though it is one of the trusts he accepted, and also by the Committee on that Board, it still lives, has a strong hold upon the affections of the great body of the Church, and has now a fair prospect of resuscitation. The Committee on the relations between the Board of Home Missions and the Presbyteries, appointed last year and now enlarged and continued, has been directed to take this subject

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into consideration and report to the next Assembly. Owing to the feeble health of Dr. BACKUS, Rev. GEORGE HILL, D.D., is chairman of this committee.

We believe that the thorough and vigorous revival of the Sustentation Scheme is the only adequate remedy for the friction between the Board of Home Missions and the Presbyteries—in the older parts of the country. The almost interminable contest between the Board and these Presbyteries was foreseen and announced by the BANNER, when in an evil moment the General Assembly placed Sustentation where it has ever since been assaulted, gagged and throttled. Moreover it is almost certain that hundreds of churches in the older States which have done grand work for God and man in the past and ought to be able to do it in the future, will be hopelessly crippled unless this plan is applied for relief.

Among these churches are not a few which have done, and can be made to do, vastly more for the country and the human family, than can be accomplished by all the efforts that can be put forth in the cactus plains of New Mexico, the arid wastes of Texas, the boulders of the Rocky Mountains and the snows and ice of Alaska, for generations to come. The dense population of this country must always be between the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic, and largely east of the Mississippi, and the Presbyterian Church must not neglect this, notwithstanding what may be justly demanded of it in the regions beyond.

Home Mission work has been greatly impeded by the unnecessary burdens imposed upon the Board by assuming the care of feeble churches in the older Presbyteries, for whose benefit the Sustentation Scheme was so unanimously and so enthusiastically instituted. Almost every home missionary has suffered more or less by this most unfortunate change. And those who are laboring in the newer districts should be among the first to

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insist upon the revival of Sustenta-
tion, that they may receive the entire
help of which they now only get a
part. Bauner. June 8, 1881

AN ALASKAN MISSION.

The following was presented to the
Convention at Eugene by Rev. J. C.
Baker:

Whereas, There are nearly 60,000
Indians in Alaska, the great mass of
whom are without any organized mis-
sion work, and among whom we as
Baptists have no mission at all, and

Whereas, God has so signally blest
the efforts of the Home Mission So-
ciety, in its work among the Chero-
kees, and other tribes east of the
Rocky Mountains, and

Whereas, The way is soon to open
whereby free transportation for mis-
sionaries and supplies from Puget
Sound, for an Alaskan mission, can
be obtained upon the *North Star Mis-
sion Boat*, now being built for mis-
sion purposes on these northern
waters, by Rev. J. P. Ludlow, of
Seattle, W. T., therefore

Resolved, That we send this our
memorial to the American Baptist
Home Mission Society, New York,
and petition their Board, through
the honored secretary, Rev. H. L.
Morehouse, D.D., to consider the
propriety of establishing an Alaskan
Mission at an early day.

Resolved, second, That we pledge our-
selves to second the effort of the so-
ciety to establish such a Mission, and
render it such assistance as we can,
in all proper and legitimate ways.

FROM ALASKA.

SITKA, OCT. 11, 1880.

Your letter was received by the last
steamer, and I can assure you it was very
welcome. I should have answered it
then, but I have so many that require im-
mediate attention, and the steamer re-
mains so short a time, that I found it im-
possible. A good many of the Indians
are still away, as the fishing season is not
over, but they will be back by the mid-
dle of this month. The sewing school is
doing very nicely, even the very smal-
lest children sew very well. They are
making patchwork quilt at present. I
shall be so happy when we are able to
buy material enough to make them com-
fortable. The children are learning so
fast, one of the boys, called Arthur has
nearly finished the First-Reader, he

could not read hardly a word five months
ago; he is a great help, as he teaches the
other children their lessons; he is only
fourteen years old. We are looking
forward with a great deal of pleasure to
the Christmas treat, for the children and
parents. One of the ladies here has
promised a present to every child who
comes to school regularly, from now till
December.

Thank the dear little children for the
interest they have taken in the poor little
Indian boys and girls. I am sure they
would feel repaid for any self-denial they
might make, if they only knew how aux-
ious the Indians were to become civilized.

Very truly yours,

LINDA AUSTIN.

PRESBYTERIAN.

ILLINOIS.

MONMOUTH.—The Monmouth Presbyteri-
an church had a very interesting meeting
on Wednesday evening, Aug. 16. It was a
farewell to Miss Bessie L. Matthews, daugh-
ter of the late Rev. Robt. C. Matthews,
D.D., for so many years pastor of that
church, who was under appointment of our
board for Alaska. She had been long
thinking of devoting herself to missionary
work; and her mind had been especially
turned to Alaska, because her friend, Mrs.
Willard, was in that field. The summons
came unexpectedly on the preceding Thurs-
day evening to be ready to leave in one
week. It found her ready in spirit; and
her many friends saw that everything need-
ful was ready. The exercises were of a
simple nature, consisting of an address by
Rev. Dr. J. M. Jamieson, for twenty-two
years a missionary in India, but for a long
time past a resident of Monmouth; a few
well chosen words by Miss Lucy Duer, in
behalf of the ladies; a response from Miss
Matthews, and an account of Alaska by the
pastor, Rev. A. H. Dean. She left on Fri-
day evening, attended by the best wishes
and fervent prayers of her large circle of
friends. Thus one more church becomes
more vitally interested in missions because
of the gift of one of her choicest members.

BOAT SECURED.—In order that there
may be no sailure in carrying the mail
from the Sound to Alaska under J. P.
Ludlow's contract, by reason of not be-
ing able to purchase a large steamer in
time, the tug Tacoma has been charter-
ed by Mr. Leary, to be used if necessary,
in making the first trip, leaving Port
Townsend July 3d. The Tacoma has
accommodations for forty passengers,
and is a seaworthy boat in every partic-
ular. Mr. Leary and his associates are
negotiating for the purchase of a boat,
having four suitable ones to pick from,
and after the first trip will carry the
mails in their own vessel. This arrange-
ment will completely let the bung out
of those web-footed Portlanders who
have made themselves so officious over
the matter.—*Post-Intelligencer*. 1882.

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May & June 1882
FROM SITKA, ALASKA.

A letter from one of our missionaries at Sitka gives details of affairs there up to June 6th. A few weeks ago the Sitka mission buildings were burned, and now measles in their worst form, and also to some extent scarlet fever, have become epidemic among the children. Mrs. Austin writes:

The past month has been a sad and eventful one. We have been visited by sickness and death. Nearly every house in the Ranche has sick children in it, some of them six or eight. Most of the medicine was lost at the fire. Nearly all the children of the day-school are down with measles and sore mouth and throat, and also ten of the home-school boys. The Russians have also lost many children, and we have done what we could for them also. Every day the parents come to tell us of new cases of sickness, and some we have visited three times a day. We feel we can make a strong appeal to our friends to send us medicines, that we may not be left in such a plight again. I have tried in vain to get whole flax-seed; have had to use the ground. We want slippery elm, saffron, flax-seed, camphor, and in fact all kinds of medicine. I have used homœopathic medicine, as I had that and understand that treatment better than alopahie. It is very hard to be in a place without doctor or medicine. Since writing, the United States revenue cutter has arrived, bringing the officers and crew of the Rogers, that was burned in the Arctic. They brought three physicians, and it is a great relief to us, although they are not attending the sick in the Ranche. They pronounce the diseases black measles and scarlet fever, and say that hundreds are dying of measles north of here. We have great cause for gratitude that our Indians' lives have been spared. There is a greater demand for garden seeds this year than last.

I will send you names of boys and girls attending day school, and any items of interest I can gather concerning them. The Indians are not apt to speak of their past lives, and it is with difficulty that we can learn from them any incidents. But I have learned something lately concerning Allen, one of our home boys. He belongs to Hovcho-nov, and his mother was accused of witchcraft some time since, and captured and tried in accordance with their custom. This little fellow watched his chance, and at midnight cut the ropes from off his mother, secured a canoe, and escaped with her to Sitka, where they have lived, fearing to return. Allen is noted for his honesty, has a sad face, and endured with his mother many hardships. He has a little sister, a beautiful child, almost white. He is one of the best boys we have to depend upon. He has not as yet been taken by any society.

The Indians, before leaving for their hunting and fishing expeditions, come to say good-bye, and ask us to pray for them while absent from us. It is remarkable to see the childlike faith they manifest in prayer, and in our treatment of them during sickness. How I longed to take these poor

little ones and put them into a comfortable bed. When I looked upon them lying upon the floor wrapped in a blanket, my thoughts turned immediately to the children of our homes in the East, and I said, ah! what a difference!

I wish I might picture to the dear children that have soft, snowy beds to lie upon, and good food to eat and a kind mamma to watch beside them, how thankful they should be to their Heavenly Father that they were not born in an Indian home.

Think of these poor little sufferers with mouths and throats covered with sores, trying to eat salt-dried salmon; it makes our hearts sick to look upon such a scene.

I wish we had some good woman among us who would help us make gruel and soft toast for them. I cannot say enough to impress the kind friends, when preparing boxes, to send also supplies to be used in times of sickness; we have so needed beef tea. But it is impossible to get it save when the mail steamer comes, which is only once a month. We should like extract or fluid beef. I hope, when we have a new building, we can have a large room fitted up for hospital purposes, and it certainly is greatly needed for our home inmates. It is necessary for the advancement of the work to have a building as soon as possible.

We still need more boys' clothing. All mothers who have boys know it is a constant necessity to patch and make anew. It keeps me very busy with my large family of boys, and I cannot keep them as I could wish. The garments that I have made are wearing out, and much mending has to be done.

Gifts of medicines suitable for sending through the mails, can be sent direct to Alonzo E. Austin, Sitka, Alaska. Moneys for medicine or for rebuilding, should be directed to Mrs. M. E. Boyd, P. O. Box 1938, New York city.

A question to think of.—From various missionary letters and reports I have been almost ready to conclude that we have but two important fields under the care of our Home Mission Board—Kansas and Alaska. I do not think we have done too much for them. God forbid. But is it wise to concentrate the energies of the Church on a part of the fields we have open to our efforts? I do not love Cæsar less because I love Rome more. I am heart and soul for Foreign Missions and Home Missions, and have been all my life, and hope to be till I die. But I regard Home Missions first of all. Our Lord told his Apostles to begin at Jerusalem. The Gospel prevailed first in the great cities, and then radiated over the provinces. Great as the work is in Kansas and Alaska, is not the great northwest equally important? Are not Arizona, Oregon, Wash-

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ington Territory and California parts of our Home Mission fields, and the thousands of unbelievers and errorists among us objects of our sympathy and prayers? Are we doing our duty to them and ourselves?
PHILOMISSIONS.

ALASKA.

As Alaska is before Congress for legislation, and you might welcome some condensed information concerning it, you and your friends are invited to attend a free address on—

ALASKA: its Extent, Commercial Value, Climate, Population—their Condition and Needs.

A free address on the above subject will be delivered by SHELDON JACKSON, D. D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the Territories, at the following places and dates:

Sunday, February 1st.

11 A. M.—Fourth Presbyterian Church, Ninth street near G, N. W.

7½ P. M.—Metropolitan Methodist E. Church, Four-and-a-half and C streets, N. W.

Sunday, February 22d.

11 A. M.—Calvary Baptist Church, Eighth and H streets, N. W.

7½ P. M.—Mt. Vernon Place Methodist E. Church, (South,) Ninth and K streets, N. W.

BOOKS ON ALASKA.

ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES, by Wm. H. Dall, Smithsonian Institution. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

REPORT UPON THE CUSTOMS DISTRICT, PUBLIC SERVICE AND RESOURCES OF ALASKA TERRITORY, by Wm. Gouverneur Morris. Government Printing Office, 1879, Washington.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, March 22, 1883.

A POST ROUTE IN ALASKA.—The Second Assistant Postmaster-General to-day ordered the establishment of a post route in the Territory of Alaska, to extend from Haines to Juneau, a distance of 105 miles. The service will be monthly. The mails will probably be carried by canoe. The contract was awarded to Sheldon Jackson, of the New-York Presbyterian Missionary Society. This is the first mail route established in Alaska.

ALASKA ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NATIONAL REPUBLICAN:"

SIR: In the "National Republican" of the 13th instant, in a communication signed "Alaska," I find a denial of my estimate of the population of the territory of that name, given in my article published the

day before, as also insinuations designed to ridicule my knowledge of the country, and a charge of intention to create false impressions.

To sustain his denial of my estimate the writer pretends to give the census taken by Capt G. W. Bailey, of the revenue marine, in his cruise last summer. These may be correctly given, though the deliberate misrepresentations of the writer in two other citations might justify doubts as to all his statements, and I am not able to see the report to-day, as it is in the printer's hands. But, admitting them to be correct, they do not give "the population of Alaska down to October, 1879," as the writer states; for the report shows, and he knew that Captain Bailey did not touch at a single port in all Southeastern Alaska, after May 20, 1879. The residents of Wrangel were then away at the Cassiar mines. Had he really been there in October 1879," he would have found 500 instead of seventy-five whites and many of them occupying and building houses on land to which they have no means of acquiring title till some law is given them. At Sitka he reports seventy-eight, but at that time the terror of an Indian outbreak was still fresh, and it was not known if there was to be speedy protection, armed or civil, for that locality. Since both has been assured, settlers have flocked in by every steamer down to and since "October, 1879," and there are now not less than 500 whites in and around Sitka eager desiring a "governor, etc.," and a land commissioner, etc., that they may pre-empt homes there and develop the country.

Besides this, Captian Bailey's census does not include the people at either of the settlements of Chican, Klawak, Silver Bay or Port Hunter, at neither of which he touched, and at all of which there are white residents, and in two of them quite a number. And if he really gives 4,300 as the entire Indian population he is certainly much below the correct estimate, for it is well known that there are more than that number within one hundred miles of Sitka. On pages twenty-three and twenty four of the pamphlet of testimony taken by the Senate subcommittee on Alaska, will be found some carefully prepared tables of Mr. Ivan Petroff, a gentleman of that intimate personal knowledge of the whole territory, which the writer

"Alaska" thinks so essential, and very guarded in his statements. He concludes thus: "We have a total of members of the Russian church of 8,000, without counting the mission on the Yukon river, and some settlements on Norton Sound, from which we have no returns." Now, Mr. Petroff takes and credits Capt. Bailey's report in his returns—in fact, they are based upon it—and it will be seen that my estimate is correct, even without the two settlements just mentioned, and the four previously mentioned, and the increase at Sitka and Wrangel since May, 1879. I am not required to "gainsay" Capt. Bailey's report in order to show there are 8,000 civilized people in Alaska. And let me say here, since it is customary to speak slightly of the creoles and Aleuts, that their character is entirely misunderstood. Many designated creoles in the population tables are apparently pure white, and among them refined and educated families, that have furnished wives to our military and naval officers and scientific explorers. The assertion that these people, now absolutely without any form of law for their protection, "have no interest in" a bill which proposes to give them a law, is too preposterous for argument.

The writer has further charged that I "attempted to give the impression" that these 8,000 are the people who pay into the Treasury the annual revenue of \$317,009. Yet here is my exact language. In speaking of the shams that the expense of a territorial government should be pleaded as an excuse for denying these people the necessary laws, I say "especially since the Territory pays an annual income of \$317,500 into the Treasury, and all taxes and licenses that might greatly add to it omitted." Who has attempted to create a false impression, Mr. Writer—you or I?

I regret, Mr. Editor, that you did not consider the communication of "Alaska" of such a character as to entitle me to know his name from you. Not that I desired it for my information. Oh, no! There is but one man who would or could write such an article, and I recognize him, unmistakably, as the same swift witness who has always been found ready, for reasons best known to himself, to come to the front to obstruct the course of justice to Alaska when it seemed moving that way. But it would have been more manly

for him to have signed his own proper name, as it would have relieved me, knowing as I do the estimation in which his efforts are held, from the duty of noticing this one. At least he might have signed himself anti-Alaska, and not used the name of the Territory under which to stab her. But I trust that I have shown that his plausibility is hypocritical, and that his plain misrepresentations of my purpose sufficiently attest his own. Very truly,

M. D. BALL,
Collector of Customs for Alaska.
March 13, 1880.

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CHIPS AND SPLINTS

FROM THE LEGISLATIVE HALLS.

Action of the Various Congressional Committees on
Coming Legislation—Arguments Presented
in Behalf of Various Subjects—
River and Harbor Bill.

The Senate Committee on Education and Labor had an unusually interesting meeting yesterday. The subject of education in Alaska was presented by Rev. Dr. Jackson, who gave an encouraging view of the possible good among the people of that territory if educational advantages could be given them. The subject of national aid for public schools was discussed by four prominent gentlemen, Rev. Dr. Curry, of Richmond, Va.; Rev. Dr. Hartzell, of New Orleans; Professor Painter, of Nashville, and General Armstrong, of Hampton, Va. These gentlemen gave large arrays of facts and information to show the necessity of national aid to public school education in the South, where are found nearly all the illiterate masses of the Nation.

WILD BABIES.—A touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so we have chosen a trite illustration of the truth of this statement, and venture to exhibit it by showing to our parents the manner in which certain savage people treat their offspring, because a pleasant and envious notion is entertained here and in other civilized precincts that young Indians grow—just grow as Topsy thought she did. But it is not so: they have sore eyes and bad tempers; they wake up in the night with lusty yells and the colic; they have fits; they raise riots when cutting their teeth; and they are just as much petted and just as mischievous as our own.

The mothers of Pocahontas and Red Jacket worried over them with just as much earnestness as, perhaps, did the maternal progenitors of Mrs. Hemans and George Washington, while quite as much paternal supervision was given doubtless to one as to the other. When the question of love and tenderness alone is mooted, then it should be said without hesitation that the baby born to-day in the shadow and smoke of savage life is as carefully cherished as the little stranger that may appear

here, simultaneously with it, amid all the surroundings of civilized wealth; and the difference between them does not commence to show itself until they have reached that age where the mind begins to feed and reason upon what it sees, hears, feels, and tastes; then the gulf yawns between our baby and the Indian's; the latter stands still, while the former is ever moving onward and upward.

The love of an Indian mother for her child is made plain to us by the care and labor which she often expends upon the cradle: the choicest production of her skill in grass and woolen weaving, the neatest needle-work, and the richest bead embroidery that she can devise and bestow are lavished upon the quaint-looking cribs which savage mothers nurse and carry their little ones around in. This cradle, though varying in minor details with each tribe, is essentially the same thing, no matter where it is found, between the Indians of Alaska and those far to the south in Mexico. The Esquimaux are the exception, however, for they use no cradle whatever, carrying their infants snugly encoined in the hoods to their parkies and otter-fur jumpers. The governing principle of a pappoose cradle is an unyielding board upon which the baby can be firmly lashed at full length on its back.

This board is usually covered by softly dressed buckskin, with flaps and pouches in which to envelop the baby; other tribes, not rich or fortunate enough to procure this material, have recourse to a neat combination of shrub-wood poles, reed splints, grass matting, and the soft and fragrant ribbons of the bass or linden tree bark. Sweet grass is used here as a bed for the youngster's tender back, or else clean dry moss plucked from the bended limbs of the swamp firs; then, with buckskin thongs or cords of plaited grass, the baby is bound down tight and secure, for any and all disposition that its mother may see fit to make of it for the next day or two.

Indian babies, as a rule, are not kept in their cradles more than twenty to twenty-four consecutive hours at any one time; they are usually unlimbered for an hour or two every day, and allowed to roll and tumble at will on the blanket, or in the grass or sand if the sun shines warm and bright. But this liberty is always conditional upon their good behavior when free, for the moment a baby begins to fret or whimper, the mother claps it back into its cradle, where it rests with emphasis, for it can there move nothing save its head; but so far from disliking these rigid couches, the babies actually sleep better in them than when free, and positively cry to be returned to them when neglected and left longer than usual at liberty. This fact is certainly an amusing instance of the force of habit.

When the pappoose is put away in its cradle, the mother has little or no more concern with it, other than to keep within sight or hearing. If she is engaged about the wigwam or in the village, she stands it up in the lodge corner or hangs it to some convenient tree, taking it down at irregular intervals to nurse. When she retires at night, the baby is brought and suspended at some point within easy reaching; if the baby is ill, it is kept at her side, or she sits up all night with it in the most orthodox fashion. When the women leave the village on any errand, such as going to the mountains for berries or to the river cañon for fish, the cradles with the babies therein are slung upon the mothers' backs, and carried, no matter how far, how rough the road, or how dismal the weather. * * *

WRANGEL SCHOOL.

I have nothing special to report concerning my school. It has prospered this year beyond my highest expectations. I began with about forty-five scholars and closed with a

roll-call of over one hundred. The average attendance has not been comparatively what it should have been, yet I am not surprised when I take into consideration that the generality of the children are without any home-training and their attendance is voluntary. Their progress and deportment have been entirely satisfactory. They speak the English language so well that I do not need the services of any interpreter in school. Before I decided to come here I was told "why don't you stay at home and teach? You can't make anything out of the Indians. No use trying to civilize them, that has been tried long enough." And would you believe it, even ministers have tried to persuade me to give up the idea of leaving my comfortable home to come to the "tag end of creation," as some termed it. Almost every step I took in this direction was contested by ignorance and prejudice. But I feel it a blessed privilege to teach here, and the most encouraging feature connected with the work is the great eagerness of the children to learn. I must say, in dress, order and studiousness they rank with many of our common schools. In singing, spelling, reading, writing, at the black-board or mental arithmetic they evince ability to learn what white children learn. I will admit they are slower and my patience is severely put to the test, but then I remember they are learning a new language. At the same time all due allowance can be made for them. All last year I spent one hour at the opening of school in religious instruction and reciting of Scripture verses and the catechism, singing, etc. My larger pupils have committed half the Shorter Catechism, and you know it is not easy. We have been reading the New Testament in course and have now finished the four Gospels. I trust that this hour thus spent has borne good fruit. Five of my scholars have professed their faith in Christ—two boys and three girls. They are bright and promising, and two of these are to be trained for teachers to other tribes. The Industrial Department is in a flourishing condition—twenty-two in number, and by it we are able to gather many into the school-room who are taught to appreciate their advantages, and they give tone to the school. I wish all our friends could see and know the girls as we do. I think they would feel fully repaid for what they have done for them.

We had the pleasure of moving into our new Home last week. We had opening exercises, consisting of singing by our girls, led by Mrs. Young, our music teacher, and prayer, and an excellent address by Mr. Young, in which he paid a worthy tribute to Mrs. McF., the founder of this institution. He said she had procured the support of every girl in the Home by her letters, and that great credit was due her for her assiduous labors in their behalf. Nearly every mail she receives between forty and fifty letters. I have known her to sit up night after night until nearly morning getting her mail ready. God gave her no children. It seemed as though He would have her to be a cherishing mother to all who may come under her influence within this Home.

As to the work among our people we feel much encouraged by the signs of Christian progress that we see in many—their delight in the Word of God and the means of grace—and we feel that the Lord blesses us. But the powers of evil are also at work, and many things occur that humble and try us. What a comfort that we may cast all our care upon Him who hath said, “Lo, I am with you alway.”

I will reopen school the 1st of September. Our school-room is on the second floor—bright, cheerful room, and in every way suited to my taste. I am so glad now that we will not have to go out in bad weather, for it rains so much here in winter. I wish you could induce some young lady to give herself to the Lord in this work. We do need many more teachers. I know by experience that it is hard to give up home and friends, and nothing but the grace of God can sustain one under the trial. Listen: “And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying—

“Who will go work to-day?

Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?”

Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee;

Who will answer, gladly saying,
“Here am I, send me, send me.”

May God add his blessing to this humble appeal through your

MAGGIE J. DUNBAR.

INDIAN LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION IN THIS CITY.
ENRICHING THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Through the generosity of Heber R. Bishop, one of its trustees, the American Museum of Natural History will soon be in possession of the most complete collection in the world of objects illustrating the ethnology of the Indian tribes of British Columbia. These tribes, especially those known as the Haidubs, on Queen Charlotte Island, are of much greater interest, so far as their art productions are concerned, than any of the Indians of the United States, and yield richer treasures to the collector than do the Alaskan tribes with whom, judging by the objects now in the Museum, they are closely related in religion and artistic conceptions. This collection has been called the Powell Collection in honor of Dr. J. W. Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Dominion of Canada at Victoria, British Columbia, to whose enthusiastic and intelligent interest it is due. Several years ago Professor Bickmore, of the Museum, addressed a letter to the provincial Government, then at Ottawa, making inquiries concerning British Columbia. His letter was treated with great courtesy and a mass of documents was sent him. More valuable than all of these, however, as indicating the good-will of the Canadian officials, was a manuscript map of the province of British Columbia, copied from one in the office of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Victoria, and showing on its face a record of many years of labor. The map had not been published, and is valued very highly by Professor Bickmore, who has preserved it in one of the cases of the Museum. Among the documents received was a report from Dr. Powell to his Government urging the necessity of speedily making a collection of utensils, implements, musical instruments and other things made and used by the Indians of the province. He showed their interesting character and said that unless the work of making such a collection was begun soon the objects most valuable in an ethnological sense would be carried off by French and German collectors, who were already on the ground. Professor Bickmore learned that no attention had been paid to the suggestion, and then brought the matter to the attention of Mr. Bishop, who promptly authorized Dr. Powell to make as complete a collection as he desired for the Museum near the Central Park. Dr. Powell brought not only an ardent love for the work but also the unusual facilities growing out of his official relations with the Indians to the performance of his commission, and has succeeded in making a collection which is of the greatest scientific value. There are already several hundred objects in the cases of the Museum and Mr. Bishop has received word from San Francisco that sixty tons more are in transit or awaiting shipment. Mr. Bishop has spared neither personal pains nor expense, and Dr. Powell, in his official visits from tribe to tribe, has secured a great many relics and heirlooms which ordinary collectors could not have purchased.

Among the most interesting objects are a war canoe and four totem posts, now awaiting shipment at San Francisco. The canoe was coveted by Dr. Powell two years before he could secure it. It belonged to a powerful chief, and is the most elaborate piece of workmanship yet found among the Indians. In general design it appears from the descriptions given to be similar to the Aleutian canoe in the Alaska exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, but it is of immense size and extravagantly decorated with carvings and paintings. It is sixty-one feet in length, nine feet in beam and over four feet in depth of hold, yet it is made out of a single log, and though hollowed out with rude implements its sides are so thin that thus far no master has been found willing to undertake to carry it round Cape Horn and deliver it in good order here. Yet it is a practical boat, and has a carrying capacity of 100 warriors. The manner in which canoes of this description are made has been described by travellers in British America and Alaska. The boat is shaped from a cypress or cedar log

and hollowed. Water is then placed within it, hot stones thrown in the water, and the top of the canoe closely covered. The steam generated by the heat of the stones softens the wood and the sides are then bent outward till the desired width is obtained, and are held in position by the seats.

The fantastic character of the decorations of the canoe which Dr. Powell has secured for Mr. Bishop can be learned from the following description published in *The San Francisco Call* while the canoe was lying at Broadway Wharf in that city:

"Throughout are displayed peculiar designs in the way of carvings and paintings, the most notable of which is under the projecting stern fashion plate, consisting of a plump body in the shape of a doubled up baboon, and covered with leaf-shaped scales. The head is of some nondescript animal which, if it should suddenly be endowed with life, would scare the bravest backwoodsman ever honored by notice in a dime novel. Even as depicted in wood, the enormous glaring eyes, exposed teeth and clenched claws are unpleasant to look at. The flat piece on the bow is surmounted by a carved face that would answer admirably as a head of his Satanic Majesty. The inside bears the marks of the tools of the crude workmen, while the outside is comparatively smooth and painted a lead color, excepting under the bows, where, on a white background, are inscribed huge characters, the meaning of which is not apparent. The shape of the boat is, at first glance, in true lines, but a closer inspection shows that one side has more of a curve than the other. The first seat, extending across the craft, is about three and a half feet from the bottom, on the upper side of which are carved four ill-shaped frogs' legs, between which is a face meant for human, but strongly resembling an owl's. On the upper side of the second seat are crude representations of babies' faces and the trunks of their bodies. Above each head are small legs and feet, and the first impression one gains by looking at them is that the artisans endeavored to show that the legs were useless, and being cut off, had been carelessly thrown in their present positions. Where the legs should properly have been were heads of fishes. The third seat has a horribly grinning human face, with the nose detached and the lower jaw missing. Sunk eyes and a set of generous upper teeth set off the face to a charm, providing one could be charmed with ugliness. On one end of the fourth seat is an entertaining sight of an exaggerated dragon in the act of swallowing a not by any means good-looking female head, while the other end has a carving of a no less exaggerated baby in an impossible position. The fifth seat is surmounted with a pair of extenuated legs that might have been meant for either a frog or human being. At the extremity of each is a foot bottom side up, and giving the impression that a pile driver had flattened them out. On the sixth seat is carved what evidently is meant to represent duck and goose heads reaching out for something to allay the pangs of extreme hunger. The seventh seat is covered with canvas, and but the tip of some equally crude carving can be seen. All of these figures are painted in red, black and flesh colors, and the conception of the designs was certainly in the brain of a 'siwash' that had no great idea of beauty of features, nor of the symmetry of form. So exaggerated and grotesque, mixed with the horrible, are they, that cold type are unable to portray them as they really are."

A visit to the Museum and a glance at the objects in the collection will make this description clear. The hundreds of objects there embrace rattles which are used by the medicine men to exorcise the evil spirits that cause sickness, dishes of various kinds, weapons, clothing, chests, models of the totem posts which the chiefs set up in front of their houses and which bear the crests of the families to which the chiefs belong, and a great variety of ornaments of wood, bone, scales, slate, claws and silver. Everywhere the decoration is the same, and consists of a horribly grotesque figure developed from the human face. The eyes are elongated in an extraordinary manner and afford a startling support of the theory that even so beautiful a design as the familiar Greek border is nothing more than a fantastic evolution from the human face. Frequently a carved head stands out in bold relief flanked by legs or arms, hands or feet; seldom if ever is a body found entire. A strange superstition might almost be supposed to lie at the root of this peculiarity, for it is most striking. Where shoulders, arms and hands are combined the attitude is always the same; the hands thrown up on a level with the shoulders and the palms turned outward. In the figure the eyes and mouth are exaggerated and the nose ignored, but in the relief carvings fidelity to nature so far as the features are concerned seems to have been aimed at. The colors seem to be the same pigments used by the Indians of the Territories. Dr. Powell has collected over twenty varieties of rattles and perhaps as many wooden masks, used by the Indians in their dances and incantations. The medicine men use a variety of masks and rattles, each one being supposed to have power over a different evil spirit. The masks all show the whole face carved out of wood, not unskillfully, and hideously painted; the rattles are made in the form of various birds and fishes, which are easily recognizable. There are twenty or thirty kinds of flutes and whistles in the collection, including a double flute and two in which powder flasks have been made to do service by giving them mouth pieces of wood. It is expected to have the entire collection classified and in place for the next spring exhibition.

THE ALASKA ABORIGINES.

The Natives About Fort Wrangel Peaceable and Progressive.

WASHINGTON, April 2;—Commander Henry Glass of the sloop Jamestown, Sitka, Alaska, March 4, has submitted to the Navy department a lengthy report upon the condition of affairs of that Territory. He says: "I have received information from all principal tribes from Chilkat river to Fort Wrangel, and everywhere the Indians are at peace among themselves, and show every disposition to remain on good terms with the white inhabitants." He has arranged at Sitka a conference between delegations of the Kootznos and Stickeen Indians, and hopes to settle amicably a long standing dispute between them. Since his last report only two Indians had been punished for drunkenness. No "hoochenis" is now made in Sitka by either whites or Indians. The traders having kept good faith on their agreement not to sell molasses or cheap sugar for purposes of distillation, having deprived the Indians of their chief occupation in winter by breaking up their stills, Commander Glass sought to interest them in habits of industry. He gives a detailed account of his experiments in this direction. First an accurate census of the population was taken. The native police was uniformed and each man placed in charge of a certain portion of the village. The village itself was next cleansed and thoroughly drained and the houses white-washed and put in order. The best results, he says, have followed this, as shown in the improved appearance of the Indians and their manifest industry in making baskets of wood carvings. All the children of the proper age have been enrolled and their attendance at school is compelled. One hundred and fifty children are now in daily attendance, while a number of adults, some as old as forty or fifty years, are voluntarily attending. So far the changes and improvements in the Indian village have cost nothing to the department. Commander Glass, however, requests permission to expend \$200 for the purpose of fitting up the old building as a hospital for the Indians. In view of the probable speedy increase in the mining population of Alaska, Commander Glass suggests that Jamestown be allowed to remain at Sitka until June or July. He desires also to continue the Indian policy he has adopted and get it fairly established before the ship is withdrawn."

Alaska News.

Steamer Idaho arrived here Sunday from Sitka, having left that port Dec. 27th. Called at Wrangle for mails, etc.; called at Departure Bay; found there steamer Empire with broken shaft. Brought as passengers, Major Morris, who goes to Portland on business with U. S. Courts; also Lieut. Dunhardy, who had in charge a man charged with selling whisky to Indians.

Severe storms have prevailed in Alaska during last month, doing great damage.

On the 1st of December the infant child of Walter Styles died of convulsions.

On the 7th of December a Russian creole called Stephano Churnoff accidentally shot, fatally, another creole named Stephano Stephanoff.

Mining at Juneau has closed for the season; the Stickeen river has also closed. A hundred-stamp mill will probably be erected at Treadwell's claim, on Douglas Island early in the Spring. Miners are well satisfied with their season's work.

Memorial for Education in Alaska.

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned citizens of _____ interested in the education and civilization of the native people of Alaska, would express to you our great regret, that, since the transfer to the United States, fifteen years have been allowed to pass without extending to that country our school system.

We feel ashamed, as American citizens, that any section of our land should be worse off educationally, than when under the control of Russia, we having failed to continue the schools that for many years were sustained by the Russian government.

We learn, therefore, with great pleasure that on the 15th of February, 1832, the President transmitted to Congress, a communication from the Secretary of the Interior, recommending that an appropriation of \$50,000 be made for the establishment and maintenance of schools in Alaska; and that on the following day it was read twice and referred to your committee.

We join in the earnest desire of all the better portion of the American people, that you will take a personal interest in this matter, and do what you can to place on the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill (and secure its passage) a clause;—

“That the sum of \$50,000 be and hereby is appropriated, to be expended by the Commissioner of Education, under the direction of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, for the establishment of schools at such points in Alaska as may be designated by the Commissioner of Education.”

NAMES.

NAMES.

PUGET SOUND SHORT LINE.—This line of which Gen. Sprague has lately been elected President, was organized by the citizens of Seattle at a meeting recently held in that city. It was then proposed to raise \$250,000, \$125,000 of which was subscribed for at that meeting, and the remaining \$125,000 was spoken for by prominent citizens of that city. It is the intention of this company to start the line from that city across the Cascades to this city and at some point in this vicinity to tap the Oregon Shore Line, thereby giving Seattle direct communications with the east. It is reported that a syndicate of California capitalists have signified their willingness to enter the company with unlimited capital, provided the first twenty miles of road is built by the present company. —W. W. Union.

CHARGES AGAINST COLLECTOR MORRIS.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—The charges made by Commander Pearson, commanding the United States steamer Wachusett, stationed at Sitka, Alaska, against Gouverneur Morris, Collector of Customs for that district, have been referred by the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of the Treasury. The charges are of a serious character, including frauds upon the Government in connection with the importation and sale of liquor, drunkenness, the ruthless slaughter of Indian dogs, arbitrary and aggressive conduct toward the natives as well as toward officers of Government having business with him, and also with an unwarranted and overbearing exercise of authority. It is further represented that he is in perpetual conflict with the natives, and also with the naval officers on duty on that station, and that his retention in office is likely to result in a serious outbreak among the Indians. The case will be brought to the attention of Secretary Folger as soon as he returns to this city.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF THE
Methodist Episcopal Society,
805 BROADWAY.

New York, April, 1882.

Rev. and Dear Brother:

Alaska is the only section of the United States where governmental or local aid has not been furnished for schools. A bill is now before Congress to remedy this oversight.

As the establishment of schools will assist in civilizing the native population, and in preparing them for the gospel, we would ask you in the interests of both humanity and religion to circulate yourself, or by the hand of some brother or sister, the enclosed petition for signatures in your congregation and community, and then mail it to Hon. J. T. Updegraff, Washington, D. C.

As the bill will soon be under consideration, what you do, should be done at once.

JOHN M. REID,

Secretary.

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American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Rev. HENRY L. MOREHOUSE, D.D., Corresponding Secretary.

ASTOR HOUSE OFFICES.

New York, April, 1882.

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As the bill will soon be under consideration, what you do, should be done at once.

HENRY L. MOREHOUSE,

Secretary.

A MISSION BOAT FOR ALASKA.

Mrs. Joseph S. White, of New Castle, Pa., has made an appeal through the several Presbyterian papers for funds for a steam launch for the missions in South-eastern Alaska.

We endorse the appeal with all our heart.

The necessity of missionary boats was felt with the commencement of modern missions.

When, in 1796, the London Missionary Society commenced work among the South Sea Islands, they purchased and fitted out the "Duff" as a necessary instrument in the prosecution of the work.

Six years after the American Board commenced work in the Sandwich Islands, they found so much difficulty in getting from island to island, that they procured and sent out the "American Packet" for the use of their missionaries.

And who does not remember the "Morning Star?" When we were children we saved our Sabbath-school money to take shares of stock in that vessel.

In 1817 the missionaries to Tahiti built a ship for their own use, which was named the "Haweis," after a friend of the mission.

In 1830 Rev. John Williams, the martyr missionary, built the "Messenger of Peace." In 1838 he purchased a larger vessel, the "Camden." And in 1843 the work had grown to demand a still larger vessel, which was built by the contributions of the Sabbath-school children, and named the "John Williams."

In 1874 the "Ellengowan," a companion vessel, was presented to the same mission.

When the Free Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of Canada commenced work among the New Hebrides, they first procured the "Columbia," which in 1856 was replaced by a larger vessel, the "John Knox," and in 1860 the "John Knox" was replaced by the "Day Spring," a still larger vessel.

The "John Wesley" was sent out by the Wesleyan Society for work in the Feejee Islands, and the "Allen Gardiner" by the South American Society, to Patagonia.

The Church of England Missionary Society sent the "Undine," "Border Maid," and "Southern Cross," to the work of the New Zealand Mission.

For twenty-seven years the "Harmony" has been supplying the necessities of the Moravian missions in Greenland and Labrador. While in Africa are the "Livingstone," "Henry Reed," "Henry Venn," "A. H. Baynes," "John Brown," "Willie," and a dozen other mission vessels representing the leading societies at work on that continent.

When some two years ago the English Church created the diocese of Calédonia, on the North Pacific coast, they furnished the bishop with the steam launch "Evangeline."

Last winter the Wesleyan Church of Canada raised funds for a steam launch

for the use of their missionaries on the edge of Alaska.

This spring a Baptist minister has built a steam launch, the "Evangel," for work on Puget Sound.

In archipelagoes like those of the South Sea and the Alaska coast, vessels owned and controlled by the missions become a necessity.

Such a vessel has become a necessity in the progress of Presbyterian missions in the Alexander Archipelago of Alaska.

\$1,000 will secure a small steam launch, but a larger one at \$2,000 would be better.

Special funds may be sent to our Treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Boyd, marked for "Alaska Mission Boat."

MARRIED.—Rev. Arthur Cort and Miss Nellie E. Bartlett, on Wednesday, July 19th, in the Presbyterian Chapel, Logan, Utah.

ALASKA AND THE WEST.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church.

"Alaska and the West," formed the subject of an interesting address by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, the agent of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Society, at the Arch Street Presbyterian Church yesterday morning. He said:

Perhaps there is no section of our country about which so little is known as Alaska, and in regard to which so much ignorance is shown. For instance, take its area. Few are aware that from the extremity of the Aleutian Islands, in the West, to the Eastern boundary of the Territory, is a distance of 2200 miles, or nearly as far as from Philadelphia to California. From North to South the distance is 1100 miles, or from Philadelphia to Cuba. In extent Alaska is as large as the New England and the Middle States and Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin all put together. It contains the highest mountain of the United States—Mt. St. Elias—which towers up 19,700 feet, and sixty-nine volcanoes, ten of which are in active operation. Glaciers are to be seen there, and the student of the glacial epoch can watch their working here in his own country without going to the Alps. It is a region of hot and medicinal springs, and contains the great river of the United States, which is fifty miles wide at its mouth and in low water is navigable 1000 miles from its mouth. In high water it is said to be navigable 3000 miles. Alaska is the only purchase of territory by the United States that has paid interest on the invest-

ment, 4 per cent on the \$7,000,000 paid by Secretary Seward. All the seal skins used in the United States come from there, and from the Northern part the most costly and valuable furs.

The fishery interests, of cod, salmon and other fishes, make it valuable, and when the great timber lands of the country begin to fail, Alaska will be the reserve lumber land of the United States, its great forests being apparently inexhaustible. Coal is found there cropping out everywhere, and iron and copper ore, gold and silver have been obtained in paying quantities. But in no respect has Alaska been more systematically misrepresented than in the matter of climate. Of course, there are different kinds, that of the Northern part being Arctic, but that of the Southern part is not so cold as that of Philadelphia. The Russian Government kept a record of the temperature for forty-five years at Sitka, and this shows that only four times in all those years had the thermometer reached zero. The average is that of Kentucky for Summer and of Minnesota for Winter. The country has an Esquimaux population in the Northwestern part, whom no movement has ever been made to reach, and who have never heard of the Gospel. But along the Aleutian Islands there is a civilized people, of

whom 9000 are members of the Greek Church. Then there is another element of population, the Indians, but different from the Sioux or other Indians of the West. They are semi-civilized, and have a large infusion of Japanese blood in them. The great ocean current which sweeps upwards from Japan, has drifted to Alaska 250 Japanese junks, and the occupants of these, unable to return, have settled in the land. They are comparatively well-to-do and industrious, and many of them have saved up considerable money. But in religion they are heathens, and believe in good and bad spirits. They live in terror of the evil spirits, and employ medicine men to draw them away. These are of two kinds, cannibals and dog-eaters, who eat corpses and the flesh of living dogs, believing that the spirits of the dead enter into them and make them strong. It is believed that 100 victims are tortured to death yearly by these medicine men, and the greatest degradation is put upon women.

Female infanticide is very prevalent, and slavery exists among them. There is no greater cruelty practiced in Africa than there is in Alaska, which, under the stars and stripes, has been worse off than under Russia. There is no law, no government, and the country has been systematically ignored. There is no redress for any offense or crime, no judges, no courts, and the laws of the Union have never been extended over it. The Russians gave it a government, harsh, but effective, and graded schools, a seminary and a theological school. The United States has never established a school there, and the children of those who were educated in the Russian schools are almost relapsing into barbarism. Russia gave it a religion, but there is only one church in the United States that has done anything for the spiritual wants of the people. They have been utterly forgotten.

Mr. Jackson then gave an interesting account of the work accomplished by the Presbyterian Missions since 1877, when he, accompanied by only a single woman, Mrs. McFarland, had been sent to the country. Schools had been built, homes established for the girls, to save them from degradation, and stations built in different parts of the country. The natives were everywhere hungry for the Gospel, and desirous that teachers should be sent to them. In conclusion, Mr. Jackson made an earnest appeal for help to carry on the good work so nobly begun.

ALASKA LETTER.

To Little Mission Bands—Thanksgiving in Alaska—Also Christmas and Christmas Presents—How they Dress—The Morning Bath--Family Affection--Child Wives--The School and Fish Festival.

HOME, CHILCAT MISSION, Feb. 3d, 1882.

TO THE LITTLE MISSION BAND OF THE 2D PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW CASTLE, PENN'A.

My Dear Friends:—You cannot know, and I am sorry that I cannot tell you, just how big “a world of good” it did us when we heard from one of your number these words: “We have a mission band now, and we are working for Alaska.” Of course, you know, or you would not be working at all, that doing for “one of these little ones,” is doing for Jesus, and you know that nothing done for that dear name is lost. You will have large reward in your own hearts now, and up there, when we all have gone home, will it not be a sweet reward when I see and recognize some of

these Chilcat children come in, and after they have been to Jesus, He lets me take them by the hand to you and say, “These are the little ones for whom you worked so faithfully.” Always pray while you work that God may bless all you do in making it the means of saving some souls.

When I heard that your hearts were turned toward this strange land, I wanted to tell you more about it, and I will try to do so. Did you have a thanksgiving day at home this year? We have never heard, but, we had here, on the third Thursday of November, and a real good one it was. Of course, the people had never heard of such a thing before, but for a week or two before the time we talked with them about it so that when the day came they were all ready. Early in the morning our bright flag was up clear to the top of the pole where the wind waved it joyously. The snow was white and deep, and the day clear and beautiful. At about 11 o'clock a. m., the bell was rung, giving out its quickest, happiest tones. Almost at its first tap the people poured in. I wish you could see them as they answer such a summons. It seems to me almost the prettiest picture I ever saw. The eager pleasant faces, the hurried steps of all, the moving and gorgeous colors of their clothing against the snow at their feet, and the blue-black of the pine forest around them, the great mountains back and above all, while the glassy waters of the bay give back the shadows of the woods and the colors of the sky. After they had sung and prayed and listened while they were told of God's great blessings, the meeting was closed and the playing began, in doors and out. But the boys soon wearied of making snow men, because, having neither shoes stockings nor pants, they became too much like Jack Frost's children themselves. In the evening we had the two best classes of the school come to a party in our home, which they seemed to enjoy very much. I found them very quick in taking up new plays, full of fun, and very well behaved.

Then I think you would like to hear about our Christmas. Oh, how I did wish for some of your deft fingers then! Just think, sixty-nine children, besides some grown folks to provide for! I'm sure its a good thing I have a long scrap-bag. I had to use many a bit and all the wit I had. Many of the children were very irregular in attendance at school, so about two months before Christmas I told them about it, and that the presents would be graded according to their good works. So I had to grade every child and every present. Mrs. Dickenson, the teacher, knit several

little collars of yarn, two small scarfs, and gave me about a dozen tiny dolls out of the store, which helped a good deal. Then my little Indian girl, Kitty, dressed the dolls, and she and Mr. Willard trimmed the house with evergreens and flags, and and we had a splendid tree, a crowded house, and a good time. For one of our head girls I made a charming little hood out of an old red-flannel drawer-leg and a little bit of black velvet; for a good many others I made little bags out of an old blue silk ruffle I had, and filled them according to work with buttons needles, thread and thimbles; for some, the lowest, I made only little red-flannel needle leaves, for others little handkerchiefs with the turkey-red initial of their English name.

To show you how these things were prized I must tell you how a young woman was dressed the other day at church. She has most beautiful, soft, shining hair which waves back and hangs loose at her neck. Her eyes are large and dark and bright. Her cheeks very rosy. She wore a skirt of the most brilliant orange flannel, a loose blouse waist of some light figured calico; about her neck was a white handkerchief over which was turned a narrow but exceedingly bright blue ribbon, crossed in front and pinned together with my scarlet flannel needle leaves.

As a general thing they are fond of bright colors but there are some sensitive exceptions. One Sabbath I noticed a young woman who kept her eyes down and seemed to be in trouble; so, after services, I spoke to Mrs. D. about it. She said, "No, I might have noticed that the woman wore a new, red blanket and had made the remark to the interpreter after church that she felt as though she was in everybody's eye." She never wore the blanket again.

The women are always modestly dressed although they wear very little clothing. They have a long, loose gown of calico, gathered to a yoke at the top, over this a calico skirt. When dressed up they have a jacket to match the skirt, a blanket around them and either a bright colored cotton or black silk handkerchief over their head. Little girls just the same, sometimes with moccasins, sometimes even leather knee pants, but oftener with no clothing for feet and legs. The men generally wear calico shirts and, at least when they go out, unbleached muslin drawers. They have moccasins which they wear, sometimes with high tops, sometimes made into pants. The feet are large enough to admit of several ply of blankets which take the place of stockings. The little boys, with very few exceptions, until lately,

wear nothing indoors, this costume being varied when they go to church by the addition of a little calico shirt.

In the morning the men and boys go down, without any clothing, to the water in the river, break a hole in the ice and dive into it. Then, coming out, they roll in the snow over and over and betake them to the house again. They think it makes them strong, but we know that in some cases it has caused death, and there is a great deal of consumption among the people. But all, though it often wrings my heart, is nothing to some other things which trouble me about these children. Oh, my little sisters! Thank God with all your hearts that you have been born in a land and in a time made light by His word.

These people often show the greatest family affection. In one case it is beautiful, in a family of father and five little girls, the baby just beginning to walk and the eldest about ten years. Their mother was shot during the war in the upper village last summer. She came out with her three months old baby on her back and told her enemies to shoot her. They took away the child and shot the mother down. The others are here now and I never saw more manifest love in any family. But their old superstitions make the people very cruel and heartless.

Of all the customs there is not one I think which gives me as much trouble as that of marrying their children or selling them. In spite of us so far there are in our village several child-wives, from nine or ten, to thirteen years of age. One dear little girl whose baby brother died and was buried some months ago, (and whose parents seemed so heart broken at his loss, and who gave us reason to hope that they were coming into the light,) was given by her parents to her father's brother, a great brutal fellow, who had already a wife almost blind, with several rickety, idiotic children. This little one was a gentle, delicate and beautiful little girl of about nine or ten years. When I see her now, I always want to run away for I feel tempted to do something desperate. Her little face is bruised and swollen, her eyes bloodshot, and their expression would bring tears to your eyes. She sits in that dark, cold hut, with only those most repulsive beings about her, sewing away for them like a little old woman—all child-life forever gone. But, I did not mean to bring such a shadow on your young hearts. Do not let it rest there long. Only that you may see the difference between light and darkness, and long more earnestly to help send the word

of God into the far corners of the earth.

And, now, before I close this already long letter, I must tell you a little incident to show you how much some of these children appreciate their school. Before the people came here and built houses last fall, some of the children would bring a bunch of dry salmon on Saturdays, and stay all the week, sleeping in an outhouse. At last came the great fish festival, the gayest time of all the year to the Indians; when they take their fish for winter, and at nights have their mask-dance with much music and feasting. The children went home for their food and only one returned, faithful little Willis of about ten years of age. We afterwards heard the story from the village people. The good times proved too much for the other children and they determined to stay and enjoy them. All, together with his own family, tried to prevail upon Willis to do so too. His only answer was to his mother: "Why should I stay here when I can learn only evil. No I am going back to the minister's place where I shall hear good." And not all their persuasions could avail to change his resolution. He never missed a day.

It is for these little ones that you and we are working, and for whom we long to have a refuge. If the miners come here in the spring the evil influences will be greatly increased and our little girls, especially, will be the sufferers. We are thankful that God sent us here before the miners. Pray that His holy spirit may work among this people.

And with much love now I must close. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time. I am your sincere friend,

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

ALASKA AND ITS PEOPLE.

Interesting Address by Rev. Dr. Jackson, at the Arch Street Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., delivered a very interesting and profitable discourse yesterday morning in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, choosing for his subject "Alaska and Its People." Although a good-sized congregation was in attendance, his address is one which should attract crowded houses, for it is about a subject of which every American citizen should know something, and one which very few American citizens know anything about.

Dr. Jackson has been in Alaska for nearly five years, and is, therefore, able to speak from personal knowledge. He began his remarks by saying:

There is, perhaps, no part of our country so little known as the land which is the subject of our discourse this morning. There is no land about which there is so much misrepresentation. Perhaps a few comparisons may enable us to form some idea of its extent. Take its extent from east to west (2200 miles), as far as a line from Philadelphia west to San Francisco. Take its length from north to south (1400 miles),

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as long as from here to Cuba. But it is great, also, in its geographical features. It has the highest mountain peak in the country, Mount St. Elias, 19,500 feet in height.

The speaker then spoke of the springs, hot springs and sulphur springs. One of the latter is eight miles in diameter. Then its river is the greatest on this continent, being seventy miles wide at its mouth, including its numerous deltas.

We have been taught so much that Alaska is worthless that we have neglected its material interests. But it is the only territory purchased by the United States that has paid an interest on the principal since the date of purchase. The profit to the Government of the United States from the sealskin trade alone is over \$300,000 yearly. Then, too, the cod and salmon fisheries are very valuable. Then the great lumber preserves of Alaska will soon prove to be of the greatest value. When the forests of Maine and Michigan are exhausted, as they must in time, then we must resort to the great forests of southeastern Alaska. The coal and iron interests are most extensive. There are half a dozen Pennsylvanias in Alaska. Gold and other metals exist in large quantities. The mines are being worked every year with increasing profit.

The climate of Alaska has been assailed. Fortunately for the reputation of Alaska weather the Russian Government kept for forty-five years a record of the weather, and only in four cases did the thermometer reach zero. The average winter temperature was the same as that of the State of Kentucky; the summer temperature was similar to that of Minnesota. What more could be asked? This is only one of the things in which this country has been assailed.

Now what has been done for this country in the way of sending the Gospel there? For the millions of Esquimaux there what society is there that interests itself in them? Do you know of a single society?

They are an industrious and well-to-do people. They live in large, well-built houses of one room. Frequently can be found chiefs worth ten to fifteen thousand dollars. The houses they build cost about \$2000. But they are a heathen people. They believe in good and bad spirits who influence their lives. They live in constant terror that the evil spirits may do them harm. Then there are among them dog eaters and cannibals, the former of whom tear the live dog apart and eat its quivering flesh; the latter devour corpses, which brings them increased influence among their fellows. A number of the cruel and barbarous customs among some of the tribes were then described. "And these go on, and will continue to go on," said the speaker, "until the Gospel, with its leavening influence, is sent to that country."

It would be thought that the condition of the country might have improved since it passed under the control of the United States, but alas for our national pride the country is in a worse condition under a free and enlightened government than under the despotism of Russia. Russia gave Alaska a government; true it was despotic, still it was a government. But now it has no law—no government. There is nothing to prevent one man from killing another; there is no law to punish him. Russia gave the country education; but now those parents who were educated under the rule of Russia see their children growing up ignorant under the government of the United States.

A rapid review was then given of the condition of missionary work in Alaska, and the readiness and extreme anxiety of the people to hear about Christ was described. The speaker concluded with an appeal to aid in every way the condition of the people in Alaska and to arouse Congress to the importance of legislating for that government.

THE JEANNETTE'S CREW.

Character of the Siberian Coast
Where the Men Landed.

THE FROZEN TUNDRA

How De Long's Party May Sustain Them-
selves till Succor Comes.

A LETTER FROM MR. KENNAN

Secretary Hunt's Orders For-
warded to Irkutsk.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17, 1882.

Secretary Hunt has received a cable despatch from Mr. Hoffman, Charge d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, stating that he has forwarded to Irkutsk the Secretary's despatch to Lieutenant Danenhower telling him to remain and render all assistance in his power in the search for the remainder of the crew of the Jeannette.

MR. KENNAN'S LETTER—THE CHANCES OF LIFE
FOR THE MISSING MEN OF THE JEANNETTE'S
CREW.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

The journey from the mouth of the Lena River in Eastern Siberia to the city of St. Petersburg, which will probably be made this winter by the survivors, or some of the survivors, of the Jeannette, is one of the longest land journeys which can be made on the globe. The distance measured along the route which Lieutenant De Long and his men will follow is more than five times the direct distance between New York city and New Orleans, more than three times that between Lake Superior and the southern extremity of Florida, and more than twice that between New York city and San Francisco. According to the official tariff schedules of the Russian Postal Department there are 2,342 miles between Yakutsk and Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia; 2,510 miles between Irkutsk and Perm, the frontier town of European Russia, and 1,552 miles between Perm and St. Petersburg. Adding 1,000 miles as the approximate distance between the mouth of the Lena River to Yakutsk and we have a grand total of 7,404 miles which the survivors of the Jeannette must travel in order to reach the capital of the Russian Empire.

The mere statement of these enormous distances naturally suggests the questions:—How will Lieutenant De Long and his men get over them? What travelling facilities does this remote semi-Arctic region afford? How much time will this tremendous journey occupy? What amount of hardship and suffering will it involve, and what is the character of the people by whose aid it is to be accomplished?

It is my purpose to answer as fully and satisfactorily as I can those and the other similar questions which present themselves at this time in connection with the latest news from the Jeannette.

I will begin with the situation of Lieutenant De Long and his men at the mouth of the Lena River—a situation with regard to which there seems to be a general misapprehension.

THE FROZEN TUNDRA.

The northern coast of Siberia, between Cape Chelyuskin and Behring Strait, is probably the most barren and inhospitable part of the whole Russian Empire. For hundreds of miles back from the Arctic Ocean the country consists almost entirely of great desolate steppes known to the Russians as tundras (pronounced toondras), which in summer are almost impassable wastes of brownish gray Arctic moss saturated with water, and in winter trackless deserts of snow, drifted and packed by polar gales into long, hard, fluted waves. The Siberian tundra differs in many essential particulars from all other treeless plains. In the first place it has a foundation of permanently frozen ground. Underlying the great moss tundras which border the Lena River north of Yakutsk there is everywhere a thick stratum of eternal frost, beginning in winter at the surface of the earth, and in summer at a point twenty or thirty inches below the surface, and extending to a depth of many hundred feet. What scanty vegetation, therefore, the tundra affords roots itself and finds its nourishment in a thin layer of unfrozen ground—a mere veneering of arable soil—resting upon a substratum five or six hundred feet in depth of permanent and impenetrable ice. This foundation of ice is impervious, of course, to water, and as the snow melts in summer the water completely saturates the soil to as great a depth as it can penetrate, and, with the aid of the continuous daylight of June and July, stimulates a dense luxuriant growth of gray Arctic moss. This moss in course of time covers the entire plain with a soft, yielding cushion in which a pedestrian will sink to the knee without finding any solid footing. Moss has grown out of decaying moss year after year and century after century until the whole tundra for thousands of square miles is a vast, spongy bog. Of other vegetation there is little or none. A clump of dwarf berry bushes, an occasional tuft of coarse swamp grass or a patch of storm and cold-defying kerdovnik diversifies, perhaps, here and there the vast brownish-gray expanse; but, generally speaking, the eye may sweep the whole circle of the horizon and see nothing but the sky and moss.

Such is the great northern tundra, upon the edge of which the fortunes of exploration have thrown the survivors of the Jeannette.

SUPREME DESOLATION.

An observer who could look out upon this region in winter from the car of a balloon would suppose himself to be looking out upon a great frozen ocean. Far or near he would see nothing to suggest the idea of land, except, perhaps, the white silhouette of a barren mountain range in the distance or a dark sinuous line of dwarfed bushes and trailing pine stretching across the snowy waste from horizon to horizon, and marking the course of a frozen Arctic river. At all seasons and under all circumstances this immense border land of moss tundras is a land of desolation. In summer its covering of water-soaked moss struggles into life only to be lashed at intervals with pitiless whips of icy rain until it is again buried in snow, and in winter fierce gales, known to the Russians as "poorgas," sweep across it from the Arctic Ocean and score its snowy surface into long, hard, polished grooves called "sastrugs." Throughout the entire winter it presents a picture of inexpressible dreariness and desolation. Even at noon, when the sea-like expanse of storm-drifted snow is flushed faintly by the red gloomy light of the low hanging sun, it depresses the spirits and chills the imagination with its suggestions of infinite dreariness and solitude; but at night, when it ceases to be bounded even by the horizon, because the horizon can no longer be distinguished when the pale green streamers of the aurora begin to sweep back and forth over

a dark segment of a circle in the north, lighting up the whole white world with transitory flashes of ghostly radiance and adding mystery to darkness and solitude—then the Siberian tundra not only becomes inexpressibly lonely and desolate, but takes on a strange half terrible unearthliness which awes and yet fascinates the imagination.

THE LANDING OF THE CREWS.

Upon the northern edge of this great Siberian tundra, at the mouth of one of the largest rivers in Asia, are Lieutenant De Long and most of the survivors of the Jeannette. When the first messenger started for Yakutsk with the news of the disaster—the news which we received on the 21st of December—Engineer Melville and Master Danenhower, with the whaleboat, had reached a native settlement—presumably a Yakout fishing station—near Cape Bizeff, at the eastern mouth of the Lena. Lieutenant De Long, with the crew of the first cutter, had arrived at the northern mouth, where, in a starving condition, he was awaiting help, and the second cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Chipp, was missing. In order to understand this condition of affairs it must be borne in mind that the Lena, about a hundred miles from the sea, separates into six or seven great channels or arms, forming at its mouth an extensive delta of barren islands. This delta has a frontage on the sea from the eastern channel around to the western channel of nearly two hundred miles. Engineer Melville, with the whaleboat, entered the mouth of the eastern channel, while Lieutenant De Long with the first cutter, came ashore at or near the mouth of the northern channel, the two being separated by a distance of about a hundred miles. If the dates in Engineer Melville's despatch are to be relied upon six weeks elapsed after he reached the eastern mouth of the Lena before he heard anything from either of the other boats. In the meantime he had discovered a native fishing or hunting station and had gone a hundred miles up the river from the delta to another larger settlement, known as Bolun or Bolnenga, where he seems to have found a subordinate Russian official, probably a non-commissioned officer of Cossacks. This officer at once sent relief to the crew of the whaleboat, who had been left at the mouth of the eastern channel. Of the other two boats nothing had yet been heard, although weeks had elapsed since the three boats were separated, fifty miles off the coast. On the 29th of October, forty-two days after Engineer Melville and Master Danenhower reached shore in the whaleboat, Noras and Nindermann, two of the crew of the first cutter, made their appearance at Bolnenga, where Engineer Melville then was, and reported the landing of Lieutenant De Long at the mouth of one of the northern channels. De Long and his men, when Noras and Nindermann left them were in a "sad condition, owing to severe frost bites and were threatened with starvation. A party was at once fitted out at Bolnenga to go to their relief. Such was the news which we received on the 21st of December by the first messenger, who left the mouth of the Lena about the 30th of October. On January 12 another telegram from Irkutsk reached St. Petersburg announcing that Master Danenhower, with five of the crew of the whaleboat, had arrived at Yakutsk, and that Engineer Melville, with the other six, including Noras and Nindermann, from De Long's boat, were expected soon. Up to the time when Master Danenhower's party left the mouth of the Lena, November 16, Lieutenant De Long and his men had not been found, and nothing whatever had been heard from the missing second cutter. Our latest advices, therefore, leave the situation of affairs as follows:—Master Danenhower, with five of the crew of the whaleboat, is at Yakutsk, a thousand miles from the mouth of the river, on his way home to St. Petersburg. Engineer Melville, with the remainder of the whaleboat's crew and the two messengers whom De Long sent after help, is also on his way home and is expected at Yakutsk daily. Lieutenant De Long,

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with the first cutter, and Lieutenant Chipp, with the second cutter, are still missing, although the former is known to have landed on the coast, and the mouth of the Lena has been deserted by every man of the Jeannette's crew who reached a settlement and was able to get away. Owing to the meagreness of the information which we have thus far received this outline sketch of the situation of affairs on the Lena may need filling up, but it is, I think, accurate as far as it goes. The first consideration which it suggests is that when Master Danenhower left Bolnenga for Yakutsk Lieutenant De Long and the crew of the first cutter had already been two months without help, without shelter and short of food at some unknown point on the northern coast of the delta of the Lena, one hundred miles or more from the nearest settlement. The second circumstance which arrests attention is that while Lieutenant De Long remained in this perilous situation every one of his more fortunate comrades who had reached a settlement, including two of his brother officers and two of his own boat's crew, whom he had sent after help, abandoned him and started for home. Except Lieutenant De Long and Lieutenant Chipp with the crews of the first and second cutters, who are in distress or already dead, there is not now an American within a thousand miles of the mouth of the Lena River. All of the crew of the whaleboat—which was the only boat that reached a settlement—have gone a thousand miles to the southward in search of a milder climate, leaving Lieutenant De Long, Dr. Ambler, Mr. Collins and nine men to fight out alone on the barren delta of the Lena their battle with frost and famine. It is unnecessary at present to discuss the question whether Master Danenhower and Engineer Melville, when they reached a place of safety, should have gone personally with the natives in search of the missing boats. It would have been a very natural thing to do, but there may have been circumstances which rendered it impracticable or inexpedient, and harsh criticism at this time would be unjust and out of place. There can, however, be no question that it was the duty of these officers to at least stay at the mouth of the river until the fate of Lieutenant De Long and his party should be decided. No imaginable circumstances could justify them in starting for home while Lieutenant De Long was in imminent peril and was looking to them for help. As I have already said in an interview with a representative of the HERALD, there was urgent need of somebody at the mouth of the river to supervise and direct the search of the natives for De Long's boat, to reinspire them with courage when they faltered and to hold them to their work until it should be thoroughly and faithfully done. Siberian natives are kind hearted, hospitable and fairly intelligent, but they have not the courage, the indomitable perseverance, the tough moral fibre which are needed in such a crisis. They will follow a man whose personal character commands their respect, but as leaders they are not to be trusted. Under stress of hardship and danger they will give up a search long before it has become hopeless and say that the disaster which results is the will of God. And yet upon these natives Master Danenhower and Engineer Melville have thrown the entire responsibility of the search for the lost and suffering crew of the first cutter. Only eighteen days after the native relief party or parties set out from Bolnenga Master Danenhower started for home, and Engineer Melville, we are informed, expected to leave soon. The Secretary of the Navy has telegraphed them at Yakutsk to remain on the ground and assist in the search until Lieutenant De Long is found and relieved; but the instruction, which they should never have needed, has come too late. If one-half of a party of men were lost and starving in the woods of Minnesota, and the other half, who had succeeded in getting out, had gone down the Mississippi to New Orleans, it would not be of much use to telegraph the latter to remain at New Orleans and co-operate in the search for their lost comrades in

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Minnesota. Even if Master Danenhower and Engineer Melville should go back to the mouth of the river upon the receipt of this telegram they could not get there before the first of next March, and long ere that time the fate of Lieutenant De Long and his men will have been finally decided. In all probability it was decided a month ago.

DE LONG'S POSITION.

From Engineer Melville's first despatch we learn that Lieutenant De Long had been forty days or more at some unknown point in the delta of the Lena before anything was heard from him. Why he should have been six weeks in opening communication with a settlement we do not know, but it must be remembered that the river was choked with ice and Lieutenant De Long had no means of transportation overland. All the dogs of the expedition were, of course, abandoned with the ship, and a walk of a hundred miles across the bleak frozen delta of the Lena at a season when the thermometer was liable at any time to fall below zero and in search of settlements whose very existence was uncertain might well be dreaded by men not yet recovered from the hardships of an Arctic boat journey. But, for aught we know to the contrary, Lieutenant De Long may have tried repeatedly to find a settlement and have always failed until Noras and Nindermann, after unknown wanderings, reached Bolenenga. The arrival of the latter at this point was followed by the prompt organization of a relief party of natives, which probably left Bolenenga for the northern coast of the delta about the 30th of October. Up to the 16th of November, as we learn through Master Danenhower, Lieutenant De Long and his party had not been found.

THE CHANCES FOR LIFE.

At the date of our latest advices, then, Lieutenant De Long and the crew of the first cutter were and

had been for two months in a situation of peculiar peril a hundred miles or more from any help. The question naturally presents itself, Could those worn and already exhausted men sustain themselves on that bleak, desolate coast until the rescue party from Bolenenga found them? In my judgment they probably could. It is of course largely a question of time and weather, and with regard to these circumstances we know nothing. If, however, the weather did not become severely cold or stormy, and if the search party found them without losing too much time in wandering about, I believe it found them alive and able to ride on sledges.

FOOD, FIRE, SHELTER.

The prime essentials of life in the Arctic regions, naming them in the order of their importance, are food, fire and shelter. The second of these essentials the party of Lieutenant De Long almost certainly had, together with abundant material for the third. Although the delta of the Lena partakes to some extent of the general characteristics of the northern tundra it has what the tundra as a rule does not have—namely, wood. The spring floods bring down the Lena annually from the densely timbered region above great quantities of driftwood, part of which is carried out to sea and lodged on the New Siberian Islands and part thrown upon the banks of the river and upon the islands of its delta. It is almost certain, therefore, that Lieutenant De Long and his men had abundant fuel, and the significance of this fact can be fully understood only by those who have camped out on the northern tundra in winter without a fire. But the driftwood was available for another purpose hardly less important—viz., the construction of shelter. With driftwood, moss, snow, a boat sail and a little ingenuity able-bodied men ought to be competent to improvise a shelter which would afford a good deal of protection. At any rate I have seen Chukchees and Siberian Cossacks do it with even less material. How well equipped the crew of the first cutter were with furs we do not know. Leaving the ship as they did in June they might reasonably expect, perhaps, to reach the coast and find shelter before the setting in of another winter, and might for that reason

think it unnecessary to encumber themselves with heavy furs. If so they undoubtedly suffered intensely from cold long before the 16th of November. Men cannot sleep out of doors in leathern boots and ordinary woollen clothing at the mouth of the Lena in October and November without the most serious danger to life. Supposing the crew of the first cutter, however, to have been fairly provided with furs, to have improvised a tolerable shelter and to have had abundant supply of fuel, there still remains the question of food, and it is the most serious and important question of all. A very simple calculation will show that the Joannette's boats must have been very short of provisions even before they reached the coast. The first cutter, for example, could hardly have carried more than 2,000 pounds of food in addition to her crew of fourteen men, with their equipment, and this amount would not have lasted more than sixty of the one hundred days which they spent at sea. Doubtless it was largely supplemented by the game such as wild fowl, seals and polar bears which they were able to shoot on the ice, but even then the quantity which they could hold in reserve for an emergency must have been small. Payer and Weyprecht, who started on their retreat from Franz Josef Land in 1874 with three boats, twenty-three men and 5,000 pounds of food, had only nine days' rations left when they were picked up by the Russian schooner Nikolai on the coast of Nova Zembla, and their journey had not occupied as many days as did that of the crew of the Joannette. It is not surprising, therefore, that Lieutenant De Long and his men when Noras and Nindermann left them were threatened with starvation. It could hardly have been otherwise. Four months had elapsed since their abandonment of the ship, and it is not likely that they started originally with more than two months' supplies. Payer and Weyprecht left the Tegethoff with 200 pounds of food per man, and made it last 105 days. Lieutenant De Long could not have done better, and probably did not do as well, since his larger boats had to carry twelve and fourteen men to Payer's eight. From the very day, therefore, that Lieutenant De Long reached the coast he must have been upon short rations, and long before the rescue party from Bolenenga could reach him he was probably reduced to absolute dependence upon the country. This brings me to the consideration of the vital question, how long a party of twelve men could subsist themselves at the mouth of the Lena in the early months of winter. The only animals to be found on the northern or seacoast border of the great Siberian tundra in winter are the seal and the white bear, in limited numbers; the reindeer, the wolf and the polar fox; the Arctic hare, the lemming and the ptarmigan or white grouse. The seal and the bear are hardly to be counted upon, because their presence depends largely upon open water, and because they are not, I believe, found at the mouth of the Lena in very great abundance at any season. The reindeer must also be stricken from the list for the reason that upon the approach of winter those animals abandon the exposed parts of the Arctic seacoast and retreat to the low lying and partly sheltered tundras of the interior. Few if any would be found at the mouth of the Lena in October. Siberian wolves and foxes are so shy and fleet as to be approached with difficulty, and the lemming is too small to be of much use. The game list is thus reduced to the white hare and ptarmigan. Fortunately these animals are found along all the Arctic rivers in considerable abundance, and the stunted willows, the clumps of berry bushes and the thickets of kedrovnik, or trailing pine, which fringe the channels of these rivers at their mouths, afford them with an excellent covert and are their favorite resort. Upon these animals Lieutenant De Long would have to mainly rely for food when reduced to extremities, just as Middendorf did on one occasion at the same season of the year and upon the border of the same great northern tundra. I have known a whole Siberian village to subsist itself for weeks at the crisis of a famine upon hare and ptarmigan shot and snared in the thickets along the river. For instance, in the winter of 1866-7 the Arctic village of Anadyrsk, in Northeastern Siberia, was stricken by a famine in consequence of an almost entire failure of the fish, and the inhabitants, when I reached there in midwinter, had lost the greater part of their dogs from starvation, and were themselves in a deplorable state of destitution and

misery, and yet with some aid from the wandering Koraks, and, toward the last, with the hare and ptarmigan which they were able to shoot and snare, they kept themselves alive until spring. I have strong faith, therefore, that the crew of the first cutter, if they were not disabled by sickness or frost bite, could obtain enough of such game to subsist themselves for several weeks. Finally, if worst came to worst, they could probably subsist themselves a few days more upon beiled reindeer moss (*lichen rangiferinus*). No starving Arctic explorer has ever, so far as I know, given reindeer moss a trial, and yet I think there is a strong probability that the human stomach would digest and assimilate it. The fat, plump condition of the reindeer even in midwinter shows that this moss is highly nutritious, and the Siberian Koraks and Chookchees are accustomed to take it in a half-digested state from the stomach of the deer and eat it in large quantities mixed with blood and fat. Nordenskjöld, who, as an experiment, once made bread of it, found it to be "bitter but nutritious," and thought "it could be eaten with relish by hungry men." (*Arctic Voyages*. London, 1879, p. 203.)

HOW LIFE MAY BE SUSTAINED.

With hare, ptarmigan and in case of dire necessity reindeer moss, I think De Long and his men could keep themselves alive, even at the mouth of the Lena, for many days—perhaps weeks. There is consequently reason to hope and believe that they were able to hold out until found and taken to a place of safety by the natives from Bolenenga. What I most fear is that the natives will not make the search for the missing boats thorough enough and will in case of ill success abandon it too soon. The departure from the mouth of the river of all the crew of the whaleboat will furnish the natives with an excuse, if they want one, for failing to make the search thorough and exhaustive. "Why," they may argue, "should we risk our lives looking for those lost foreigners when all their countrymen have apparently given up hope and started for home?" And the argument would not be an easy one to answer. If the natives had only been accompanied by an American of courage and determination—a man like Kane, or Hayes or Schwatka—there would be comparatively little reason for apprehension.

Such, in the light of what Siberian and Arctic experience I have had, was the situation at the mouth of the Lena up to the date of our last advices. I have said nothing about the missing second cutter because we have no information upon which to found an opinion. The fact, however, that the first cutter was six weeks in opening communications with the whaleboat, although both landed at the mouth of the same river, shows that a boat may be safe and yet have great difficulty in reporting itself and making its safety known. The second cutter may have landed on the western side of the delta, and may be awaiting help there just as the first cutter was at last accounts awaiting help. In that case all which I have said of Lieutenant De Long's party applies with equal force, but perhaps with less of hope, to the crew of Lieutenant Chipp. Both were struggling with the same difficulties and facing the same dangers, but Lieutenant De Long's situation was approximately known, while that of Lieutenant Chipp was unknown. One, therefore, might be reached and saved, while to the other succor might come too late. Before the 16th of November the thermometer at the mouth of the Lena went to 30 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, if not lower, and in such a temperature it would go hard with men who were imperfectly sheltered and insufficiently fed, and who were already exhausted by three months of toil, hardship and privation.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Correspondence.

THE TROUBLES AT FORT WRANGEL.

Dear Evangelist: Supposing that the many friends of our mission would like to know the exact truth concerning the late distressing tribal war, which resulted in the death, among others, of two of our best native church members, I send you a plain statement of the facts in the case, with the causes of the trouble. It is well that our Church and the public in general should understand the embarrassing and dangerous position in which all the whites, but especially the missionaries, of Alaska are placed by the neglect of the United States to provide any kind of law or government for its largest territory.

For several years the deputy-collector at Fort Wrangel—the only official in the place—has been in the habit of encouraging the "Church Indians" to seize and destroy all stills for the manufacture of the vile liquor called hoochenoo, from the name of the tribe which first made it. He has given papers bearing a quasi-official appointment as policeman, to several of the most reliable of them. Although the law makes it the duty of every Indian to destroy any spiritous liquor found in an Indian country, these native constables have not been encouraged to molest the whites, many of whom, in defiance of law, have made and sold to the Indians quantities of hoochenoo, selling them also other liquors. There have been no adequate means of enforcing the law.

The manufacture of this liquor has been almost entirely stopped among the Stickines through the exertions of these policemen, and its use so far checked that it is rare to see one of this tribe intoxicated in our streets. But the Indians of other tribes, especially the Hoochenoos, who come to Fort Wrangel in great numbers, continually make and sell the vile drink, and of late have grown very impudent, repeatedly threatening the Stickines, who interfered with their traffic.

It has been the custom of the missionaries, as well as many other white residents of the place, though loudly condemned therefor by a certain class, to encourage these native policemen in their efforts to preserve order and suppress intemperance. On Sunday, Jan. 11th, Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, our missionary physician, going up the beach to that part of the town where most of the foreign Indians have their houses, for the purpose of holding religious services, found most of the Indians intoxicated, and hoochenoo flowing freely. On his return he notified Matthew, or Jake as he is commonly known, our principal policeman and a member of my church. He at once went up the beach, taking with him Aaron—also a church-member. There they found and destroyed two stills in operation, pouring out a large quantity of liquor. While thus engaged they were attacked by the drunken Indians, and Aaron, foolishly losing his temper, received a black eye in a fist-fight. Any mark on the face is considered by these natives a great disgrace; and Aaron, brooding over this and former grievances, worked himself into a mood for revenge. At a feast on Monday several of the more violent Stickines made speeches, reciting injuries received at the hands of the Hoochenoos, and urging Aaron to obtain redress. His brother Moses, and Tow-a-att his chief, tried to soothe and suppress the excitement, the former reporting the state of Aaron's mind to me and promising to bring him for a talk. But Aaron was ashamed, and did not come, and on Tuesday took his friends to the number of about thirty, up the beach. They carried no weapons, and went with the avowed purpose of seizing hoochenoo. But the real

purpose of Aaron and others, I fear, was to repay the injury he received according to their law, which literally demands "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Being laid up by a temporary illness, I knew nothing of this, or I should have prevented more than two or three from going. Tow-a-att opposed the movement, urging the example of Jesus, who revenged no injury, and he refused to go with the company.

The Stickines found the Hoochenoos still drinking. Aaron demanded the young man who had bruised his face. He came forth and submitted his head to be struck by Aaron, after which each professed himself satisfied. I am ashamed to record this instance of barbarous retribution on the part of one of my members, and it can only be palliated by the strong pressure brought to bear upon him by "outsiders," and the strength of their old laws and customs.

The quarrel would have ended here had not a hot-tempered young Stickine supplemented the revenge by another blow. This was the spark to powder. In an instant both parties were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The Hoochenoos drew clubs, knives, and hatchets, which the Stickines took from them and used against the owners. The result was that while the Stickines escaped almost unhurt, some six or seven of their adversaries received severe cuts and bruises.

Of course the whole tribe of the Hoochenoos was enraged and vowed vengeance. They boldly avowed their intention to come down the next morning with their guns and obtain a life or two for these injuries. Dr. Corlies and myself, seeing the danger, did all in our power to avert it. I sent our interpreter to the Stickines, reproving their course and telling them to disperse. This they did for that day. Dr. Corlies went to the Hoochenoos, whose children his wife has been teaching ever since she came, cared for the wounded, counselled peace, and finally succeeded in obtaining the promise of the head men to come to my house in the morning, and meet some of the Stickines, and there compound the matter.

But inflammatory speeches and liquor—both of which flowed copiously all night—prevailed, and early in the morning some thirty or forty men, dressed in their war finery, and hideously painted, and followed by their women—both sexes carrying guns, knives, clubs, and spears—came down to the Stickine ranch. This tribe also gathered in force and armed.

Still hoping to avert bloodshed, I went among the crowd of painted savages, who were executing their fantastic war dances, and tried to persuade them to give up their anger and settle the affair peaceably. But I might as well have talked to a pack of wolves. Being alone and unsupported, while I would be talking to one man the others would commence shouting defiance to their enemies, or would set up a loud and angry tirade against myself as the friend of the Stickines.

Seeing that nothing could be done there, I went to the Stickines, whose excitement by this time almost equalled that of the Hoochenoos. They were more reasonable, although enraged by the insults of the others. Twice I prevailed upon them to retire to Aaron's house for the purpose of fixing upon some plan for peace. But when the other party broke into the house of Moses, and destroyed or carried away all his goods, their anger blazed up anew, and they came out in force.

At this moment, further along the beach in what is known as "Shakes' Point," Nisawhah, a Stickine who murdered his wife last Summer during the visit of Drs. Kendall, Lindsley, and Jackson, and whose house, in the absence of any other means of executing justice upon him, has been besieged all Winter by her relatives, was fatally shot by them as he sallied out to join the fight. At this half the Stickines ran over to Nisawhah's house, leaving Tow-a-att's kindred almost unsupported. This was the opportunity for the Hoochenoos. Moses was left in front with Tow-a-att near him, and their friends strung along the beach for two or three hundred yards, the Hoochenoos being massed in front. I ran to my friends, imploring them to go back. But while I was talking to Tow-a-att, a man only four or five yards distant shot Moses through the heart. Instantly there was a general volley from both parties. Tow-a-att fell dead at my feet, and a little after his brother, Santoon, was killed. Two of the enemy shared the same fate, and several others were dangerously wounded. Seven or eight of the Stickines received wounds more or less serious, three of our members, Matthew, Aaron, and Thomas, being of the number.

Thus died three of our best Christian Stickines, martyrs to the passions of their kindred, the whiskey-inflamed violence of their enemies, and the criminal neglect of our government. We mourn for Tow-a-att, "the noblest Roman of them all," our good old Christian chief, one of the first to believe in the Gospel, and the staunchest in defending its truths. His noble bearing, his eloquence, and the childlike faith he exhibited, were remarked by our distinguished visitors of last Summer. He was generous and brave, and would have given his life for the sake of his missionaries, as he had before their arrival on more than one occasion risked it on behalf of the whites. He spoke for peace to the last, but would not be behind when his friends were in danger. We shall sadly miss Moses also, who was always master of ceremonies on festive occasions, and one of the most active men in the church. Santoon was a harmless old man, who, though a professing Christian, was not a church member.

The fighting was kept up for a day. Then the Hoochenoos retreated to a large log-house near their dwellings, which they held as a fort for two weeks. The whites organized and armed for the protection of the town; the

streets were patrolled night and day, and all Indians forbidden to carry arms on the streets, the store-keepers all refusing to sell them ammunition.

In answer to a petition of the citizens for aid, the commander of the Jamestown, stationed at Sitka, sent down a Gatling gun and fifty stand of arms, in charge of two marines, for use by the citizens in case of further trouble. Thus further fighting was prevented; and after two weeks spent in fruitless negotiations, both tribes being continually under arms, the Hoochenoos stole away by night, and the next day their houses were torn down by the Stickines, and all trace of their village obliterated.

The Indian law, which demands not only a life for a life, but a life from the same sex and rank, is still unsatisfied, Tow-a-att's death not being atoned for. Our Christian Stickines are willing to make peace, but the others demand retribution. Unless we have speedy aid from the Government, I fear further trouble. All manner of reports have been rife since the flight of the Hoochenoos—rumors of their return with reinforcements, threats of an expedition to their land on the part of the Stickines, stories of the stealthy approach of small parties for purposes of revenge. Our whole work has been disturbed and our mission very much distracted. Although the panic and excitement are gradually subsiding, it will be long ere the place or the mission resumes its wonted prosperity.

But we see several gleams of sunshine in the facts that many of our adherents have been unshaken by all this trouble; that there will probably be less of jealousy and rivalry between the different families of the Stickines, and that the Administration can now no longer be oblivious to the real and pressing need of law for this territory. The utter absence of restraint to the lawless and protection to the orderly, is as alarming as it is unprecedented.

Notwithstanding a message I received from one of the Hoochenoos that he had fired at me at close range and was very sick at heart because his aim had not been better, but was determined in future to have my life, I am inclined to think that all such threats were mere bravado, and that none of the missionaries have been in much danger, except from chance balls, which certainly had an uncomfortably promiscuous way of flying around for awhile.

It is due to the whites of Fort Wrangel to state, in explanation of their apparent apathy, that few thought there would be anything but a fight with clubs, until it was in their opinion dangerous to interfere. Our collector did not even know that the foreigners had taken their guns down the beach until the firing commenced. Those who said "Let them fight; the more they kill the better," were a small minority.

We are "cast down but not in despair." Mrs. McFarland's institution has not suffered materially. She has given shelter to Moses'

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oldest daughter, a girl of ten. Would that some kind Christian would take and educate her brother William, a bright, handsome half-breed of twelve, who is very anxious to learn, and has already made good progress. He has more than any other of "our boys" the elements of a future native missionary, but being left destitute by Moses' death, there is danger of his being kept by poverty in the ignorant and vicious state of a "common Indian."

Our congregations are gradually increasing, although the absence of most of the Indians of foreign tribes makes quite a difference. We look earnestly "to see the end and know the good," and pray for the reign of law and civilization. We hope much for help from the present Congress to control, educate, and enlighten these proud and violent, but intelligent and promising natives.

S. HALL YOUNG.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska, Feb. 14, 1880.

VAGARIES OF THE ALASKAN THLINKITS.

At this camp I found traces of a custom which prevails to some extent in Central Africa and is said to obtain throughout the interior of Alaska. When a stranger of rank visits a chief, the latter presents his guest with a wife from among the women of his household. In morals the Alaskans are much inferior to most Indian tribes of the plains. Avarice is their ruling passion. They are the most knavish and cunning of traders. Theft, if successful, brings no disgrace. The detected thief is laughed at and ridiculed. I saw old Cocheen look with fond admiration on Kastase-Kúch, his son, when the latter drew from under his robe some articles he had purloined from the village where we had lodged for the night. Their gratitude seemed small and they have no expression for "I thank you." Flaws in gifts were always carefully examined and critically pointed out to the giver. An Alaskan who shot at some decoy ducks near Sitka, went to the owner of the decoys and demanded the return of his wasted ammunition. Two Alaskans were driven to sea in a canoe. A schooner picked them up, but would not or could not take their canoe as it was still blowing a gale. The rescued demanded payment for the lost craft. Another fellow came to the doctor of the post at Sitka and begged for medicine for his brother and then asked the doctor to pay him for carrying it to the brother. I lent Tah-ah-nah-klékh a goat-skin robe of mine and at the end of our voyage asked him to clean it. He did so and demanded full payment. We did not lose much by theft, because our crew knew very well the value would be deducted from their wages. Thlinkit virtues are hospitality, good-nature, peaceableness, filial obedience, and, after their own code, a respect for solemn contracts or engagements. Even when very angry they only sulk. They are demonstrative only in the expression of surprise.—Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, in the July CENTURY.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

A Canoe Voyage along the Coast of Alaska.

Nature could not have worn a more forbidding aspect than that shown in the early morning of the 26th of October last, as we quitted our lonely camp on a barren rock, and floated out upon the gray water. We were at the extreme northwestern part of the archipelago, which, with its thousand isles, stretches for 600 miles along the southeastern coast of Alaska. We had followed to its end a long and narrow bay which runs from Cross Sound right up into the midst of some of the highest mountains of America. We were in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, whose circle of a hundred peaks and domes rose clear-cut against the gray sky in the twilight of dawn. The snow which shrouded every one, had lost its dazzling whiteness, and was bleak and gray. In cheerless confusion and blank frigidity stood these huge sentinels of the coast, their very appearance causing us to shiver in our warm wrappings. On either side of the bay, and at its end, huge glaciers, born in these vast heights, poured their slowly moving but irresistible floods of solid ice, by five great mouths, into the sea. All night the mountains had reëchoed, as with the noise of thunder, as huge fragments broke off from these projecting points of ice, and fell crashing and roaring into the water. The bay was full of these floating bergs of every size and shape. Not one green shrub or tree or tuft of grass, hardly a bunch of moss or lichens, relieved the barren desolation of the shores. No sign of life was visible save here and there the black head of a seal, or a shag with its vulture-like body and snake-like neck, flapping awkwardly about our canoe—the ugliest and most ungraceful of our water-fowl.

My companion was John Muir, the State Geologist of California, who delights to study nature, chiefly because he finds in her the footprints of the Creator. We had embarked on this long canoe voyage—he to study the glaciers, and I to hunt up the Tlinkit tribes of this archipelago. My errand had brought us to the Hoonyah villages of Cross Sound, and his had taken us on to this “dread solitude,” far beyond the abodes even of Indians. For forty miles we had been paddling along a shore of bare granite, a series of mountains totally without forests, precipitous faces of polished rock, worn smooth as a monument by grinding glaciers. Sometimes a solitary stump of sodden wood, the decaying corpse of a tree dead ages since, projecting from the detritus piled at the base of these huge rock-mountains, told the melancholy story of an evergreen forest, once clinging trustfully to these bare mountain bosoms, but swept, one and all, by the relentless forces of ice and rain and wind, into valley and sea. Grandeur without beauty, a dead and cheerless sublimity, an awful vastness unrelieved and unsoftened by life or vegetation, a cold drear waste, a landscape composed of “rocks of cursing and mountains of maledic-

tion,” pitiless glaciers grinding out an inexorable purpose of destruction, and a sea bitter with the anger of God, and dark from the hiding of His face—such was the impression which the scene produced upon at least one mind on that cold, gray morning. Thoughts of the warm home 300 miles away would rise in bright contrast to the chill present. Our Indian crew, who had entered this bay of desolation with reluctance and fear, dipped their silent paddles in sullen, wordless endurance, steering toward a glacier-front at the head of the bay, the bow pointing towards Mt. Crillon, which pierced the sky before us at an altitude of 15,900 feet. It was impossible to enjoy; we could only endure. The mind was thrust back upon itself, too numb and lifeless to rise above the discomfort and unloveliness of our surroundings.

In the presence of such awful scenes of nature one feels chilled and oppressed, not only in his frame, but in his soul, in his faith in an overruling and beneficent Power. A Creator indeed here stands revealed, but He seems too cold and stern for human approach. Where amid these icy mountains, is there the least token of His love? What touch of kindness or care for His creatures can be found in this barren place? We could easily discern infinite power. He at whose coming the mountains trembled and “the perpetual hills did bow,” was here in His terrible majesty. An overwhelming sense of His infinite greatness and our utter insignificance weighed heavily upon us. The very calmness of His strength enhanced and exalted it. The scene called forth our admiration, and had its own fascination for us, but drew out no tenderer feeling. Not without reason did Dante make the lowest region of the Inferno a rugged desert of ice and snow. This circle of jagged ashen peaks, piercing the dull, gray, cloudless sky, might well be the walls of a prison, over whose adamant portal was written “Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here!”

And yet we were soon to find that these scenes of desolation had a beauty all their own—which would reveal to the awakened sense the benignant Creator. Even a glacier generates heat, and there is enough of warmth radiating from snow-robed mountains to kindle the heart that, coming under their shadows, there draws nigh unto God.

Suddenly my companion caught his breath with a fervent ejaculation. Looking up to Mt. Crillon, I saw a peak which, from its position and distance, seemed below many of those among which it stood, crowned with glory indeed. The great artist with one sweep of his brush had laid upon it a triangle of the richest of all colors. Too delicate for crimson and too intense for pink, it lay unshaded, clear, distinct amid the surrounding coldness. It was not a glow—there was no appearance of shining—the color was absolute and independent, as of a pigment perfectly mixed and thickly spread. This royal peak was unacknowledged by his fellows, no reflection of his glory being seen in

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them. It was a rose blooming among icefields, a passionate song in the midst of a stern epic, a promise of the Gospel from the denunciations of the law, a drop from the heart of Christ upon the icy despair of a sin-frozen world. It warmed us in an instant, setting us all in flame with enthusiasm, who were dull and apathetic a moment since. As our mood had been the reflex of the grim endurance shown in those gray mountains, it now caught the flame of passionate adoration in quiet response to the voice of this lone peak. The mountain top was itself an exclamation of rapture. The summit nearest Heaven had been smitten with a thought of its glory. It made me think of that one clear song of faith in the very middle of Jeremiah's hopeless lamentations.

But the infinite Artist had only begun His work. As the painter draws back, brush in hand, to mark the effect of that richest color for which he has long been striving, the Great Master paused long enough to note his work. Who will say that He did not feel a thrill of infinite enjoyment at its perfection! We seemed profane intruders into a sacred studio.

But He will not drive us out, nor blot His canvas in anger at our earnest gaze. He will satiate us with His beauty. Yonder another crest has caught the glory. There is the same still intensity of delicate color. Only in shape does it differ. The crown of splendor seems no part of the dull mountain below it.

Now the Master pauses no longer. He is satisfied with the hue He has selected, and lays it on with rapid, noiseless touch. One after another these huge dead masses blush with sudden life. Each is distinct in its own individuality, but all have that daintiness of outline, that calm, pure brilliancy of color. The Monarch whose diadem first captivated our gaze, has many to share His glory now. A whole family of stalwart princes stand about His throne, each wearing the insignia of royalty.

And now the Divine Artist alters the background, putting a bluer shade upon the sky, and whitening the dull gray of the mountains. This change is necessary to perfect harmony. Has not that matchless tint lost something? Yes, but it has gained as well. It has perhaps less exquisite delicacy, but more richness of tone; less daintiness, and more tenderness. A delicious, creamy light has mingled with that first spiritual color, and softened, not marred, it. If it is less divine, it is more warmly human. Heaven is coming down to man. The peaks before our rapt gaze seem to glow and beat with life. Love is more apparent and warmer in its expression. We can now begin to find words for our delight; but there is no irreverence in the Professor's exclamation, "We have met with God!"

Now "the curtains of the dawn" are drawn aside, and the sunshine streams in. The rich warm tint creeps down the mountains, becoming diluted with the flood of light let in upon it, taking a golden hue, then brightening to a pink-tinged yellow, until at last the mountain

tops gleam with dazzling whiteness, unbroken and pure as Heaven. Along their bases lie long steel-blue shadows. These too begin to fade and fly before the sun. Immense stretches of ice, entirely enfolding the lower landscape, before any one of which the famous glaciers of Switzerland would shrink into insignificance, lie in gently undulating smoothness, all clothed in a spotless robe of freshly-fallen snow around us. Those masses of crystal, so deep that hills of no mean size are entirely swallowed up in them, and so wide and long that the eye is lost in the attempt to trace them to their sources, now lie embosomed in crags and cliffs, which by a process of centuries have been carved and grooved and planed, by the heavy constant motion of the ice-rivers, into wild shapes and polished escarpments.

As the sun after an hour's struggle appeared at last above the rim of this huge bowl, the clear azure sky, hills so absolutely white that it was difficult to trace their outlines one against another, a bright ~~blue sea~~ reflecting them, the glacier fronts circling the bay in stretches of from half a mile to three or four miles in length, rising sheer from the water three or four hundred feet, and looking like great masses of vitriol, the new born islands of bare rock just issuing from them, floating bergs of all sizes and shapes, from the solid cube seventy or eighty feet in diameter to the antlered fragment broken by a touch, and of different colors; white, and gray, and blue, and green, and purple, and over all the full calm flood of sunlight—all these composed a landscape whose chaste loveliness and perfect peace were a fitting close to the wonderful dissolving view of the early dawn.

God is love indeed. The marks of His beneficent purpose were dim no longer. They shone from every feature of the scene. If His design reached no further than to prepare the canvas for such a painting, that were enough to show infinite benevolence. Our toilsome, lonely journey of weeks seemed but a small price to pay for one look at its surpassing beauty. From our hearts we praised Him who had guided our ignorance at the only season in which we could have entered this arena, lifted the cloudy pall which shrouds this region in almost perpetual gloom, and on what was perhaps the only morning of the year when such a view was presented, had opened our eyes to get this glimpse into His Holy of Holies. He would be blind and stubborn indeed whom such a scene would not refine and strengthen in heart and faith.

But a grand ultimate design spoke from these cold heights. We had been following along the tracks of those huge ploughshares of ice that through the ages had been making paths for the sea, shaping the islands, grinding the solid rocks to powder, and spreading it as the soil upon which stately forests now stand; and here we were in God's own workshop, with the whole process of preparing the world for the abode of man revealed. It needed no miracu-

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lous prevision to see, upon these new-born rocky islets and rugged ledges, the stately forests of the centuries to come; the store-houses of food for man and beast; the mineral wealth that is to make glad the eager miner, and (who knows?) the habitations of a grander, purer race of men. The benevolence of the infinite Creator does not lie upon the surface of His works, but can be clearly seen only in the result of the ages. He will not be hastened in His plans, yet they falter not to their full completion; and as one after another unfolds, upon every page is written in characters of light, "God is love."

And in the certain future of material wealth and beauty for this icy wild, your missionary could see a type of that transforming process, which by slow degrees is to rear "trees of righteousness" upon the moral waste of Alaska, and make the rocky hearts and frozen affections of her natives glow and beat with the life of Him in whom is a greater love for man than nature can reveal.

S. HALL YOUNG.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska, Feb. 21, 1880.

Correspondence.

THE GOSPEL BY CANOE.

BY REV. S. HALL YOUNG.

Indian Ideas of a Future State.

The hours spent in the canoe, especially when a favorable wind permitted us to try our wings, were often very profitable ones to the missionary. The conversation frequently turned upon the old customs and beliefs of the Indians. And many a curious legend and bit of native theology was laid up for future use.

I shall embody in this article some of the information gained in this way concerning the belief of the Tlinkits as to the destiny of the soul after death, and the superstitions and customs that cluster around this belief.

The medicine-man, or *ihl*, is the revealer of all spiritual mysteries, his familiar demons, called *yakes*, opening up the future to him and giving him the power in some degree to control its events.

There are four separate places of abode for the spirits of the dead. Near to every person who dies by sickness stands a great gate. When any person of note is near death, after the *ihl* has gone through with his diabolical incantations, and his *yake* has revealed that the sick man will surely die, his friends gather about his bed, awaiting his dissolution. At the moment of death the spirit springs from the body, and taking the form of the person, although invisible to his friends, hovers near its late tenement, wandering disconsolately about the premises, and unable to leave until the sacred songs shall waft it on its way to the happy abode of spirits.

They hold a belief concerning the spiritual body that has a resemblance to Swedenborg's. Every man has a triple personality. There is the body, and

the *substantial* spirit, which often during the life of the person slips from its prison-house of clay, and with wonderful powers of locomotion visits remote regions of the earth and sky; and there is also a shadowy spirit which is the real life, but without which a semblance of life and motion may exist. The *substantial* spirit, as I call it, cannot leave the body without a cessation of animation. The ghostly spirit may withdraw for a time and leave no outward sign of its departure. To illustrate: Nearly three years ago a noted *ihl*, whom I had interrupted in his incantations, declared to my friends that he had taken my spirit and buried it deep in the earth, that while I might appear to them as formerly, I was not really alive, and after three years my *substantial* spirit would follow my ghost and I would die.

To free this *substantial* spirit from the house in which the dead body lies, the elder members of the family commence chanting their weird minor melodies. There are eight sections to their song for the dead. This song has been handed down from the spirit-world, and is religiously preserved from generation to generation. Upon its correct rendering depends the safety and comfort of the spirit on its journey to the land of the dead. Upon the completion of the first section of the song the gate swings open. The spirit leaves the circle of weeping friends and starts upon its long journey through the forests that divide the land of the living from *Sickagow*, the place of the spirits. The first part of the journey is through a thicket of bushes. These are all animate, and watch with malevolent eagerness for a chance to seize the unfortunate spirit and make him one of themselves, to stand a stunted, miserable dwarf forever. If the first sections of the death-song should be incorrectly sung, or if the song should cease, incomplete, this will be his certain fate: the *Wuskwani* (bush-people) will hold him captive. Beyond them is a forest of malignant trees (*asquani*), which also watch for a mistake in the song, to capture the spirit and make him one of them. Wafted safely through these dangers by the care of his friends, he finds himself surrounded by a howling troop of spirit-dogs, *kallquani*, who are ready upon the slightest chance to seize him and transform him into a dog.

But in the house where the body lies the monotonous chant goes on without mistake or interruption, and the spirit comes to the margin of the broad lake which lies on the hither side of *Sickagow*. He sees across its tranquil waters a magnificent town of large Indian houses upon a pebbly beach. From the centre of each the smoke is curling skyward. He sees the happy throngs of his friends who have gone before him, and hears their songs and shouts of joyous laughter. He calls all day for a canoe to ferry him across, but his voice is lost in the tumult of the town. The shadows of night gather about him, and he lies down to sleep upon the margin of the lake. Waking early in the morning, he stretches himself and yawns audibly; the sound, though slight, is heard in the quiet town, and immediately there are cries of "Another spirit has come to the margin of the

lake." Canoes are launched, and the spirit is ferried to *Sickagow*, the happy city of the dead. The Tlinkets have a superstitious fear of yawning audibly at night, saying the sound is heard at *Sickagow*, and the canoes coming across the lake on the false alarm, their occupants will become angry and cause the death of the person thus fooling them.

Arriving upon the beach the spirit follows his relatives through the circular opening into their house. His friends are seated around a fire, which burns forever in the center of the dwelling, regaling themselves upon the fattest salmon, the sweetest berries, and the most ambrosial fish grease. He stands without the circle, shivering with cold and faint with hunger; but as often as he approaches the fire, he is repulsed with the words "Stand back! you cannot sit with us; your body is not yet burned. You cannot warm yourself until your friends at home perform that duty." Hence it is that the Indians always hasten the cremation of their friends out of pity, as they say, to the shivering ghost. As soon as the body is burned the spirit seats himself with his friends by the fire, but he is given no food. He is told that his friends have not sent him any. Hence another ceremony is observed after every death. All Tlinkets are divided into two great groups, having the raven and the wolf as their emblems. These groups have subdivisions, each of which has a separate token. If the dead man is of the raven class, *Klateena*, his nearest relative calls all the people of the wolf group, *Tseequaty*, to a great feast. When all the assembled guests have been helped to the best of Indian food, the giver of the feast takes a full portion of each variety of food, and calling the name of the deceased, says "O my brother, take these viands for your sustenance in *Sickagow*." He then pours the food upon the fire and it is wafted to the spirit town. Immediately it appears in the house in which the ghost of the departed is seated, and he regales himself with his companions. Blankets and other clothing sacrificed at the funeral feast are also conveyed to *Sickagow* for the use of the now comfortable and happy ghost.

Old *Shustak*, a chief of the Stickeens, gave Mrs. McFarland great trouble on her first arrival at Fort Wrangel, as he held most strenuously to the old superstitions of his race. As death was approaching last Winter, he implored me to permit his body to be burned, that he might be warm in the land of the dead. When I refused, instructing him in our belief, he asked that at least his coffin might be filled with blankets and clothing, for he said "I always was afraid of the cold." And he asked that I would furnish a few cabbages, of which he was especially fond, that his friends might send them by the chariot of fire to *Sickagow* for his sustenance. So strongly do these superstitions cling to the more aged members of the race.

Formerly upon the death of a chief some of his slaves were killed, that their ghosts might serve their master in *Sickagow*. Some devoted slaves have been known to offer themselves for sacrifices, that they might not be separated from the chiefs they loved.

Sickagow and the surrounding country do not differ materially from the region in which the Indians live here, except that there are none of the sicknesses, annoyances, and discomforts which mar the Tlinkit's happiness upon earth. Food is abundant, the climate is warm, rains are infrequent, the cold is not severe, and perfect peace reigns supreme.

If after awhile the spirit tires of *Sickagow*, he is free to leave it. He paddles across the lake, retraces the lonely road and hovers about the dwellings of his descendants until an infant is born to his family, and he lives again in its body on earth until death returns him to *Sickagow*. Thus if any resemblance, real or fancied, exists between the newly born infant and some deceased ancestor, the friends say "Behold, such a person has returned," and the child receives his name. It is a common prayer of the mother that the spirit of some noted worthy may animate her babe.

But *Sickagow* is not the only abode of the dead. If a person is shot in battle, or otherwise meets with a violent death, the spirit leaps free from the body as it falls, and opening its eyes sees a ladder stretching sky-ward. He ascends; in the course of a day or two's hard climbing he reaches the first landing place, called *Yatlkema*, or raven's heaven, where the spirits of ravens which have been killed hover about him on black pinions. Resting a short time he arrives at *Katlkema*, the dog heaven, where the ghosts of the departed spirits of dogs who have had the good fortune to be killed, live in bliss. Higher up he passes through *Kindakema*, the last stopping place where those who like him have been killed, await the opening of the door into the highest heaven, *Kema*, the land above all others to be desired. Here he stops, gazing anxiously up the ladder, until the door swings open, the light flashes through, and the voice of the warder who keeps the gate of bliss calls him by name. He ascends and finds himself in a treeless plain, carpeted with tender grass, and dotted with flowers. Clumps of bushes bearing the most delicious berries, abound in profusion. The salmon leap from innumerable streams, unbroken sunshine prevails, and soft, warm breezes fan his brow, heated by the toilsome ascent. Kindly friends crowd around him giving him welcome and offering him food. A life of happy indolence is before him.

The superior attractions of *Kema* often induce young warriors to come out boldly and offer themselves to their enemies for death. And in case of a fight between two tribes, if one has had more men killed than the other, it is not difficult to obtain volunteers from the side which has suffered least to come out and be shot, that the complement of deaths may be even. The death songs are not chanted over the corpse of a person killed in battle, as his soul does not need these helps in its upward ascent; neither do his friends make haste to burn his body or sacrifice food, as no one is ever cold or hungry in *Kema*. A violent death is thus the more honorable, and is desired by all. Always the day before a person is to be killed his shadowy ghost soars upward to *Kema* and announces the approach of the substantial spirit ten days afterward.

The facts concerning Kema were first related by a man who, having lost five of his relatives, desired to know their whereabouts. He went to a noted *ikt*, who summoned his *yakes* and made a powerful medicine. The man fell down apparently dead, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. But while his friends were mourning him the day after, he suddenly stood up strong and well, and related that his ghost had made the ascent into Kema, and there found his five friends enjoying its pleasures, but had been himself banished to earth again because his spirit had not been properly announced.

At times spirits return even from Kema to earth, and are reborn in the bodies of their descendants. A boy whom I have taken to the Indian training school at Forest Grove had at birth a peculiar red mark upon his face. At once the friends said "This is Gootlow come back to live among us." Gootlow was a noted chief of that family who had been killed by a wound in the face upon the spot where the mark appeared upon the child. So the boy was called by his name.

Those who are drowned in deep water have a separate abode. When the canoe overturns, after the terrible struggles and fear of the drowning man as he descends through the bubbling water, suddenly his feet touch firm ground, he opens his eyes and beholds a beautiful country of forest and sandy beach and rippling stream, where game and fish and berries are plentiful, and where a comfortable house is ready for his occupancy. This place is called *Hayse*. From it as well as from the other places of the dead the spirit may return and live in its descendants.

The *ikt* or Indian doctor has his special place in *Yakeahn*, the country of the *Yakes* or familiar spirits. When the *ikt* dies his body is not burned, but deposited in a little house on some rocky point overlooking a channel which his people frequently traverse in their canoes. His spirit is never far from his tribe, but exercises continual supervision over all their actions. He controls the winds which waft their canoes, and when he is angry on account of their foolishness or irreverence he brings storm and disaster upon them. His canoe is always deposited by the side of his dead house, and in its spiritual counterpart his ghost traverses the waters at night, and is often seen by belated voyagers. The devout Tlinkit when passing the point where the bones of the *ikt* repose, will drop a little tobacco or piece of salmon into the water, praying for fair winds and abundance of food.

These beliefs concerning the destinies of the soul are all inseparably connected with, and have a continual influence upon, the daily life of the people. They are of course connected with their system of theology, the system of incantations, and their social customs, of which we may give some account hereafter. But the dreariness of their eschatology, and the many sources of unhappiness in the spirit world, make it easier for the Christian teacher to teach them the better and more hopeful destiny of the soul, as taught in the pages of divine inspiration.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska, Aug. 6th, 1881.

A NIGHT ON THE COAST OF ALASKA.

By Rev. S. Hall Young of Fort Wrangel.

In November, 1879, John Muir and I were creeping with tedious slowness homeward from our long canoe voyage among the northernmost passages of Alexander Archipelago. Late one afternoon a treacherous breeze had lured us out to try our wings in the broad channel, and then had turned about to scoff in our faces and buffet us as we paddled wearily towards an unknown and rocky shore. The night, which at that season of the year seems always to be hovering over the day, ready to swoop down upon it and swallow it up, descended now, swift, black, starless, shedding a drizzling rain. A heavy swell, chopped into ragged waves by the shifting wind, met us on our starboard bow. By five o'clock it was too dark to see the shore, and soon we could only tell its direction by the shadowy outlines of the snow-capped mountains and the sound of the breakers ahead.

A nameless mixture of awe, dread, and anxiety, such as I have never experienced in any other circumstances, takes possession of one's whole being when thus groping in the darkness for a camping-place, amid the perils of an unfamiliar beach, upon whose rugged stones the phosphorescent breakers gleam white and ghostly. A canoe is at best but a frail craft, and one shock against a rock may split it from stem to stern. Discomfort and weariness within, uncertainty and danger without, parch the lips and strain the eyes and give the hands a spasmodic, nervous energy without strength. The Indians are very fearful of being belated upon the water, and even when in a hurry—which does not often happen—will stop two hours before nightfall rather than run the risk of not finding a safe camp before dark. Almost every channel and bay has its own story of some mythical being of fabulous size and ferocity, lurking to devour or torment the luckless voyager who is so foolish as to venture into its haunts by night. Sometimes it is the *Koostaka* (other-man), a wild, hairy being of human shape, very large and strong, who roams along the wildest shores and plays strange pranks with the canoes and persons of those whose camp he discovers. Sometimes it is a great man-eating sea-lion, or a shark, or a sea-otter, whose huge jaws can crush a canoe like paper. A very common myth is that of an enormous cuttlefish, which lurks in some deep cove, waiting motionless in baleful patience through months and years until some fated canoe floats above his lair, when, throwing up his terrible arms, he fastens his suckers to canoe and men and drags them down, to be mangled and devoured by his horrid beak. Another object of fear is the spirit of some defunct medicine-man, near whose lonely dead-house on some jutting rock no Indian will knowingly camp. These dread monsters and ghosts do their cruel work only on dark nights, and are firmly believed in by almost all Tlinkits, old and young. Hence the white man

who, from haste or a desire to study the beauties and feed upon the influences of night on the water, urges his crew on after dark, has to encounter their sullen opposition born of superstitious fear. This adds to the weirdness of such a night, for even savage minds, when wrought by any strong emotion, strike through the shell of matter, and move in like direction the most fearless and intelligent Caucasian companion.

As we neared the shore its dangerous character became more apparent. Stationing one of the crew in the prow with a long pole ready for instant and vigorous action, we paddled cautiously forward. Soon the breakers were all around us and the sea rough. Every minute a rock, bristling with luminous spray, would seem to rush roaring out of the darkness, like a cavernous mouth gleaming with white teeth, right under our bow. Then would ring out the sharp order from our pilot of "yindeh!" (shoreward), or "tukteh!" (seaward), followed by the energetic use of his pole and our steersman's paddle, and we would glide by near enough to the angry monster to feel its cold, damp breath. We would steer to the beach only to find it defended by sharp, broken rocks, which barred all passage. Then we would push out anew and grope our way around the next point and try again to find a landing-place, only to be compelled to beat another hasty retreat. The dense forest upon the shore made the darkness more impenetrable. The deafening roar of the surf and the sullen complaints of our crew mingled in unhappy discord. The only object of beauty which appeared to relieve the repellant sombreness of the night was the brilliant phosphorence of the water, as it broke in ripples and whirls of white light from our paddles, while the top of every wave was hoary.

For three or four hours we pursued this anxious, exhausting toil, our muscles tense and every nerve held to the highest pitch of excitement. At last rounding a sharp point we found smooth water, and paddled up a sheltered bay, at whose head was a dense bank of fog, which at first we took for a glacier, so solid and white it looked. Soon we ran upon a broad beach, free from large rocks. The tide was low and we landed with difficulty, wading through two hundred yards of tangled sea-weed, bunches of mussels clinging together by their byssus threads, star-fish, jelly-fish, and myriads of little shells; trampling a thousand helpless lives into the pebbly ooze to minister a little comfort to our own. The air-pods of the fucus exploded under our feet with a rapid succession of sharp reports, while the wide, fleshy leaves of the larger algae made us slip continually. Jewels of phosphorescence flashed from the dark mass as we disturbed it, stumbling towards the forest. The welcome we received from the trees, which reached their dark arms towards us, was rather too cold and tearful for comfort. Groping in a dense, wet, evergreen forest at night, and without a lantern, for wherewith to build a fire, can only be enjoyed by calling in

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the pleasures of hope; and even that swift angel is apt to fly but heavily with draggled and disordered plumage, and to appear in the dark only as the *ghost* of Hope. Tired, wet, cold, hungry, sleepy, we thought this a woeful world.

But an hour sufficed to transform the world from a "wilderness of woe" to a paradise of bliss. Now we sat at the door of our tent, under a giant hemlock. A huge fire, built log-house fashion of the resinous trunks of the Douglas spruce, crackled and flashed before us. The inevitable beans and coffee sang songs of good cheer upon the coals. Our Indians appeared and vanished in and out around the fire and among the shadows, preparing supper and making ready for the night. Their happy laughter and cheerful conversation echoed strangely in the forest. Our simple meal eaten with a relish of genuine pleasure, we lay back upon the dry side of our gum blankets with a feeling of perfect comfort, contentment, and freedom from care, and watched the weird play of light and shade among the branches. A gentle, rhythmical motion, caused by the breath of the fire, beat time to the "noiseless music of the night." A hush in the depths of the forest, an indistinct, half vocal sound in the tree-tops above us, faint and musical as the susurrus of friendly spirits, the sea softly calling, and the quiet song in our hearts responding; all blended to form nature's own praise-anthem, in which there can never be a discord. The wind and rain had ceased, the clouds were parting, and the friendly stars began to nod and smile reassuringly upon us, bidding us a kind good-night. The spicy aroma of our beds of hemlock-boughs invited us to rest. Our Indians came silently out of the darkness and seated themselves around the fire. The voices of the children of the forest and the children of a Christian civilization mingled in the hymn

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

Then a short prayer committed our souls to the Father's keeping, and wrapping our blankets about us, we lay down to the perfect peace of that dreamless sleep which is God's rich compensation for the toils of the weary voyager.

A SABBATH WITH GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS

By Rev S. Hall Young of Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

Nowhere has the blessed Sabbath seemed so precious to me, or its quiet so perfect and holy, as during these long canoe voyages in Alexander Archipelago. The voyager can seldom tell with certainty where his tent will be pitched Saturday night. The circumstances of wind and tide are such in these narrow, stormy passages, that the distance traversed in a week may vary from five miles to three hundred. But wherever my Sunday camp has been, whether in an Indian village or on a solitary island, in some deep, wooded bay or at the foot of a huge glacier, the Sabbath in this great wilderness has always been in a peculiar sense "a

62 delight, the holy of the Lord, worthy of honor." Let me tell of just one Sabbath morning.

August 22, 1880, found me camped at the mouth of Holkham Bay, off Stephens' Passage. It was my second long canoe trip with John Muir, the man of all men whom I would choose for companion on such a journey. His enthusiasm casts a halo of glory about the barest rock, and his keen vision reads the purpose of God in every feature of every landscape. On our first voyage a year before, being pressed for time, we had passed by several of the most interesting glacial bays of the coast without exploring them, and the loss had so haunted him as to draw him all the way from California, and from his bride of a few months, to risk his life again in a canoe.

We had spent a toilsome week, paddling up the coast, running into deep bays, exploring narrow fiords, traversing sinuous passages, creeping through fields of floating ice to find its source in the glacier, and working early and late in continual rain and cold. There had been much to endure, but more to enjoy. On Saturday I left the canoe for the double purpose of visiting an Indian village, and finding a camp of miners up a wild creek; for with my office of missionary I had to combine those of explorer, mail-carrier, and taker of the census. Mr. Muir had proceeded up another arm of the bay, being as our Stiekins captain (Lot Tyeen) expressed it, "always hungry for ice." I quitted the canoe with reluctance; for the loss of a day's scenery on such a trip is like skipping a chapter in a thrilling romance, or missing one strain of an exquisite song. The loss haunts one with its glorious possibilities; for in all my voyages in this archipelago, I cannot recall a single day the result of whose explorations was in the least disappointing. The beauty of these views is cumulative, and their variety infinite.

But Sabbath morning brought rich compensation for Saturday's loss. The canoe had not returned, and I was alone on the beach. The morning broke clear and sunny, in bright contrast to the week of rain. A glacial torrent, turbid and fierce, leaped from a rock near by, and roared down into the bay. I sat upon a granite boulder at its foot and looked out upon a scene whose still grandeur smote the soul like a thought of God. There were so many elements of strength in the picture; such fortresses of rock, such sublime heights, such rigid lines of ice, such vast stretches of sea and sky, and yet withal so much of quiet beauty and warmth of coloring! What possibilities of war and commotion in those elements, and what a reality of peace, like Hercules asleep! The background showed a waving line of gray mountain ridges cutting the ruddy sky across the bay. Forests of spruce, black in the shadow, climbed half way up the mountains, stretching sturdy hands of dwarfed evergreen higher up the gorges as if groping for a hold to draw themselves up another step. A forehead of

granite terminated the mountain range and almost overhung the shining waters. At its base, to the right, the horizon stretched away, melting into purple haze over the wide waters of Prince Frederick Sound. Still further to the right the vision was arrested by a crescent of moraine matter, eloquent with the story of that mighty glacier whose resistless ploughshare of ice had in ages past furrowed out this long arm of the bay. Over this low bar appeared two bold, wooded islands warm in the sunlight. One of them heaved up a shoulder of rock, on the summit of which an old Indian stockade of white wood glistened like an officer's epaulette. Nearer to the shore the moraine swelled into a round knoll, isolated at high tide; and here the Sumdun tribe of Indians had their salmon houses. These large brown Summer dwellings of bark with slow wreaths of smoke curling up from the centre of the roof, the frames hung with drying salmon, the shapely canoes drawn up on the beach, a dozen blanketed Indians sitting motionless as statues in the sun—all formed a picturesque corner to the landscape. On the mainland to the extreme right, the roomy, substantial Winter houses built of hewn plank, forming the village proper, clustered among the bushes. Thence a broad beach of white pebbles bordering a dark forest ran down to where I sat.

Far to the left a deep fiord wound its way among the mountains, piercing the granite range for thirty miles. I could count six glaciers nestling among the peaks across the fiord, and leaning downward as if watching the bay. But these were only sentinels about the gate of a wonderful inclosure seen two days before, where scores of icy giants carried on their work of landscape-gardening. Two more islands, low and densely wooded, rose above the waters of this inlet, their long, dark shadows shaking continually, and forming fantastic shapes in the tremulous water.

But the most striking feature of the scene was the multitude of icebergs which filled the bay. The beauty and endless variety of these glacial fragments is beyond description. Twice a day with the rising tide they go marching up the two arms of the bay, mass in dense column, and charge down again, opening their ranks as they come, half a dozen of the largest moving as officers in the van. Just now the tide is out and the army of living ice is filling the mouth of the bay. Yonder one great white block has found the narrow channel through the bar, and seeming to bend forward in its haste, is sailing far out into the Sound. Another one, fully a hundred feet long and toothed like a saw, has attempted the same feat but has grounded on the bar. In the cove near by, where the water is as smooth as glass and beautifully colored from the ruddy cirrous clouds and deep blue sky, many bergs, each one a study in form and color, are congregated. One shows a miniature landscape of clear blue shaded with white—hills, valleys and tableland complete. Another is long and flat with a single column standing tall and straight upon it like a lone sentinel upon a plain. Near it is the

largest of all, worn at the base by the waves, and spreading broad wings of protection over its smaller brethren. Yonder are two solid balls of bottle-green showing innumerable facets from which the light flashes as they slowly turn in the water. Out in the channel a canoe-shaped berg seems to be making sail, with two columns that look like Indians to man the craft. Floating behind it is a flat cake of ice on which four lazy seals ride royally. All other shapes are represented. Bergs cubical, flat, round, antlered, pinnacled, tasseled, or showing shapes of beast, bird and fish; of many different hues—white, blue, green, brown, and purple; and of all sizes from the branch-like fragment to the house-like mass, meet the gaze in every direction. So still is the water that each berg near the shore is perfectly duplicated by reflection, and it is difficult to tell where the water line is in each.

The spirit of peace was king of this day. It was the quiet, not of sleep, but of gentle activity. The living creatures in sight did not mar the calm of the Sabbath, but made it more perfect. A number of whales beyond the bar throwing up columns of spray with the noise of the escape-pipe of a huge engine, eagles and gulls slowly circling above the bergs, flocks of plovers and cormorants reposing upon them, and thousands of ducks and divers swimming about them—all seemed resting from labor and care in full enjoyment of the day. The scene was so pure, its harmonies of color, form and sound so perfect, and its whole spirit so calmly jubilant, that it elevated, inspired, and drew me out of myself till I seemed but a note of this divine song in which there was no discord. The little water ouzel, cheeriest of birds, which dashed through the foam of the fall at my side and then shook forth his ripple of song, was not happier than I. The influences of that hour were enduring. When the miners came down the trail, and the Indians began to stir, expecting the promised service, I quitted my granite seat with reluctance, feeling rich in another Sabbath morning *well spent*, laid up among my imperishable treasures.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska, Jan. 7, 1881.

THE CLAIMS OF ALASKA, AND THE INDIANS IN ITS FORESTS.

From the London (England) Illustrated Missionary
News.

There is a vast country in Northwest America, purchased in 1868 from the Russians by the United States, called Alaska. The friends of missions, as well as the American Congress, have recently begun to awake to their responsibilities arising from such a possession. The fact is that no man has been safe in exploring Alaska; and that, in the interior wilds of the country, the native Red Indian tribes have not yet been visited, nor have they

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been taught to respect the white man's knowledge and power. These are the reasons given why everything in this territory is said to be "in a state of confusion worse confounded." It is hoped that adequate steps will soon be taken to organize and govern this enormously rich and naturally beautiful land.

The woods and forests of Alaska, in which the native savages and other uncivilized tribes are found, are of immense value on account of their timber. Their timber resources, in fact, appear to be almost inexhaustible. One of the most valuable woods in all America for ship-building grows here—the yellow cedar. The white spruce is also abundant. Coal and iron are plentiful in the country; large quantities of copper, silver and gold are also mixed with its quartz rocks. Its fisheries are simply enormous. The run of salmon in the bays and estuaries, among the islands, is unprecedented. It is not uncommon to catch 7,000 salmon at a single haul of the seine. The large king-salmon caught at Cok's Inlet will weigh from seventy-five to 125 pounds; two or three of them will fill a barrel. To all this we may add the fact the mighty Yukon River, which flows through Central Alaska, is thirty miles wide as it debouches into the sea with its delta mouths. It is one of the wonders of the world, and is mightier in all respects than the Amazon. Surely selfish motives, as well as those derived from the command of the Lord Jesus, should lead civilized Christians to convey the gospel to the interior tribes of such a country as Alaska!

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, Denver, Col., is doing a good work for Alaska. His experience and those of other missions proves that such wild Indian tribes as those of Alaska, through the power of kindness, and a preached gospel, may be brought to abandon their superstitions, and to love the white man and his Savior too. Why, then, should the wild men of the central forests of Alaska be neglected?

On the Naas River, near Alaska, hundreds of the natives are leaving their heathenism and coming to the Savior. The Church should greatly enlarge the work in that section; the reapers should be sent where the harvest is ripe. The reports from both Canadian and American sources all agree that the native races of the far North are prepared in a wonderful manner for the coming of the mission-

ary. Let the Church listen to "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees." The Lord is in advance; let the Church arise and follow.

SALE OF WOMEN IN ALASKA.

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURE OF
REV. JOSEPH COCK.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

Alaska is under the direct control of Congress, and yet women are sold there into slavery and other conditions to which death is preferable. The Alaskan mother not infrequently takes her female infant into the fields, and fills its mouth with grass and leaves it to die, and justifies herself by saying before God that she wishes she had been treated in the same way. Alaska, as most of us may have pictured it to ourselves, is so cold that it can have no interest to us, and no importance to the nation. Mr. Dall, of Boston, who has written the standard work on Alaska, tells us that on half the coast of the Territory the thermometer never has been known to fall below zero. He thinks no polar bear ever came within a thousand miles of Sitka. (Dall, *Alaska*, p. 242.) Mr. Sumner was accustomed to cite the experience of navigators who would moor their barks along the Alaskan shore and through the whole winter never find the ice strong enough to make a bridge from their vessels to the land.

The isotherm of 50° of average annual temperature runs through Sitka. It passes also through Lake Superior and Quebec. Captain Cook, who, one hundred years ago last year, saw and named Mt. St. Elias, said that cattle might subsist in Oonaska all the year round without being housed. The mean temperature of winter in Alaska, as estimated by the Smithsonian Institution, is 32.30°, while that of summer is 53.37°. The Washington winter is 33.57°, and the Washington summer 73.07 degrees. The winters of Alaska do not differ much from those of Washington, although the summers are colder. The winter of Sitka is milder than that of St. Petersburg, or Berlin, or Boston. (Compare Sumner's works, vol. xi., p. 281, with Dall, "*Alaska*," p. 437.) On the upper Yukon, in midsummer, the thermometer sometimes stands at 112 degrees, and the traveler blesses the transient coolness of the midnight air.

The westernmost territory of the United States lies farther beyond San Francisco toward the sunset than the easternmost does on this side toward the sunrise. As Guyot has said, San Francisco is the middle city in the United States. Take the meridian line running through San Francisco, and follow it northward to a point on the same parallel with the island of Attou, in the Aleutian Archipelago. Measure the distance from this meridian westward to that island (illustrating on Berg-haus' chart of the world) and you will find it greater than that from the same meridian eastward to the Bay of Fundy. The island of Attou, which belongs to the United States, is further toward the sunset beyond San Francisco than the coast of Maine is toward the sunrise. When this morning I covered Alaska on my globe, and then plucked up the screen which had its four corners at Mt. St. Elias, and on the Arctic Ocean, and at Behring's Straits and at the island of

Attou, and put down the screen upon the United States, I found all our Union covered east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas and Alabama. Take what there is of the United States east of the Mississippi, and cut off the Gulf States and, all that is left is no larger than this Territory of Alaska.

Your Charles Sumner had no views of a grandiloquent sort concerning Alaska.

Your Seward estimated correctly the importance of this region, and so did the nation when, under his lead, the Government paid for it more than seven million dollars. The Pacific coast is singularly destitute of harbors. It can no longer be said, now that we possess Alaska, that three gun-boats can blockade our whole Pacific seaboard. The natural route to China and Japan, after the completion of the Northern Pacific Railway, will be through the North Pacific. From San Francisco to Hong Kong by the way of Honolulu, the distance is 7,140 miles; but by the way of the Aleutian Isles only 6,060.

You will pardon me if I call attention to the reasons why Alaska is so warm. Everybody understands that the continents are tally-ho coaches driving toward the sunrise, and that the wind blows in the faces of those who sit on the front seats of coaches. The wind that bore Columbus across the Atlantic and Magellan across the Pacific blows in the faces of the tally-ho coaches of the continents driving out of the sunset into the sunrise. As the trade winds in the tropics blow from east to west at a speed often reaching fifteen or eighteen miles an hour, they produce a current in the ocean moving in the same direction across the tropical zone. When that current strikes the east side of a continent it divides, and part goes north and part goes south. As the portion moving toward the pole flows away from the tropics, it of course reaches a part of the earth moving with less rapidity than that from which it came. Everybody sees that the equator must revolve with far greater rapidity than the arctic circle, simply because it is larger and must turn around in the same time. The motion of the earth decreases from the equator to the pole. As the warm current passes from the equator to the North Sea in our Atlantic basin, it is constantly transferring itself to parallels that move less rapidly than those which it left at its last place of departure. The water does not at once lose the speed of eastern motion it had nearer the equator, and so slips eastward faster than the northern water it meets. Thus arises a translation of a great body of water toward the sunrise. In this way originates the Gulf Current, the cause of which was a mystery for ages. So in the Pacific Ocean under the sweep of the trade winds and the influence of the difference of temperature between the torrid and the northern waters, there is produced an enormous equatorial current moving from east to west. On reaching the Asiatic coast and islands a part of this vast stream goes north and a part south. The portion which goes north is of course always dropping into latitudes where the motion of the earth is less rapid, and

therefore there is a translation of the waters toward America. Thus springs up a Gulf Current in the Pacific. (Guyot, *Physical Geography*, p 65.) It pours out of the East Indies as ours does out of the West Indies. It laves the coast of China and Japan, as ours does that of America. It is called the Japan Current, or Black Water, and farther on has the name of the North Pacific Current. It divides at the westernmost end of the Aleutian Islands. A part of it runs through Behring Straits. That is the reason why the ice never drifts through those straits into the Pacific, and why the transit of steamers between China and the United States is likely to be free from icebergs. The larger part of the current goes south of the Aleutian archipelago and strikes our continent first on the coast of Alaska. As the Gulf Current warms England, so does the North Pacific Current warm Alaska and Oregon. But the Atlantic is more open to the Arctic Sea than the Pacific is, and so the latter current is less cooled by cold water from the north than the former.

The climate of Alaska is so wet that you can not burn the forests on the mountain sides near Sitka. Naturally enough the trees of the region attain a gigantic size. Some of you have put your hands on the Alaskan canoe, exhibited in the collection of curious objects at Philadelphia in our Centennial. The boat that I saw there was fifty or sixty feet long, and made of a single tree, and it was said to be capable of carrying sixty or seventy men. Travelers tell us that sometimes trees in Alaska are cut down out of which boats can be made large enough to carry one hundred men. You find a sound tree, cut it down, hollow it, then fill it with water; put canvas over the structure, and make the water boil by throwing in hot stones. That softens the wood; then you spread apart the sides, and produce a form of beautiful symmetry, and thus you construct the famous Alaskan canoe.

"Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Onutka's shore."

—CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*.

The wetness of Alaska produces not only fat forests, but a great river system. The Yukon stream, which we rarely notice, has more water in it than the Mississippi. It is not as long as the Mississippi and the Missouri, taken together, and yet it is two thousand miles long, and is navigable for fifteen hundred miles from its mouth. In portions of its lower course it is so wide that one of its banks can not be seen from the other. It freezes in October and opens in May.

The warm Pacific current striking against the half-arctic shore produces abundant fogs and rains. The Alaskan climate is that of northern Scotland—very wet, sometimes frosty, but on the whole not such as to clasp the forest in any deadly embrace, nor to destroy pasturage. I am not recommending Alaska, however, as an agricultural region. The money obtained in the seal fur-trade among the islands along the Alaskan coast is more in amount than the interest on the sum we paid for Alaska. A shal-

low sea skirts the Aleutian Archipelago, and there are in it fishing banks more extensive, and likely to be more profitable, than those of Newfoundland. The timber is an important source of supply to ship-builders over half the world. Go to Sydney and Melbourne, go to the ports of South America, go to San Francisco, go to the West Indies and to some of the British provinces in the East Indies, and you will find ship timber marked as coming from Alaska. There are important mines of coal and copper in this gnarled, dripping land. The forests, the fisheries, and the mines have already attracted to Alaska a hardy population. The fur trade is a copious source of wealth. It is more than possible that the fisheries may be as important as those of our eastern coast have been as a nursery for the American marine.

What is the moral condition of Alaska? Its religious wants were not neglected by Russia; how have they been met by the United States? The Russian Greek Church had a chapel, several schools, a seminary, seven missionary districts, eleven priests and sixteen deacons in Alaska. The American Church finds it hard to raise the pittance needed to maintain two or three teachers there at this hour. Not long ago, out of a school managed by an American lady in Alaska, a white man captured a girl, and when the mother of the girl exhibited her willingness to sell her for twenty blankets, the teacher interfered, but the parents insisted on removing the pupil from school, and dragged her down to the river and told her she must take her place in the canoe. The girl drew back and said, "You may kill me. I shall not leave my teacher." And yet *you* leave that teacher in want of food and shelter, and thus leave hundreds of these pupils—they number nearly hundreds now—to be drawn back into paganism, and drawn down from paganism into something yet more horrible! The Russian Fur Company spent \$6,000 a year to support Christian missions in Alaska, and there were other sources of income there, such that \$10,000 a year came from Russia and the Greek Church into this Territory for educational and religious enterprises. After Russia left the Territory the benevolent schemes of the Greek Church came into our hands as a sacred trust. General Howard, sent by our Government to investigate the religious condition of the Territory, made a powerful appeal to the nation to send teachers and missionaries to Alaska. Roman Catholics have endeavored to take possession of the Territory. I believe, however, that all told there is not more than the sum of \$3,000 in all going to Alaska now to promote the religious interests of the Territory. We are three times more penurious toward Alaska than Russia was under the Greek Church. (See documents by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, Denver, Colorado.) I read of a chief forty-five years old coming from the interior, the other day, to school and saying, "Teach me the English language that I may read the Bible. You teach these tribes nearer the coast, but my people in the interior are dark, dark,

and in a little time they will all die, and they will go down, down, dark;" and the strong savage burst into tears, asking only for a little light to lead his tribe out of witchcraft, sorcery, the burning of widows, the maiming of the aged, the killing of decrepit parents, and all the barbarisms, down to cannibalism, that belong yet to some of the descendants of the Eskimo and Indian tribes in Alaska. The worst tribe in the Territory is made up of unprincipled white men among the miners. There are about seventy thousand Indians in Alaska, and about thirty thousand whites and half-breeds. We are not increasing the numbers of the schools, but we are of the population—and of the half-breeds!

Charles Sumner's ghost stands on the Pacific coast, and from under the shadows of Mt. St. Elias points out to us that in Alaska we have the key to the Northern Pacific. Seward's spirit hovers along the Aleutian Islands, looking upon us through the smoke of the ten volcanoes that there belch their fire and ashes toward the sky. John Eliot, through the clear northern azure, spreads his hands above the men of the Yukon. When I turn that way, I see behind these historic spirits the angel that appeared to one of old and said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

OUR BROAD DOMAIN.

Webster's eloquent description of the British empire is familiar to every reader, but we doubt whether it is generally realized that we, too, have a dominion on which the sun never sets. It will scarcely be believed, perhaps, without an examination of the maps, that San Francisco, instead of being at the western limit of this dominion is only about midway between our eastern and western limits; and yet it is a fact that the farthest Aleutian isle acquired in our

purchase of Russian America is as far to the west of that city as Eastport, Maine, is to the east of it. Between the northwestern limit of Washington Territory and the southeastern limit of Alaska there is a break of a few degrees, but, with this slight deduction, our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or seventeen degrees more than half way round the globe. Hence when the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle on the confines of Behring's sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to wake the forest echoes with the stirring music of his ax; and by the time this fisherman has crawled into his hut, the operatives of eastern

factory towns are emerging from their cottages or tenements, and, by many converging ways, are hurrying along toward the whirring hives of industry in which by scores or hundreds together they pursue their daily toil.—*Selected.*

I SEE the following going the rounds of the press. Is it true? "Few people are aware that the proud boast that the sun never sets on the British Empire is equally applicable to the United States. Instead of being the western limit of the Union, San Francisco is only about midway between the farthest Aleutian isles, acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and Eastport, Maine. Our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or seventeen degrees more than half way round the globe," etc. x.

We believe this item started in the "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian," but we greatly fear that Uncle Sam must curb his pride and Brother Jackson mend his geography. The mistake was a simple one. Eastport is in longitude 10 east of Washington, and the extreme Aleutian isle 187 degrees west of Greenwich, and adding the figures we have 197. However, the most western Aleutian island is 113 degrees west of Washington, and, in reality, the United States territory extends only about 123 degrees, considerably less than the necessary 180. It is true that San Francisco, 46 degrees west of Washington, is about midway between the extreme eastern and western limits of our territory. We need not, however, feel bad, for it remains that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES.

BY HON. WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,
Special Agent of the U. S. Treasury Department.

Since the acquisition of Alaska, in 1868, no adequate steps have been taken by the Government to properly acquire any definite knowledge of its geography, topography, ethnology, or natural resources.

To the Smithsonian Institute are we principally indebted for such meager scientific information, as has not been the direct result of the hardy and adventurous prospectors, who have penetrated its inaccessible cliffs and mountainous retreats in search of mineral treasure.

Added to this, must be mentioned the reports of Elliott, Dale and Whymper, of the Russian Telegraph Expedition, and the books and maps prepared by the United States Coast Survey, relating principally to the coast and harbors. These sum up about all the written knowledge we have of Alaska to-day, save what can be gained from

occasional contributions to newspapers and contemporaneous testimony furnished by those who have explored its depths, and who, by dint of hard work, industry, and untold hardship, have demonstrated that Alaska is not the "desert, watery waste" hitherto supposed to be. And that, instead of being only fit for polar bears to live in, it has, if properly protected and nurtured by the Government, a bright and useful future before it. . . .

Since my incumbency as Special Agent, in 1874, a great deal of my time and attention has been directed to the wants and resources of this, today, almost unknown region. . . .

That there has been an undercurrent, at work to belittle the purchase, and decry the acquisition from Russia, as worthless, . . . is patent to all who have the good weal and interest of the Territory at heart, and who have made explorations there, and who are cognizant that there lies in Alaska immense fields of undeveloped wealth, which only requires the fostering care of Government to make it valuable to mankind.

It is undoubtedly rich in gold, silver, copper, iron, platina, coal, and other mines. I look for one of the greatest mining excitements of the age at no very distant day all along the coast islands and those of the Alexander Archipelago. The interior has never been prospected, owing to the unfavorable disposition of the native tribes, but enough is known to convince any one who has investigated the matter to satisfy any reasonable man that as rich auriferous quartz will yet be brought to light as Nevada has ever produced. Recently in the Tengas Narrows, near the port of Wrangel, has been discovered a vein which assays \$300 per ton in gold, \$37.37 in silver, and 60 per cent. of copper. This mine is readily accessible to water navigation, and fuel is abundant. All along the coast can be seen outcroppings of quartz. The reason why so little is known of the mineral wealth is owing to the fact that no man is safe in exploring Alaska. Maintain a strict patrol by a gunboat, enact laws for the pro-

winding road had been made to the top. Along this road, upon the tops of these hills, we found rude stone altars under clumps of dwarf cedar. Along that road generations have marched with rude pomp to lay their votive offerings upon these altars, and attempt in vain to appease the stings of a guilty conscience. Upon and around them were found beads, curious stones, and wooden prayers.

Many of these prayers were bleached and blackened by the weather, showing that these forms of worship have largely been abandoned since the establishment of the Presbyterian mission. These forms of prayer are common to many of the Pueblos. Upon my first visit to Zuni I found the principal men engaged in preparing them with great solemnity. I also found large quantities of them upon an altar situated on a high rock, near one of the Mequi towns. They consist of small round sticks, from four to ten inches long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter. From one-half to one-third of the length of the stick is carefully cleaned of the bark, and then painted green, blue or yellow. Sometimes two of these sticks are bound together with grass. At Laguna, some of them have the form of a small cross.

for Foreign Missions, at San Francisco, no one objected, but when the Synods, by direction of the General Assembly, appoint suitable ladies, and these ladies, under the advice of the Home Board, and by the direction of the General Assembly, organize a Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, they are immediately attacked through the newspapers.

Three general Foreign Missionary organizations and two half in half, and yet no room for one Home Missionary organization. We are happy to know, however, that these attacks do not meet with the approval of the Church at large, as fourteen Synodical Committees have already reported to the Central Executive Committee.

We are also happy to know that some of the ladies that have been most active in Woman's Foreign Missionary Work, while continuing their foreign work, also give active sympathy and good wishes to the home movement. We call special attention to the circulars of the Woman's Executive Committee, and believe that, as the working of the Committee becomes known, they will disarm opposition. Give them a fair trial; do more, give them your prayers and active co-operation.

CORROBORATIVE TESTIMONY.

The condition of Alaska and its people seems so incredible to the American people, that we take occasion, from time to time, to present the testimony of various witnesses, that the Church, realizing that these things are indeed true, may arise to the rescue. The latest of these is Captain Ebenezer Morgan, a retired Christian sea-captain who spent many years with his ship in Alaska waters, and who has visited almost every port around the world. At one time, by the divine blessing in his labors, all on board of his ship were converted. He has recently contributed \$1,000 to the Baptist Telegraph Mission; \$1,000 to the Freedmen's Work, and built three Baptist churches in Kansas. Besides his money, he largely gives his time to mission work. He was the first to raise the American flag on the Seal Islands, and his son has for years had charge of one of them. Captain Morgan was also a member of the celebrated "Alaska Commercial Company," that has a monopoly of the seal-skin trade. His familiarity with Alaska, and appreciation of the urgent need of Christian work there, led him to consent to visit New York City and address a ladies' meeting in behalf of Alaska. His remarks, as taken down by a short-hand reporter, were published in the New York *Evangelist*. With much earnestness and warmth of manner he said:

My Dear Sisters in the Lord:

I have read all that my Bro. Sheldon Jackson has published concerning Alaska, and I know of but one mistake he makes. *He does not say enough. He has not told you one-half the degradation of those Northern Indians,* and I do not know where the suffering comes heavier than on the women who are slaves and beasts of burden. He should say more. Without knowledge we can not have feeling. These people are *there*. With the knowledge it is impossible not to feel "*I must help them.*" I have been there. I have seen and heard these things. For forty years, ever since I was converted, I have been in mission work. It has become so engrossing that I have no time left to play, no time to rest, no time to do anything that I would naturally do. And if you take hold of this work it will bring you in a revenue of glory. There is no question about it. These bands and tribes will not come by twos and threes. They will come *en masse*. These people will tell one another. As fast as the knowledge of their degradation comes to you, the responsibility is laid upon you. Ten, eleven years ago, in March, I was talking with General Jefferson C. Davis about the Indians. He thought there was no doing

them any good, they had become so disgusted with broken promises and were so beyond all influence. I told him the Lord's truth could reach them. "Oh," said he, "if the Lord himself takes hold of them, that is another thing."

I went on, and went to Alaska, and found a mixture of Russian and Esquimaux and Indians. *They would go to the service in the house of God and then go to their cups and be drunk in less than two hours. One thing, I would say, is certain: the Lord has honored you in lifting you up and giving you this work to do for these northern tribes of our Northern Indians. These pictures our brother has given are not strong enough. You would blush that the human family could be brought so low.*

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

John Muir in Alaska--Wrangel Island and its Picturesque Attractions.

Summer Days that Have No End--Pictures of Sound Life.

Life Among the Indians--Boat Life--Wild Berries.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.]

FORT WRANGEL, Alaska, }
August 8, 1879. }

Wrangel Island is one of the thousands of picturesque bits of this cool end of the continent carved out of the solid by the ice of the glacial period—not by separate glaciers such as now load the mountain tops and flow, river-like, down the valleys, but by a broad, continuous ice-sheet that crawled slowly southward, covering all the land and much that is now sea, grinding on unhalting through unnumbered seasons, and modeling the comparatively simple and featureless pre-glacial landscapes to the marvelous beauty and variety of the present day.

The island is about fourteen miles long, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel or fiord, and trending north and south in the direction of the flow of the ancient ice sheet. From the tops of its highest hills down to the water's edge all around it is densely planted with coniferous trees that never suffer thirst in all their long century lives, that never have been wasted by fire, and have never yet been touched by the ax of the lumberman. Abundance of snow keeps them fresh and lusty through the winter, abundance of rain and soft, shady clouds makes them grow luxuriantly through the summer, while the many warm days, half cloudy, half clear, and the little groups of pure sun-days, enable them to ripen their cones and perpetuate the species in surpassing strength and beauty.

ALASKAN FORESTS AND GLACIERS.

The forests and the glaciers are the glory of Alaska, and it is not easy to keep my pen away from them. Nevertheless, I want to try to sketch this little far-away town and its people, and will gladly return to the trees and the ice some other time, after I have observed further.

A ROUGH PLACE.

Wrangel is a rough place, the roughest I ever saw. No wildcat mining hamlet in the grizzly gulches of California, or in the remote recesses of the sagebrush State, approaches it in picturesque, devil-may-care abandon. It is a moist dragglement of unpretentious wooden huts and

houses that go wrangling and angling along the boggy, curving shore of the bay for a mile or so, in the general form of the letter S, but without manifesting the slightest subordination to the points of the compass, or to building laws of any kind whatever. Stumps and logs block its two crowded streets, each stump and log, on account of the moist climate, moss-grown and grass-tufted on their tops, but muddy and decaying at the bottom and down their sides below the limit of the bog-line. The ground in general is a degraded bog, oozy and slimy, too thin to walk in, too thick to swim in. These picturesque obstructions, however, are not much in the way, for no wheels of wagon or carriage ever turns here. There is not a horse on the island, and but one cow. The domestic animals are represented by a few hogs of a breed well calculated to deepen and complicate and complete the mud, and a sheep or two, brought on the steamer for mutton.

Indians, mostly of the Stikkeen tribe, occupy the two ends of the town; the whites, of whom there is perhaps about forty or fifty, the middle portion, opposite the wharf; but there is no determinate line of demarcation, the dwellings of the Indians being mostly as large and as solidly built of logs and planks as those of the whites.

THE FORT.

The fort is a quadrangular stockade with a dozen block and frame buildings, located upon dry, rising ground just back of the business part of the town. It was built shortly after the purchase of Alaska by our own government, and was abandoned in 1872—reoccupied by the military in 1875, and finally abandoned and sold to private parties in 1877.

In the Fort and about it there are a few good, clean homes and people, golden nuggets of civilization which shine all the more brightly in their sombre surroundings. The ground occupied by the Fort, by being drained around the outside, is dry and wholesome, though formerly a portion of the general swamp; showing how easily the whole town could be made clean, at least as far as the ground is concerned. Were it removed as it is to the sunshine of California, with all its miry squalor, it would become a reeking centre of pestilence? but here beneath shady clouds, and washed by cool rains and the fresh briny sea, it is ever safely salubrious. Although seeming to rest uneasily among mire and stumps, the houses squirming at all angles, as if they had been tossed and twisted by earthquake shocks, leaving but little more geometry in their relations to one another than may be observed among the moraine blocks of a glacier, yet Wrangel is a tranquil place—tranquil as the lovely bay and the islands outspread in front of it, or the deep evergreen woods behind it. I have never yet heard a noisy brawl among the people, nor a stormy wind in the streets, nor a clap of thunder, or anything like a storm-sound in the waves along the beach. At this summer season of the year the abundant rain comes straight down into the lush vegetation, steamy and tepid. The clouds are usually united, filling all the sky, not racing along in threatening ranks, suggesting energy of an overbearing destructive kind, but rather in the form of a bland, muffling, smothering, universal poultice. The cloudless days, too, which, by the way, are not half so rare in Alaska as seems to be generally guessed, are intensely calm, gray and brooding in tone, and inclining to Turkish meditation. The islands seem to float and drowse on the glassy waters, and in the woods not a leaf stirs. The air has an Indian-summerish haze along the horizon, and the same kind of brooding stillness, but is without the mellow, autumn colors.

ENDLESS DAYLIGHT.

The very brightest of Wrangel days are not what Californians would call bright. The sunshine is always tempered in sifting down through the moist atmosphere, allowing no dazzling brilliancy—no dry, white glare. The town, like the wild landscape, rests beneath this hushing spell. On the longest days the sun rises about 3 o'clock, but it is daybreak at midnight. The cocks crow when they wake, without much

reference to the dawn, for it is never dark. Cock-crowing is the one certain, invariable sound peculiar to civilization, but there are only a few, half a dozen or so, all told, of full grown roosters in Wrangel to awaken the town to give it christian character. After sunrise a few smoke columns may be seen rising languidly to tell the first stir of the people. Then an Indian or two may be noticed here and there at the doors of their big barn-like cabins, and a merchant getting ready for trade; but scarcely a sound is heard, only a muffled stir gradually deepening. There are only two white babies in town as far as I have seen, and as for the Indian babies, they wake and feed, and make no crying sign. Later you may hear the strokes of an ax on firewood and the croaking of a raven.

A SUMMER SCENE.

About 8 or 9 o'clock the town is awake and on its legs and in its boats. Indians, mostly women and children, begin to gather in scores on the front platforms of the half dozen stores, sitting carelessly in the blankets every other face blackened hideously, a naked circle around the eyes, and perhaps a spot over each cheekbone and on the tip of the nose where the snout has been weathered off. Some of the little children are also blackened and none are over-clad, their light and airy costume consisting of a calico shirt reaching only to the waist, as if even this flimsy material were sorely scanty, the whole weighing, when dry, about as much as a paper collar. Boys eight or ten years old often have an additional garment—a pair of castaway miner's overalls. These also are wide enough and ragged enough for extravagant ventilation. The larger girls and young women are quite brightly and extensively calicoed, and wear jaunty straw hats, gorgeously ribboned, which glow among the blackened and blanketed old crones like scarlet tawaggers in a flock of black-birds.

ALASKA WOMEN—FISHING AND BART HUNTING.

Most of the women who load the store fronts can hardly be called loafers, for they have berries to sell, basketfuls of huckleberries, red and black, and of the large yellow salmon berries and bog raspberries, all looking fresh and clean, relieved most strikingly amid the surrounding squalor. They sit and wait purchasers until hungry, when, if they cannot sell them, they eat them, and go to the hillside back of the town to gather more.

Yonder you see a canoe gliding out from the shore containing perhaps a man, woman and a child or two, all paddling in easy, natural rhythm. They are going to catch a fish, no difficult matter, and when this is done their day's work is done. Another party puts out to capture bits of driftwood, for it is easier to procure fuel in this way than to drag it down from the woods through the bushes.

SOCIAL TRAITS—ALASKAN WILD BERRIES.

As the dozy day advances there is quite a fleet of canoes seen along the shore, all fashioned after one pattern, high and long beak-like prows and sterns, and with lines as fine as those about the breast of a wild duck. What the mustang is to the Mexican vacquero the canoe is to the Coast Indians. They skim along the glassy sheltered waters to fish and hunt and trade, or merely to visit their neighbors, for they have family pride remarkably developed, and are extremely sociable, meeting often to inquire after each other's health, to hold potlatches and dances, and to gossip concerning coming marriages, deaths, births, or the last murder, and how many blankets will be demanded as blood-money, etc. Others seem to sail for the pure pleasure of the thing, their canoes decorated with handfuls of the large purple epilobium. Yonder you may see a whole family, grandparents and all, making a direct course for some island or promontory five or six miles away. They are going to gather berries, as the baskets tell. I never before in all my travels, north or south, found so lavish an abundance of wild berries as here. The woods and meadows are full of them, both on the lowland and far up the mountains among the glaciers—huckleber-

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ries of many species, salmon berries, blackberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries; with service berries in the open places and cranberries in the bogs, sufficient for every bird, beast and human being in the Territory, and thousands of tons to spare. The huckleberries are specially abundant. A species that grows well up on the mountains is the best, the largest being nearly an inch in diameter and delicious in flavor. These grow on bushes about a foot high. The berries of the commonest species are a little smaller and covered with a bluish dusty bloom, and grow almost everywhere, on bushes from three to six or seven feet high. This is the species on which the Indians most depend, garnering them in large quantities and pressing them into

cakes about an inch thick for winter use. The salmon berries are also preserved in the same way, after being beaten into a kind of paste, at least so I have been told. The species is quite generally distributed throughout the woods and along stream-banks. I have seen some specimen berries measuring an inch or more in diameter. Delicious raspberries ripen around warm openings and rocky places, and along the edges of meadows and streams not too heavily shaded. Various gooseberries too, attain a fair size, while some of the red currants equal those of the gardens in size, and excel them in flavor. These last should be cultivated by those enthusiastic fruit growers who, with their thousand species and varieties already under cultivation, are still looking eagerly into the wilderness for more.

TRADE—MINING.

Most of the permanent residents are engaged in trade. Some little trade is carried on in fish and furs, but most of the business of the place, and its real life, is derived from the Cassiar gold mines, some two or three hundred miles inland, by way of the Stickeen river. Two stern-wheel steamers ply on the river between Wrangel and the head of navigation, 140 miles up, carrying freight and passengers, and connecting with pack trains which make their way into the mining region over mountain trails.

These mines, placer diggings, were discovered in the year 1874. About 1,800 persons are said to have passed through Wrangel this season for the mines, about one-half being Chinamen. Nearly one-third of the whole number set out from here in the month of February, traveling on the Stickeen river, which usually remains safely frozen until towards the end of April. The main body of the miners go up on the steamers in May and June.

On account of the severity of the winter, all are compelled to leave the mines about the end of October. Perhaps two-thirds of all engaged pass the winter in Portland, Victoria and in the little towns on Puget Sound. The rest remain here, dozing away the long winter as best they can.

I want to say a line or two about the missionaries here, some of whom are devoting themselves to the Indians, while others seem to be devoting themselves to themselves. This letter, however, is already too long.

BUILDING—A FASCINATING REGION.

The steamer *California* arrived this morning, bringing the monthly mail and a large quantity of freight for the mines and building material for a Presbyterian church in course of erection here. I had intended leaving Alaska for the present on her return trip, and spending the remainder of the season in Washington Territory and Oregon. But I have found so much to interest me in this noble wilderness, and so much kindness among the people, that I shall stay awhile longer and push back as far as I can into the mountains by any way that offers.

JOHN MUIR.

ALASKA GLACIERS.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE YOSEMITE OF FAR NORTHWEST.

[By John Muir, in the "Evening Bulletin."]

FORT WRANGEL, Alaska Ter., Sept. 7, 1879.

On the second morning of our broken-backed Chilcat excursion, everybody seemed cloudy and conscience-stricken, and ready to do any deed of redemption whatever, provided only that it would not cost much. It was not found difficult therefore, to convince our repentant Captain and company that instead of creeping back to Wrangel direct we should make an expiatory branch-excursion to be largest of the three glaciers noticed in my last letter. We had an Indian pilot aboard well acquainted with this portion of the coast, who, on hearing our wishes, declared himself willing to guide the new enterprise. The waters in these channels is generally deep and safe, and though roches montonees rise abruptly here and there at wide intervals, lacking only a few feet in height to enable them to take rank as islands, the flat bottomed *Cassiar* draws but little more water than a duck, so that even the most timid raised no objection on this score. The cylinder-heads of our own mysterious engines appeared to be the main source of danger to our devout company. Provided only they could be kept on, all might yet be well. But in this matter there was evidently some distrust of Providence, the engineer having imprudently informed some of the ladies that in consequence of using salt water in his frothing boilers, those iron heads might fly off at any moment, carrying softer heads with them. To the glacier, however, it was at length decided we should go.

Arriving opposite the mouth of the fiord into which it flows, we steered straight inland between wooded shores surpassingly beautiful, and the grand glaciers came in sight, lying at home in its massive granite valley, glowing in the early sunshine, and extending a most noble invitation to come and see. After we were fairly between the two majestic mountain rocks that guard the gate of the fiord, the view that was unfolded fixed every eye in wondering admiration. No written words, however builded together, can convey anything like an adequate conception of its sublime grandeur—the noble simplicity and the fineness of the sculpture of the walls; their magnificent proportions, their cascade, garden, and forest adornments; the placid water between them; the great white icawall stretching across in the middle, and the snow-laden moun-

tain peaks beyond. Still more important are words in telling the peculiar awe one experiences in entering these virgin mansions of the icy north, notwithstanding it is only the perfectly natural effect of simple and appreciable manifestations of the presence of God.

THE FUTURE YOSEMITE OF ALASKA.

Standing in the gateway of the glorious temple, and regarding it only as a picture, its outlines may easily be traced. There is the water foreground of a paler, milky-blue color, from the suspended rock-mud issuing from beneath the grinding glacier—one smooth sheet sweeping back five or six miles like one of the lower reaches of a great river. At the head the water is bounded by a barrier wall of bluish-white ice, from five to six hundred feet high, a few mountain tops crowned with snow appearing beyond it. On either hand stretches a series of majestic granite rocks from three to four thousand feet high, in some places bare, in some forested, and all well patched with yellow-green chaparral and flowery gardens, especially about half-way up from top to bottom, and the whole built together in a general, varied way into walls, like those of Yosemite Valley, extending far beyond the ice-barrier, one immense brow appearing beyond the other, while their bases are buried in the glacier. This is, in fact, a Yosemite Valley in process of formation, the modeling and sculpture of the walls nearly completed and well planted; but no grove as yet, or gardens, or meadows, on the raw and unfinished bottom. It is as if the explorer, in entering the Merced Yosemite, should find the walls nearly in their present condition, trees and flowers in the warm nooks and along the sunny portions of the moraine-covered brows, but the bottom of the valley still covered with water and beds of gravel and mud, and the grand trunk glacier that formed it slowly melting and receding, but still filling the upper half, its jagging snout extending all the way across from the Three Brothers to a point below the Sentinel.

Sailing directly up to the sunken brow of the terminal moraine, we then seemed to be separated from the glacier only by a low, tide-leveled strip of detritus, a hundred yards or so in width; but on so grand a scale are all the magnitudes of the main features of the valley that we afterwards found it to be a mile or more.

A TRIP TO THE GLACIER.

The Captain ordered the Indians to get out the canoe and take as many of us ashore as wished to go, and accom-

pany us to the glacier also, in case we should desire them to do so. Only three of the company, in the first place, availed themselves of this rare opportunity of meeting a grand glacier in the flesh—the Missionary, one of the doctors, and myself. Paddling to the nearest and driest looking portion of the moraine, we stepped ashore, but gladly wallowed back into the canoe; for the gray mineral mud, a paste made from fine mountain meal, and kept unstable by the tides, at once took us in, swallowing us feet foremost with becoming glacial deliberation. Our next attempt, made nearer the middle of the valley, was

successful, and we soon found ourselves on good gravelly ground. I made haste in a direct line for the huge icewall, which seemed to recede as we approached. The only difficulty we met was a network of icy streams, at the largest of which we halted, not willing to get wet in fording. The Indian we had elected to go along with us promptly carried us over the difficulty on his back. When my turn came I told him I would ford, but he bowed his shoulders in so ludicrously persuasive a manner I thought I would try the queer mount, the only one of the kind I had enjoyed since my game-day boyhood. Away staggered my perpendicular mule over the boulders and cobblestones into the brawling torrent. The sensations experienced were most novel and most unstable, but in spite of a dozen top-heavy predictions to the contrary, we crossed without a fall.

CATCHING SEAL.

THE purchase of Alaska by the United States government in 1867 gave American merchants and ship-owners new and valuable opportunities for the capture of seal. In consequence of the reckless destruction of these animals in regions open to all who chose to hunt them, comparatively few are now to be found elsewhere than on this coast, where they have been preserved from extermination through the care of a company which under the Russian government enjoyed the monopoly of their capture. When, in 1867, negotiations were in progress for the purchase of Alaska, Mr. HAVEN, a merchant of New London, whose biography has recently been published by the HARPERS, under the interesting title of *A Model Superintendent*, corresponded with Secretary SEWARD to learn if citizens of the United States would be free to hunt seal in that Territory when its transfer was completed. Learning that they would have the desired privilege, Alaska was no sooner ceded than Mr. HAVEN dispatched two vessels thither, equipped with the necessary crew and appliances for hunting seal. Sitka being the only port of entry, they reported there to General JEFFERSON C. DAVIS in command. With his approval they pushed out to St. Paul Island, the great sealing ground, two hundred and fifty miles from the mainland. There they effected the first landing after the purchase, and raised the first American flag. As a result of their venture they soon had 45,000 seal-skins ready for shipping.

Within a short time there were Californians

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and others on the Alaska sealing grounds, but after a while a combination was formed between Eastern and Western ship-owners, and a lease, dated August, 1870, of St. Paul and St. George islands, was obtained by them from the government, with the exclusive right of seal-catching, under certain restrictions. These two islands are quite isolated, being thirty miles apart, and are little more than barren rocks of the Aleutian range, running from the coast of Alaska toward Kamtchatka. A small population, principally of native Aleutians, a people essentially Esquimaux, occupy these islands, and pursue the seal fishery.

The men work in parties at their seal-killing, being paid according to the number of seals killed. It is said that a skillful Aleut will skin fifty a day. Not only are young seals and females exempt from slaughter, but no seals are killed at their "rookeries," or gathering places on the coast. They must first be driven or coaxed to the "killing grounds" in the interior of the islands, out of sight and out of scent of the coast. This precaution is necessary because of the peculiar sensitiveness and timidity of the seal. "Very strange are these seal," says Dr. KANE, in recording his first killing of one in the polar seas: "a countenance between the dog and the mild African ape—an expression so like that of humanity that it makes gun-murderers hesitate." "Have naturalists ever noticed the expression of this animal's phiz?" he asks, as he tells of the dying look given him by his first victim. "Curiosity, contentment, pain, reproach, despair, even resignation, I thought I saw on this seal's face."

Although the male seals will fight manfully in defense of the females when fairly cornered, the discharge of fire-arms, the barking of a dog, the tainting of the water around them with the blood of one of their number, or even the smell of lighted tobacco, is sometimes sufficient to drive them from their rookeries. And driving them away permanently means their extermination, for if they can not come back to the waters where they were born, they cease to increase. An illustration of

this truth is found in the story of sealing on Kerguelen Land, after the seal were newly discovered there some years ago. So abundant were the seals at first that as many as 1,700,000 were killed in a single year by the vessels flocking thither from all quarters. But in the space of three years they were practically exterminated, there not being enough left to make their catching remunerative. On the Alaska islands, however, the rigid regulations concerning the taking of seals are enforced not only by the presence of resident government inspectors, but by the obvious interests of those engaged in the work. As a result, more than two-thirds of all the seals now taken in the world are from those islands; and there they are on the increase. At first the fur seal were killed in immense numbers by the Russians. At one time three hundred thousand skins were destroyed, in order that the market might not be overstocked. It was only when their numbers were greatly diminished that the number annually killed was limited, and the other mentioned restrictions imposed.

On the coasts of Newfoundland the decline of the seal fishery, which at one time ranked in importance almost with the herring and the cod, has been a great misfortune. Formerly, however pitiable and destitute the poor classes might be during the winter, after St. Valentine's Day things would take a sudden turn. The busy sound of axes and hammers would reverberate from the hill-sides around the harbor, and not a rotten old schooner, brig, or lugger which could float, or floating be insured, but was trimmed up and provisioned to join the great spring seal fishery. From that day till the end of the month the excitement of the men who were to sail on this momentous expedition increased rapidly, and the grog-shops reap-

ed a rich harvest, the greater number of the drinkers declining to think of their score until

"The water seethes at the bluff o' the bow,
And the helm churns it to hissing wrath,
And the strain on the ship and the master's brow
Relax to welcome the well-known path.

"With a surge and a bound the yards swing square,
And the night's alive with the cheery cries,
As before the snow-storm, free and fair,
Merrily homeward the good ship flies."

For many years this great fishery, or hunting expedition on the ocean fields of ice, as it should be more properly named, had brought hundreds of thousands of dollars among the community yearly; and lucky was the man esteemed who had secured his berth in a ship to be sailed and commanded by some smart and experienced hand. For three weeks to a month the hearts of all classes in the great fish colony palpitated between hope and dread incessantly. The first thing on awaking, the last before sleeping, the only observation hazarded in the streets was the state of wind and weather bearing on this momentous voyage. All had a stake in it: the merchant, in his ship stores and winter credits to the fishermen; the fishermen, to pay these debts, in order—and in order solely—to obtain more credit for the summer cod-fishery.

The return of the expedition was an event of the most tremendous importance. "One by one," writes Lieutenant McCREA, "all through that great day of all others in the year, they come gliding through the Narrows, until, just as the sun tips the crest of Signal Hill with a farewell crimson kiss, the last laggard of the fleet anchors in the channel to wait until the little busy bewildered tug shall have leisure to haul them inside. But in truth it matters little whether the ships anchor or not; for, surely as the sun sinks, out go the boats, and leaving the captain to take care of the ship as best he can, in a few minutes the greasy hunters jump on shore, and are hauled off by friends and women as mad with joy as they are. In streets, in lanes, in cottages of the poor as well as in mansions of the rich, the night is prolonged in one great universal orgy." It was on one of these occasions that an officer of rank, sent up from Halifax on an official commission, said, in answer to a question as to what sort of place it was, "Well, sir, I was only there three days, and they appeared to me to be all drunk."

In April of last year a curious event took place off Newfoundland. There was a visitation of seals such as would have been deemed extraordinary even in the palmy days of the fishery. For many years the hardy fishers of the southern coasts have scarcely hoped for a paying harvest of seal, even after fitting out their rough boats, and proceeding to the ice-fields of the North. On this occasion the valuable creatures came floating downward on great sheets of ice, within easy reach of the hunters, and but for the loss of life that took place, it might have been regarded as a special providence to all concerned.

It was during the first days of the month of April that the news began to spread that the seals were coming, and within a short time the hunters who had staid behind when the regular fleet left for the North began to congratulate themselves on having remained. They were ready for the unanticipated harvest, and as the ice gathered around, squads of them might be seen hurrying from the harbor of St. Johns out through the Narrows and into the broad Atlantic Ocean. Far away, north, south, and east, extended the interminable ice sheets, with here and there a watery breakage. From Signal Hill, which rises 600 feet above the sea-level, an almost unbroken view might be obtained, extending nearly forty miles seaward.

The rich spoils presented to the hunters excited them to recklessness. The women, too, who seem in this Northern latitude to be in complete

sympathy with the toils of the husbands and brothers, shared in the general craze. It was not uncommon even for wind and sun browned damsels, daughters of the hardy fishermen, to gird on the seal-hunter's armor, and enter the lists with their brothers in competition for the treasures of the oil fields. The distance traversed away from the land over the ice sheets varied from one to eight

or nine miles, according to the position of the seal patches or the good fortune of the hunter. One gang of men, more fortunate than another, would alight on an abundant patch within a mile or two of the shore, from which spectators, without the aid of a telescope, might witness all their operations. Others, less lucky, would have to wander over rough and broken ice for many a weary mile before coming up with the objects of their eager search. When found, even at the end of a long and tiresome ramble, the seal-killer felt himself amply repaid for his toil. Thus all went well for several days. Men came and went, and no record of disaster reached the shore. Thousands of dollars' worth of seals were daily captured, were brought on shore, and rapidly consigned to the oil vats on the south side of the city of St. Johns.

From three to four days the hunters had been at work, venturing further and further upon the ice, when suddenly the wind fell. The great masses, held in place by a strong northeaster, began to yield, and the "hunting grounds" to give way beneath the feet of the unhappy fishermen. So sudden was the change that it seemed almost instantaneous. At one moment the men seemed to be quietly at work; at the next, the panic had spread in every direction. The ice had moved from the shore, and except at a very few points of contact, the water began to flow between it and the mainland. Hundreds of men saw before them the prospect of being carried out to sea upon the melting mass. Those who were most cool-headed ran for the ice-bridges yet remaining, and succeeded in reaching the shore. Others, less rapid in their movements, or coming up too late to avail themselves of these pathways, plunged into the water, and swimming across, were hauled up on the crags by comrades waiting to receive them. Within the harbor small boats also were sent to the rescue, and these brought off many who had succeeded in reaching the edge of the ice-fields.

It was at first reported that some two hundred and fifty men were afloat upon the ice, and the consternation and agony on shore were frightful. Hundreds of families were mourning for some missing member, and the scenes enacted, as one man after another arrived, are beyond description. Finally, however, it became apparent that the number of missing had been greatly exaggerated. Before night fell the joyful tidings reached St. Johns that several men had gained the shore safely at the villages of Quidi, Vidi, and Logy Bay, where the ice, in careering out of St. Johns Bay, had for a brief time impinged and hung on the jagged rocks. Later on intelligence was received that a sealing steamer had picked up some forty or fifty others, and had landed them safely at Cape Spear. A screw steam-tug, stanch and strong, built especially to battle with ice, which had been sent to the rescue by the government, also returned, bearing seven of the lost sealers to shore. At last, as one man after another was restored to his home, the conviction began to spread that, awful as the tragedy had been, there was deep cause for thankfulness that so many had escaped.

The harvest of seal so mysteriously sent to the southern shores of Newfoundland brought with it a certain amount of prosperity to many who are accustomed to privation and suffering. The life of the fishermen of the North is a peculiarly hard one. They can not supply their necessities by any kind of agriculture, for their soil will yield nothing; they are unskilled in trade and manufactures,

and are usually the victims of the merchants who bring the necessities of life within their range. Their only reaping ground is the fickle sea, which gives or withholds its treasures with a mysterious caprice.

EDUCATION AMONG ALEUTS.

An Aleut living at Borka Village or Oonalashka Island keeps the store and manages the Alaska Commercial Company's business at that place. He is a good penman and a careful book-keeper. He delights in relating to visitors the circumstances of his promotion to office work, which happened many years ago. In 1840 Nikolai Krukoff was an inmate of the school maintained by the old Russian Fur Company's agent at Onnalashka. One day the superintendent of the district visited the school and told each boy to write a brief composition, and in half an hour he returned and looked the writings over, one after the other. When he came to Krukoff's paper he pocketed it without any remark and then went on examining the others. The following morning Krukoff was told to go to school no longer, but report at the agent's office, where he occupied a desk from that day until the company suspended business, after the Territory had been transferred to the United States. Aleut youths of the present generation have no such opportunities to learn, and though very intelligent, they are now thrown back upon their own resources and almost forced to relapse gradually into savage life.

It is greatly to be hoped that Rev. J. V. Milligan, who has offered himself for work among the Aleuts, may yet be sent out this season.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

BY MRS. A. R. M'FARLAND.

THE McFarland home for girls is commencing to bear fruit. Over a year ago Mrs. Sarah Dickinson was sent as teacher to the Chilcats. In July Kitty, one of the girls, was sent with Mrs. Willard to the same tribe, and now arrangements are in progress to send in the spring one to the Hoonyah tribe. This is as it should be. The boarding schools should be more and more made training schools for native missionaries.

CONCERNING ALASKA.

BY REV. G. W. LYONS.

This is a subject concerning which there has been great diversity of opinion. By many persons Alaska has been regarded as an unprofitable acquisition. Few of those who at first criticised the purchase of the Territory have as yet openly declared a change in their opinions. Not only has this diversity of opinion existed concerning the Territory itself, but concerning some of the enterprises of it as well. This we have noticed to be the case, to some extent at least, in regard to the mission work, as well as some other undertakings. This is perfectly natural—and, indeed, under the circumstances, to be expected. When persons believe that the importance of a thing has been over-estimated, they very naturally are inclined to regard the component parts of that thing in a similar light. Those thinking that it was a mistake to purchase Alaska, would unavoidably be inclined to regard with some apprehension the enterprises proposed therein.

It is neither my desire nor intention in writing this to even attempt to induce any one to form a more favorable opinion of either Alaska or its missions than that which would be warranted by the most complete knowledge of all the facts in the case. If the Territory is actually worth less to the United States than was paid for it, no permanent good would be likely to result from the fact of even a majority of the people thinking the value to be many times the cost price. If the Church has contributed all that it will or can for the cause of missions, and the funds are still too limited to admit of the occupation of every field that might be desirable, then all must certainly agree that the proper course to be pursued is to occupy the most important. And if other portions of our own land, or even foreign lands, have claims upon the contributions of the Church that are paramount to those of Alaska, and all these claims cannot be met, then every one who in sincerity

prays "Thy kingdom come" will rejoice to see the funds employed where they will yield the greatest revenue of glory.

MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Some things have been said about Alaska by persons not well disposed toward the Territory that would have been more creditable to the persons who said them if they had been true. And possibly some of the most favorable descriptions might bear slight modification after a little time spent and experience enjoyed amidst the scenes described.

In regard to the acquisition of the Territory, whether the investment was the best that could have been made, we are by no means prepared to pass an opinion. Viewing it solely in the light of a commercial transaction, we are not able to state how far the revenues have gone toward repaying the \$7,200,000, which was the purchase price. But even if the object of the purchase had been to gain wealth, and nothing more, and had there been nothing whatever received into the treasury as yet from the investment, we must say that a Territory embracing 500,000 square miles, mostly unexplored, has room enough for at least the possibility of sufficient development to render it quite profitable in the end.

POPULATION.

That which interests us most just now, and which will, we trust, interest the readers of the BANNER most, is the mission work. One thing usually considered in connection with the establishment of missions anywhere is the population or number of persons who may possibly be benefited. The numbers that we shall give are taken from the census which has just been completed. It is to be remembered that these numbers relate only to Sitka Indians: Men, 234; women, 209, and children, 278, making a total of 721; the Russians number 221; and the whites of different other nationalities, residents, number 155; the whole number of residents being 1097. In addition to these, there are over 100 men on the U. S. ship *Jamestown*, which is lying in the harbor.

The number of the Indians is decreasing rapidly. According to the census taken here in 1869 there were 1251, and now, a little more than ten years later, the number is 721. This rapid decline is principally on account of their extensive consumption of a most virulent intoxicating liquor, commonly known as "Hoochinoo." The process of manufacturing this poison was made known to the Indians by one of the U. S. soldiers stationed here after the purchase of the Territory. The same effect is noted among all the Indians on this part of the coast. Perhaps the rate of decrease may not have been so rapid in other towns, but it is marked, and unless something can be done speedily to counteract this effect, the number of this abused race will soon be inconsiderable.

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

The condition of the Indians is low, and their character corresponds to their condition. In fact they have the reputation of being the worst Indians on the coast, not only among the whites who know them, but also the other Indians. This is readily accounted for from the fact that these Sitka Indians have been in contact with the whites for a longer period than any of the others. While we state their condition as low, we cannot make the statement too sweeping, for a few of them dress respectably and conduct themselves fairly. A certain class of the Russians cannot readily be distinguished from the Indians either as to appearance or manner of living. Others are pleasant, refined people. The character of the other whites residing here is varied in the extreme. It ranges from the highest to the lowest. While there is a small circle of educated and refined people, there are many who are even lower than the most degraded of the Indians. They seem to have lost not only all regard for morality, but also all sense of decency and self-respect. So much as to the number and character of the inhabitants of Sitka. In regard to their willingness to receive the Gospel, we may say that an Indian is always willing to receive *anything* if he can only

be certain that it will not hurt him, and can be made to think that there is the slightest possibility of its being any advantage to him. Like some other members of the human family he is willing to take all he can get. I have often wondered whether it would be possible to give an Indian sufficient to cause him to feel in the slightest degree ashamed of himself. For several reasons I have been deterred from trying the experiment, but nevertheless I wonder.

AN INDIAN FEAST.

I entered the house of one of our most distinguished Indians at one time when he was about to give a royal feast to all his friends. A goodly number of the guests had already arrived, and still they were coming from all parts of the "Ranch." At one side of the large room were boxes of provisions, and at another a pile of blankets and calico. According to their custom, at a certain time during the festivities these blankets and the calico would be torn to pieces and scattered among the guests, to show them that their host had no need to care for expenses. And yet in the midst of the boxes of provisions and the hoarded treasures so soon to be destroyed and thrown away, in full view and distinct hearing of the assembled guests, this same distinguished individual asked me to give him half a dollar to buy sugar, to give additional relish to his feast. I did not think it advisable to indulge such a propensity, and besides, not having the half dollar, I declined to bestow the favor, and went on my way.

WILLING TO RECEIVE.

So far as my observation extends, this incident is illustrative of a prevailing characteristic of the Indians. They seem to have no idea of that principle belonging to some of their enlightened brethren, which prompts them to refuse even a favor if they cannot give something in return, and would thus be under obligations to the giver. And while their want of a sense of obligation is indeed discouraging, their willingness to receive is one of the most hopeful indications we have been able to perceive. They seem willing to re-

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ceive the word of life, but of course they must be taught not only how to receive it, but also what benefits they may expect to receive with it. They look for temporal blessings just as did the disciples of old. And it is perfectly natural to look from this somewhat utilitarian stand point. Those who do not know that their spiritual interests are more important than those of their bodies, will of course expect some bodily comfort from anything reputed to be for their advantage. We cannot ignore this expectation in dealing with this people.

IMPROVIDENCE.

Many of them are sadly in need of the most common and indeed what most of us consider the necessary comforts of life. While some of the chiefs can afford, as they think, to destroy their blankets, the majority of the tribe must often suffer with the cold. The richer members of the tribe have doubtless enough blankets hoarded up to relieve much of the suffering among their fellows, but that is not the use to which they put them. They save them until their feasts and then destroy them, and give them away to make them more popular among their people. To care for their poor and needy will be doubtless one of the most difficult lessons for them to learn, and before they learn it a great many of their poor must suffer unless something can be done by others. We only know their souls through their bodies, and can only communicate to their inner nature through this medium of the body, and therefore it is essential that some attention be given to the medium in order that the proper communication be made. There is no doubt but the idea of everlasting joy and comfort would be a pleasant theme for contemplation by an Indian who is obliged to run barefooted over ice and snow were that idea only thoroughly comprehended, but the mind would certainly be aided in its efforts to comprehend and the person would dwell with more ease upon the eternal theme were he in the enjoyment of the transitory comforts afforded by a pair of shoes.

PROMISE IN THE CHILDREN.

There seems to be slight encouragement to expect any great results from labor with the older persons, but to us at least the younger portion affords some promise if they can only be separated from the unclean mass that surrounds them. Does the number I have stated seem too small to justify the effort necessary to produce any lasting benefit? Why is that number so small? An American taught them to manufacture poison. And if anything is done it must be done quickly, for they are rapidly passing away. If you think the number sufficient, and their willingness such as to justify an effort for their salvation, are you willing to assist in the effort?

Sitka, Dec. 6, 1880.

SITKA.

The Land which Uncle Sam Bought to Neglect.

Sitka is the largest town in the vast territory for which our Government paid seven million dollars. It is situated on the west coast of Baranoff Island, and although lying in latitude 58 deg. 50 sec., nearly 16 deg. north of Boston and only 2 deg. south of Greenland, the climate is modified by the Japan current, that the thermometer rarely falls below zero. The summers are short and cool, not differing more than 60 deg. from the water temperature of winter. The population consists of about 300 white people, exclusive of the garrison, and 1,200 Indians. When Alaska belonged to Russia, Sitka was in a more flourishing condition; it was a garrison town commanded by Prince Mosontoff. At the time of the transfer, the Russian inhabitants were offered their passage to Russia or the passage money if they remained. All the best people went home to the mother country, leaving the most degraded class.

The Indians belong to the Asiatic type and differ in habits from the plain Indians. They build good log houses, and as they live almost entirely by fishing, their village faces the bay. Each family owns a boat, and in the summer men, women and children go out on long fishing excursions, coming back with their winter's supply of oil and dried fish. Most of the valuable furs they obtain in barter with interior Indians, and in turn exchange them for provisions and clothing at the Indian traders.

Sitka still wears a foreign air, having changed very little since the Russian occupation. The quaint

church, built in the form of a Greek cross, with its shining dome, surmounted by a great gilt cross, the old Governor's castle, the gardens and summer house belonging to the Princess, the little chapel that bears a grave interest from the massacre of priest and people, many years ago, the burying ground, with slabs of marble fitting over the graves, and the symbol of our religion for a headboard, all these are strange and picturesque to American eyes. The strange impressive service of the Greek church, the floor crossed with resinous fir boughs instead of carpets, the chanting of the long robed priests, the singing of the chorister boys, carry the traveler back to the Catholic Church of the middle ages. In no other place can a congregation be found more absorbed in devotion, nowhere a congregation more oblivious of sacred teachings when out of church.

Tourists have pronounced the bay of Sitka, although entirely different, equal in beauty to the bay of Naples or Rio Janeiro. It is never troubled by the severe storms, that send mountains of spray dashing over the reef at the opening of the bay.

In the summer of 1872, the bay presented a very gay appearance. The Saranac, then flagship of the Pacific Squadron, with Admiral Winslow on board, was cruising in Alaska waters. She boasted of a boat crew that had never been beaten, except by some light Asiatic craft, and had been victorious over many European crews. A race was planned between this boat and an Indian war canoe. The course was from the starting point up the bay, around the Saranac and back. The Indian boat won the race by a full quarter of a mile. The interest displayed by the Indians on the bank, during the race, and their enthusiasm at its result, disproves the theory that Indians are perfectly stoical.

When the forests of Oregon and Washington are exhausted, and the salmon destroyed in the Columbia, attention will be drawn to the vast forests of Alaska and the abundance of salmon, and Sitka may be the capital of a valuable territory. Until then, there is little hope for her. Now with her resources undeveloped, her garrison removed, and her inhabitants living in daily fear of the Indians, she is the picture of desolation.

BESSIE VAN HORNE.

serves.

Alaska is the better land toward which the miners of the West, in obedience to their passion for new diggings, are setting their faces this spring. Already, it is said, a movement has begun which promises to become a stampede during the next few weeks. "A party of twenty," says a dispatch from Deadwood, Dak., to *The Chicago Times*, "leaves here the 1st of April. It will comprise some of the oldest and best miners of the gulch, will be thoroughly equipped, and if there is gold to be found will find it. That the fever is widespread is illustrated by the fact that a pool of \$20,000 was raised this afternoon to defray the expenses of the party, many prominent business and professional men, unable to go, will be subscribing to the fund. Of course, each subscriber stands in with whatever may be found. Letters received from Nevada report a prospective hegira from the State, while the press of Colorado, Arizona, California and Montana give evidence that numbers are preparing to leave from those localities."

JGET SOUND ARGUS

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ALASKA.

HER RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

The isolated position of this far off territory forces her into a seclusion from the world, almost unbroken save by the zealous efforts of a few who take an interest in her welfare. Nature seems to have intended that Alaska's treasures in minerals, furs, fish, oils, &c., should be hoarded up to be reluctantly brought forth through the tardy progress of civilization in that direction. The natural disadvantages in the way have been aided in obstructing the development of the country by the efforts of those falsifiers, whose interests are best served by belittling Alaska and diverting the attention of a progressive public from it. This being the case, there need be no wonder expressed over the fact that those who have become sufficiently acquainted with the country itself and its immense natural wealth to impress them with its importance, should manifest a desire to tear aside the veil and reveal the country in its true light.

Major Morris, of this place, special agent of the treasury department and Commander Beardslee, recently stationed on the sloop of war *James-town*, and virtually in command of government affairs in Alaska, carried out a military expedition a short time ago, through the various portions of the territory up there. They were absent from Sitka about fifteen days, during which time they

went as far north as 59° north lat., and visited all the principal Indian villages and held audiences with the leading chiefs. During this visit they obtained a large amount of valuable information, and succeeded in quelling local disturbances of a serious nature among the Indians. The party consisted of Maj. Morris, Com. Beardslee and Master G. C. Hanus, of the U. S. Navy, and Dr. Ferabee of the Jamestown. Finding an open war between the Chilicat and Chilcoot Indians, they called a council of chiefs, at which all differences were amicably arranged; peace was declared and two bands of chiefs who came to the council as enemies left as friends. A large bay, hitherto uncharted, was discovered north of Icy straits, sunken rocks were located, islands were discovered, reefs surveyed and much other useful work was done. A few British canoes from Fort Simpson, fitted out by the Hudson Bay Co., that had been engaged in taking sea otter in Alaskan waters, barely escaped being captured by Maj. Morris, by taking an inside channel. It was ascertained that other raids of a similar character were in contemplation and would, if persisted in, lead to bloodshed and serious trouble. The Alaska Indians are jealous of their rights, and ought to be protected, although there is not and has not been a government vessel stationed in Alaska equal to the task. The expedition referred to was made in the steamer Favorite, and was highly successful. Commander Beardslee made the Indians understand what they must expect if they make war upon the whites, and Major Morris instructed them in our customs and revenue laws.

Commander Beardslee came down to this place with Major Morris, and left a few days thereafter for Washington City, where he will be examined for promotion. While here, he submitted to one of those painful operations known in science as a

newspaper interview. From him we learn in substance as follows. He said: "I have no doubt that

ALASKAN MINES

will attract notice by their importance and value when her numerous mineral belts and ledges of free gold and silver quartz are developed. I have visited a dozen or more of these ledges, and I am satisfied that the day is not far distant when the world will recognize the value of these mineral resources. Besides gold and silver, we have reason to believe that copper, galena, plumbago and iron exist in paying quantities. Only two Alaska mines are accessible at present, the "Witch" and "Stewart's Tunnel." The former is being worked by one man and his family, by a hand mortar, and is yielding \$20 per day. These mines require much capital to properly develop them. Rich silver mines, the location of which is not generally known, were recently discovered in Alaska

ALASKAN FISHERIES.

There was an attempt this year for the first time to develop the immense and inexhaustible halibut fisheries of Alaska. In June last the schooner Gen. Miller left San Francisco, bound for Alaskan waters. She went out within ten miles of Sitka, remained on the banks about a month, and was very successful, taking about eighty tons of fine halibut, some of them weighing from 125 to 150 lbs. I, with two companions, within 1,000 yards of shore, in one hour caught over forty halibut weighing all told nearly a ton. For a hook costing a cent I got bait enough to catch 2,000 pounds of halibut. Indeed the fisheries up there are capable of almost indefinite development. Salmon are literally inexhaustible. In the vicinity of the halibut banks are cod banks, with fish equally plentiful. The drawbacks at present to the salmon canning business in Alaska, as compared with that of the Columbia are: 1st. That the high price of tin and of freights interfere. 2d. That

the salmon in Alaska do not run until about six weeks later in the season than the run occurs in the Columbia. 3d. It is hard to introduce new fish successfully in the markets. Dogfish in Alaska are very plentiful. Among the other kinds of fishes there may be noted: herring, smelt, eulachon, &c. &c., all of which are plentiful at different seasons. As a

FUR BEARING COUNTRY.

Alaska has infinite resources. The amount of land animals to be obtained in the vast interior of the territory depends simply on the inducements offered to natives to get them. Among them may be found: Beaver, otter, mink, martin, lynx, bear, ermine, wolverines, deer, mountain sheep, &c. Among the fur bearing animals in the seas of Alaska are: the sea otter and fur and hair seals. The

MANUFACTURE OF OIL

Is carried on in a limited way among the Indians, and needs but the impetus of capital and enterprise to develop it into an important industry. The animals used are, the whale, porpoise, seal, sea lion, walrus, &c. The

CLIMATE

of Alaska, as shown by actual diary record from June 1879, to June 1880, proves fifty per cent. of the weather to have been clear and bright. During the months of March, April and May of this year, the number of hours of clear weather in Alaska was nearly sixty per cent., and, during nineteen per cent. of the time, out of the remaining forty per cent., there was less fog than I have seen on the Atlantic coast in half a day. The

ALASKAN INDIANS,

as a body, are the most harmless people in the world. They are tractable, fairly honest, and easily governed. During my expedition with Major Morris I found white men living singly or in small parties, among the Hoochenoos, Hoochenas, Hoonahs, and other tribes. They all reported being treated in a friendly manner by the Indians. At all of

these places leading Indians repeatedly asked us to send white men to their country as teachers and missionaries, to educate their children. They all realize the value of the white man's friendship and are anxious to secure it. The agricultural

PRODUCTIONS

of Alaska are limited, although, in spite of the assertions of Elliot, Blaine and others, potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, &c., do ripen there. I took from one average hill of early rose potatoes from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ of a bucket of potatoes, of which there were 12 to 15 large enough to be easily marketable. At many places the Indians raise sufficient potatoes for their own use, but their mode of agriculture is so rude and primitive that the product is not large. Cereals do not thrive well, although hay can be raised in fair quantities."

DECEMBER 5, 1880.

POLAR RESEARCH.

The Results of W. H. Dall's
Cruise in the Yucon.

What Has Been Accomplished for Science.

The United States schooner Yucon, in command of Dr. W. H. Dall, United States Coast survey, arrived in San Francisco a few days since from a six months' cruise in the waters of Alaska and the Arctic ocean. Dr. Dall was accompanied by Professor Baker, of the Coast survey, Professor Bean, of the United States Fish commission, and a party of scientists who, under orders of the national government, made the voyage along the northwestern coast of our territory for the purpose of studying the geographical and meteorological peculiarities of that portion of the hemisphere. The Yucon traversed 12,000 miles of ocean surface, and 16,000 observations were taken. A vast amount of dredging was also done, and in ornithology and conchology several fine discoveries were made. The observations in regard to the currents of the Arctic ocean disclosed new facts, which, when they are formulated, will upset many of the theories heretofore held by students of science. Dr. Dall says that he found enough to disabuse his mind as to the existence of a polar current—something which has generally been looked upon as a settled fact. In Behring Strait he found the water of quite a high temperature at all depths; and there the soundings were numerous and thorough. The currents, he thinks, are affected to a large degree by the tides, and change at different seasons of the year. The previously-recognized current flowing to the northward from Point Barrow, he believes, is steady, at least until

very late in the season—in this agreeing with the observations of the whalers.

OF THE SIBERIAN COAST

current, and the currents setting along Wrangel Land, he cannot speak fully at this time, as he feels that many of the results arrived at are too important to be made public until the views of the different officers of the expedition are compared, and a careful analysis reached. Referring to the *Jeannette*, Dr. Dall says he has yet to learn anything which tends to prove that she has been unsuccessful, or that any disaster has befallen the vessel or her crew. He considers that Captain De Long would be as liable to find a secure anchorage along the coast of Wrangel Land as Nordenskjöld did on the Siberian shore. Judging from the condition of the ice barrier the present season, setting so far to the southward, there is good reason to believe that the sea to the northward is comparatively free from ice, and the *Jeannette* ought to find it a very favorable year for reaching a high latitude. Although not a believer in Kane's Polar Sea, Dr. Dall thinks there is no doubt that there are large spaces of open water, varying in area with the season and flow of the currents, or other local causes. It is very unjust, he holds, to disseminate the theories of the loss of the vessel and her crew, founded, as they must be, upon the belief of persons who are either

ENTIRELY UNACQUAINTED

with Arctic affairs, or if experienced, are affected by their prejudices. "There is just as much reason for believing that the *Jeannette* is lost," he remarked to the *Call's* representative, "as there would be for a man's wife to come to the conclusion, if she did not hear by telegraph of his arrival in New York, two days after he rescued her, that some misfortune had befallen her husband. And you know," he continued, casting a smiling glance toward Mrs. Dall, "all husbands are not as thoughtful as they might be in cases of that kind." The Doctor is still hopeful for the safety of the missing whalers, although he admits the chances are largely against their ever being heard from. He spoke very highly of Captain Hooper's efforts during the season in the Arctic, and thought if he had been less hampered by instructions he might have accomplished more, though the season was a very inauspicious one for the work he had on hand—at least that portion of it which bore upon his search for the Mount Wallaston and Vigilant and communicating with the *Jeannette*. Captain Hooper proved himself possessed of energy and ability, and he was capably seconded by Captain Smith, his ice pilot, who has a vast fund of experience, and was able to accomplish anything which could be done by a vessel fitted as the *Corwin* was. Among the rare things obtained in ornithology by the Yucan party was a peculiar snipe with a spoon-bill, found in Behring strait, there being but one other specimen known, which is in the

UNIVERSITY AT OXFORD,

England, to which it was presented, together with a fine collection, by Captain Barrow, R. N., after whom the bird was called. Point Barrow was named from this explorer. One of the piscatorial "finds" was a fish which resembled more than anything a quill pen. It has a dorsal fin, corresponding in appearance the upper feathers of the stem, and a small ventral fin like the feathers left on the under side of the quill, while the head is almost a fac-simile of the pen itself. The body is about six inches long, an eighth of an inch thick and quite translucent. When captured it was placed in the water and wriggled like a snake. It is decidedly new alike in species and genus. In conchology the Doctor found a new species of the volutes, which he named in honor of Robert E. C. Stearns, of the State University. Dr. Bean, of the Fish Commission, definitely settled the question that the cod of the Pacific is identical with that of the Atlantic, and nothing but care in the curing is needed to make the cod of Alaska equal, and in many respects superior, to those found on the Georgian banks. They can be taken, too,

much easier, as the fishermen have no reason to be at great distances from the land, and can return to harbor every night. The codfishery at the Chukmagin Islands is in a prosperous condition, and there is no reason why the codfisheries of the Pacific coast should not at an early day rank with our leading commercial industries. In salmon a large number were taken, and while those identical with the Columbia river salmon are to be found in most of the Alaskan waters, they discovered many new varieties. Touching upon

ALASKAN MATTERS.

a question with which he is thoroughly acquainted, the Doctor said that the Territory was sadly in want of some kind of government—now it is in an anomalous condition. If a sailor goes ashore at Sitka with a pint bottle of whiskey in his pocket, he is liable to arrest; to be taken to Portland in irons and there tried, and if found guilty sentenced to a period of imprisonment or fined to the amount of \$2,000. Whereas, if he drinks the whiskey and then goes ashore, and in a drunken frenzy kills a revenue officer, there is no law to punish him. What is needed is a Court of limited jurisdiction, or a number of magistrates having powers similar to those held by Justices of the Peace, who would be able to dispose of minor crimes, and bind the offenders over for trial in capital cases. These should be men who would not be influenced by the conflicting interests now paramount in the Territory, but men of character and fair ability, and should be paid liberal salaries, as it is worth something for a man to isolate himself in such a climate. Two or three light-draught steam launches, to be used as revenue cutters, should be provided for communicating with the different islands and keeping up a show of authority. The Jamestown has accomplished much good since she has been in these waters. Among other things Commander Beardsley has shipped as sailors a large number of beach-combers and other worthless characters, thus reducing the criminal element at Sitka and other towns. As to the mines, the Doctor has faith that they will yet be heard from. If its affairs are properly administered Secretary Seward's purchase will yet prove itself a thoroughly valuable acquisition. This last has been the ninth expedition to the Arctic circle in which Dr. Dall has been engaged.

He passed two winters in Alaska, and for four seasons was prominently identified with the Western Union Russian-American cable project. The present season he was not able to reach Point Barrow on account of the ice, but taking it altogether, it has been the richest in scientific discovery of any in which he has been engaged. Doctor Dall will leave in the course of a few weeks for Washington, where he will superintend getting in shape the mass of information gained during the cruise.

ALASKA'S GOLD FIELDS.

Late News from the Takon Mines—Missing Prospector.

[Special to the Morning Call.]

PORT TOWNSEND (W. T.), Jan. 3.—The steamship *California* arrived at Sitka on the 22d of December. The Northwestern Trading Company's steamer *Favorite* had just returned from the Takon mines, confirming the previous reports of the richness and extent of the quartz and placer claims. A great many of the placer claims have been staked off. There are ten men at work on the Pilz quartz mine, getting out ore to be shipped to San Francisco. The town of Harrisburg (so named after Harris, the discoverer) has been laid out and all the lots on the water front taken up. The quartz mines are located three miles from deep-water anchorage. The ledges are well defined, and indicate an abundance of ore. N. A. Fuller has sold a small interest in his quartz mine for \$3,000. The steamer *California* will carry up 100,000 feet of lumber in March, besides the goods, stores, etc., of several merchants who are going to Takon from Sitka.

Great fears are entertained that Mike Powers and party of five, and Prior and party of four, have been lost. They left Sitka on the 25th of November for the new mines. An Indian reports having met one of the parties on Chatham

Sound, and warned them not to proceed. The warning was unheeded and ridiculed. He watched for some time. The sea was very rough. They faded from sight suddenly; and he believes the canoe was swamped, and all of them drowned. Captain Vanderbilt, of the steamer Favorite, says the canoes all take the same passage that he does, and that as he saw nothing of either canoe, he fears something disastrous has occurred. On the 23d of December a collection was made at Sitka, a canoe was chartered, and a party under charge of George Steel set out for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the matter, and picking up the suffering miners if they should be found wrecked along the coast. Steel is familiar with the universally travelled route, having prospected along the coast all last Summer.

The steam launch sent to the new mines by Captain Glass, of the Jamestown, under command of Master McClelland, for the purpose of rendering assistance to the miners and ascertaining the truth concerning the mines, had fearfully rough and stormy weather, and on the return voyage was overtaken by the steamer Favorite in an almost disabled condition and towed into Sitka. The officers in charge confirm all previous reports, especially regarding the richness and quantity of the quartz lodes.

There are only sixteen miners wintering at Takon, building cabins and preparing for work in the early Spring.

George Hamilton has sold his sawmill and other property at Chitane to Captain Sprague, a capitalist from San Francisco, who intends erecting a salmon cannery, and shipping lumber to the Takon mines, and supplying San Francisco with the famous yellow cedar of Alaska.

The California has 10,000 feet of beautiful selected yellow cedar, destined for Portland.

Her officers report strong northeast winds on the up trip, and violent southeasters coming down, compelling them to anchor three nights. She left Sitka on the 24th of December. All well aboard the Jamestown.

ALASKA LETTER.

McFARLAND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, }
Fort Wrangell, Alaska, Aug. 14, 1880. }

DEAR MRS. ALLEN: My vacation has been so thoroughly enjoyable to me, that perhaps a brief account of it may not be uninteresting to you. My first pleasure was a visit to Sitka, a pleasant ride of one hundred and sixty miles. I have never seen a place more beautiful for situation. It is as yet the only city of Alaska, and is situated on a low strip of land, the former residence of the Russian Governor rising on a rocky height of about one hundred feet above the general level. As we steam in between the rocks, Edgecombe is seen on our left, eight thousand feet high. It is now an extinct volcano. The great streaks of lava on its side show recent action. It is the great landmark of the port, and the most northern harbor on the Pacific shores of America. The coloring of the town is gay and the surroundings picturesque. The houses are yellow, and have sheet iron roofs painted red, and the spire of the Greek church is a bright green. The castle and government buildings present quite an antiquated appearance. The church is large and fantastically built; has a beautiful chime of bells; is gaudily decorated with a great many pictures, some of them valuable oil paintings, and are profusely hung with plates of solid beaten silver, and after this are edged with gold. The United States ship Jamestown rides at anchor in the harbor, and Capt. Beardsley shows the determination to execute orders, which is sufficient to overawe the mischief-makers and preserve the peace. His administration is not very satisfactory to the "noochinoo" venders and distillers. The officers of the Jamestown were very kind and took us upon several pleasant excursions to Redoubt Lake, Silver Bay and the Hot Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons have entered upon the work there

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with great energy and zeal, and think they will like it very much. Miss Austin, the missionary teacher, is quite enthusiastic over her school, which is quite large and well attended.

We had long desired to visit the British missions, Fort Simpson and Metlakatlah, British Columbia, some two hundred miles down the coast. I assure you it was with feelings of anxious expectancy that our little party (Rev. Mr. Young and family, six of the oldest girls in the Home and myself) hailed the arrival of the steamship Grapper, which was to convey us to Fort Simpson. We left here one evening, arriving there the next. Some of our girls had never been inside of a boat, and you may imagine their delight as they all enjoyed the pleasure of a sea voyage. My only regret was that the greater part of the time had to be spent in sleeping. On arriving near our destination a little boat was lowered from the vessel, and we were conveyed to the shore. As a signal of our coming we struck up a familiar air. Very soon we could discern the Indians hurrying to the place of landing, and when we reached the beach large crowds had assembled to greet us. After the usual congratulations were over, Rev. Mr. Crosby called upon his Indians to sing, and they responded in a very appropriate hymn, sung in the good old Methodist style. We no longer felt that we were strangers in a strange land. Go where we may, we will always find chords in Christian hearts that respond to the touch of a common faith, reminding us of the truth of God's word: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Rev. Mr. Crosby, with his excellent wife, were sent out by the Methodist Church of Canada. They have been laboring here for six years with great success, and with the blessing of God have succeeded in building up a neat village of Christian Indians. The old houses of the natives are fast disappearing and "Boston houses" are taking their places. Fronting the main street stands a large, commodious church, fifty by eighty feet in size, with a tower one hundred and forty feet high. Their day-school is taught by Miss Lawrence, late of Canada. It is well attended. Mr. Crosby has recently taken some Indian girls into his own house, and as soon as another teacher can be procured for the school Miss L. intends taking charge of this department. Mr. Crosby regrets exceedingly that this step was not taken sooner, for without the home influence upon our girls it is impossible to elevate and Christianize them. Here we visited the grave of our departed evangelist, Philip McKay, the one whom God in his wisdom chose as the humble instrument of starting the good work in Fort Wrangell. His wife returned with us, and is now an inmate of the Home, supported by some Christian ladies in the East. Philip, on his death-bed, requested Mrs. McFarland to ask the Board to take care of his wife. Said "he had made the contract in good faith, and if he had not fulfilled his part of it, it was no fault of his."

Those who doubt that the Indian can be civilized, evangelized and trained to habits of industry, should visit Metlakatlah. A pleasant sail by canoe brought us to this place. Our hearts beat high

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with expectation, and our party were merry with laughter and song as our canoe glided through the waves, throwing the white foam on every side. Soon we were in the beautiful channel of Metlah-katlah, three or four miles long, studded with little promontories and pretty islands. It was to us an enchanting spot of loveliness. The town is triangular in shape; the mission buildings are situated on a bold promontory; the church is built in the Gothic style, with a seating capacity of one thousand. Adjacent to these are the parsonage, saw pits and shops where ten trades have been mastered by some of the Indians. The women are taught to spin and weave from the wool of the Rocky Mountain sheep. About a half mile from the village stands the saw mill, where all the lumber is prepared for building purposes. This is connected by telephone with Mr. Duncan's office in the village, and by his superintendence all these buildings, including comfortable dwelling houses, have been erected by Indian mechanics. This little colony, numbering fifty souls, was led from Fort Simpson about eighteen years since by Mr. Duncan (sent out by the Church Missionary Society of London), and now it is the most prosperous mission on the coast, with a population of one thousand Indians. The missionary force consists of Mr. Duncan, Superintendent; Rev. Mr. Collison and wife, and two native assistant teachers. Over five hundred natives have professed their faith in Christ and have been baptized. Their school rooms are large and cheerful and beautifully decorated with illuminated pictures of Bible scenes. The village has a brass band of twenty-four instruments, but we did not have the pleasure of hearing it, as the Indians were away. Our stay here, though short, was very pleasant. Mr. Duncan gave the girls a very pleasant evening with the galvanic battery and stereoscopic views.

The next day after we had visited the school and all places of interest connected with the mission, the canoes were in readiness and we were invited to join them in a basket pic-nic. A ride of a few miles brought us to a lovely spot, where we spent an enjoyable day. On our return the church bell was rung, and all the Indians assembled for service. The following morning we bid good-bye, and were homeward bound. And I am appalled at the thought of trying to describe our sea voyage to you. There is not another like it in the world, hundreds of enchanting islands of all sizes, shapes and heights, from rocks covered with sea gulls to the snow-capped ranges of mountains, cascades many and lovely, rivers, bays, straits, numerous villages of Indians, flocks of all kinds of sea birds, whales, black fish, seals, porpoises innumerable, and, best of all, we had good weather nearly all the time, splendid camping grounds, and were warmly welcomed by the Indians wherever we stopped to hold meetings among them. At Fort Tongas they are very anxious for a teacher and minister to be sent "quick." Here are good government buildings, and a fine opening for some one.

Our voyage home was a little tedious;

the tides and head-winds were against us most of the way. We had one long stretch of open sea to cross, and our frail canoe was tossed to and fro on the angry waves, and we came to the conclusion that the better part of valor would be to camp and wait till next day. The following morning found us on our way; the waves had subsided and the sea was calm. At the end of two weeks we were nearing Fort Wrangell, with the delightful experience of having had to "paddle our own canoe." 'Tis needless to say our appetites were good, having subsisted upon coffee and venison for two days.

I am glad to tell you that we are now living in our new Home. We had a little opening last Thursday night week. The public were invited. We had a good deal of music, and Mr Young gave us a very interesting address, paying a very flattering tribute to Mrs. McFarland, which I must quote to you: "To its noble founder who had the wisdom to originate, the love to urge, the patience to carry out these plans, we give all honor to-night. Amid discouragements and trials you know not of, she has achieved no partial success. And now looked upon by the whole Presbyterian Church with admiration and love; supported liberally in her efforts by thousands of Christian workers, and bound to the throne of Divine Love by the silken cords of faithful prayers, she need not wait to see how the Lord has led her. May this fair morning of her enterprise fall in the light of a fairer noon, and the precious souls for which she toils respond gladly to her who, echoing the voice of her Master, calls to them daily, 'Come up higher.'"

Truly yours,
MAGGIE J. DUNBAR.

ALASKA LETTER.

McFARLAND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, }
FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, }
December 1, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I submit to you the following report of the quarter ending to-day, that you may know something of our affairs, and become more and more interested in our welfare.

I re-opened school the first Monday in September, with thirty-two pupils; have now a roll-call of fifty. I find the work much easier than I did one year ago, and my interest in the cause increases every day. I understand Indian children much better, and have learned that kindness, firmness and patience are necessary qualifications.

My greatest discouragement, and indeed the only one connected with my department, is tardiness upon the part of the day scholars. I have spoken to the parents, and have tried to impress upon them their responsibility, but I notice very little improvement as yet. I try to begin promptly at nine o'clock in the morning, and

Mrs. McFarland always has her family on hand promptly upon all occasions, but it will take time, education and much prayer before my school is all I should desire in point of punctuality. Indeed nothing short of an Industrial School for our boys, with good family training and Christian influences, will elevate and enable them to keep pace with our girls.

Eight gentlemen (on their way from Cassiar to Victoria) visited our Home and school the other day. They complimented us upon our success, and were much gratified at the advancement of the pupils and surprised to see such a change in their personal appearance. They inquired of Mrs. McFarland where she intended to procure husbands for so many girls. She replied that *that* was a very serious question, but she hoped to find some good Indians for them.

If something could be done now for the boys, we could send out many Christian teachers to other tribes. We have been hoping that the Government would come to the rescue.

Tillie is improving. I had her take charge of our school one afternoon while I acted as visitor. She heard all the classes, except her *own*, and I think she will make a very thorough teacher.

My girls have grown so studious that it is a real pleasure to teach them. I started a new class in geography, and they are very much interested.

To-day I awarded four prizes for the greatest number of head-marks in spelling during the quarter. I will send you some specimens of writing this mail.

I am trying to bring up my scholars to the idea that they are being educated expressly to do good to others; that the eyes of those at whose expense they are receiving these benefits are upon them, and that they cannot escape the responsibility to communicate what they have received to others.

Our Indians are all home now and settled for the winter. The services are well attended.

Mr. Young has started a prayer-meeting in the village. It meets at the different houses every Thursday evening. I think they will be productive of much good.

Our first snow fell October 26th.

We have been having very mild weather. I have thirty-five rainy days recorded in my diary since September 1st.

We have experienced the slight shock of an earthquake October 26th. One of my school-boys became very

uneasy, and cried out, "What's the matter with this earth?" The shock was very heavy north of us, and I hear considerable damage was done at Fort Simpson.

Now I have come to the sad part of my report. Our Heavenly Father has laid his hand very heavily upon us, and three of my pupils have died of heart disease during this quarter. I ceased to call the name Lizzie Lewie October 3d; that of Mary Jackson 26th of same month. Both inmates of the Home—aged about twelve years,—bright and promising. But we do not murmur at God's dealings with us, but rather rejoice in the confident hope that we have in their peaceful death. There was no shrinking in the dying hour. Both gave evidence of a change of heart, and expressed their love for the Savior and complete confidence in Him who hath said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

On November 4th, the startling announcement reached us that Ned Diuse was dead, one of our young men. He had left the village but a few days before in company with some friends for the purpose of bringing home some vegetables from their garden, where he sickened and died with but a few hours' preparation. I had often urged upon him the duty of giving his heart to Christ, but he postponed the matter. His aunt told me that he knew he was going to die and prayed very earnestly, and she says he died expressing a hope in Christ.

On returning home, they encountered a rough sea, and were dashed against the rocks, their frail canoe broken into pieces. They swam to the shore almost exhausted, and were mourning over the fate of their loved one and had given up all hopes of his recovery, when suddenly the half of the canoe to which his body was tied was washed into shore. They were many miles from home, but by traveling all night, foot-sore and weary, they arrived about daylight to tell their sad tale. Indians started at once after the body.

I am admonished by these sudden deaths to be more faithful to those who remain.

"What, though to-day?

Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial season.

Trust and obey!

Though God's cloud-mystery enfolds thee here,
In after-life and light all shall be plain and clear."

Yours, very truly,

M. J. DUNBAR.

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ALASKA LETTER.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.,
March 24th, 1880.

DEAR MRS. ALLEN: Your postal and letter just arrived *too* late to comply with your request, in behalf of your annual meeting. I would gladly send you any items of interest connected with our work here, but I know this cannot reach you in time, so you must be content with some general news. Great anxiety was felt for the safety of the California. Having left here Jan. 27th, with Mrs. McFarland aboard bound for Portland our suspense was intense as we watched from day to day for her return, only to be disappointed. However, our anxiety was terminated March 10th, by the arrival of a British boat from Victoria, announcing that the California was there for repairs, disabled from encountering a severe storm soon after leaving Portland. They were four days adrift without a rudder in awful peril. Thanks to a good Providence, Mrs. McFarland had decided to remain over at Portland, until her next trip. She, *however*, connected with the California at Victoria, and arrived, safe and sound, yesterday morning in good health and spirits. I assure you, I feel as though a great load was lifted from my shoulders, as I have had both the school and home to carry along. But the back is always prepared for the burden, and I got through it all very smoothly. We converted our dining room into a *school room*, and I had the help of an Indian woman to manage the kitchen department. My school has been quite well attended, and the interest is increasing. The first death in the Home occurred whilst Mrs. McFarland was *away*, and sadness was mingled in our cup of joy that morning (for the letters containing the news of little Hetti's death had not reached her) *one* bright face was missing from our family circle, but we do not grieve, for we know she has found a haven of rest, and is now "safe in the arms of Jesus." I will not dwell upon this as our pastor has written quite a lengthy obituary for the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, giving a history of her *life*. If Rosa King reads this, she will be glad to hear that Hettie was very happy when I handed her the nice Bible she so kindly sent *for her*. She held it in her *hand* in her last *hours*, and had been trying so hard to read it while in school.

Our late troubles are all settled here, and we never anticipate any more trouble from that quarter as the Hoochenoo's have left our Island. I dismissed school this week for a rest, and I am enjoying together with it, Mrs. McFarland's cheerful society. After two months absence we have much to talk about. The weather has been very fine here. March 16th we had the pleasure of a canoe ride on the Bay. But enough for the present, I must rake out my quarterly report to the Board, and the steamer is expected every moment from Sitka.

Very Truly,
MAGGIE J. DUNBAR.

Died Feb. 22d, 1880, at the Industrial Home for girls in Fort Wrangell, Alaska, Hettie Koosetke Whitley, aged about eight years.

Listen to the story of this brief life, and thank God for a brighter lot. Little Koosetke's parents, though of an aristocratic family of the Stirckine tribe, were both notoriously vicious. They engaged continuously in the manufacture of Hoochenoo—that vilest of all strong drink—made from molasses. So at home she was a witness of the frequent drunken quarrels, and often had to fly with her mother from the insane fury of her father. Her parents were repeatedly arrested by the custom house officials, and had part of their property confiscated.

Koosetke, in addition to these troubles, was often sick with inherited diseases, and met with two severe accidents; once falling down some steps, and injuring her chest, at another time falling in such a way as to injure her spine. From neither of these did she ever fully recover.

But last summer during the visit of Drs. Kendall, Lindsley and Jackson to Fort Wrangell, occurred the terrible shock which we believe more than any other cause brought her to her grave. While her parents were making hoochenoo at their lonely fishing place, (a days journey by canoe from this town) the father in a drunken rage, shot his wife dead before the eyes of his little girl, and then in spite of the piteous cries and entreaties of the child, tied a rope around her mother's neck, and towed her through the water behind his canoe to Fort Wrangell. Then the brutal wretch openly defied all attempts to bring him to justice, and fortified his house against all attack.

Katie Rochester, Koosetke's half-sister, the daughter of the murdered woman, was an inmate of Mrs. McFarland's "Home," at once took possession of her little sister, and brought her to Mrs. McFarland. Here at last was a haven of rest after the storm. The terrified, sad-faced child became an inmate of the Home, and received the name of Hettie Whitley. Love, kindness and the cheerful companionship of the children, wrought its changes upon her face, but there was always that scared, suffering look, as of a hunted animal wounded to the death.

And Hettie *had* received her death wound. She never rallied from the effects

of that dreadful, nervous shock, even her smile was sad and fleeting. Often in the night she would awake screaming with fright or pain. Her appetite failed, her limbs began to be paralyzed, and muscles to contract, and her body wasted away. Patient and quiet few realized how much she suffered. Though safe in the Home, her father kept her in fear, trying to get her away.

But the friends of the murdered woman besieged the murderer in his house, and for three months Hettie knew there was a daily attempt to kill her father. At last on that bloody day, the fourteenth of Jan.—when our noble old chief Towaat and Moses were killed by the Hoochenoo tribe—Hettie saw from a window of the Home, the killing of her father by her mother's relatives.

Mrs. McFarland, worn out and sick, went to Portland for rest on the January boat. During her absence, Hettie continued to grow worse; walking became difficult, and her diseases more painful.

On Saturday, Feb. 21st,—she had a violent attack—a serious spasm. Dr. Corlies tried, but could give her little relief. About midnight she rallied, and the pain seemed to leave her. Miss Dunbar, to whom she clung with all the strength of her love, and whom she would not permit to leave her sight, gave her some of the bright cards sent to the mission; and Hettie gave each of her friends a little keepsake, setting aside for Mrs. McFarland some of the prettiest. She expressed her love to Jesus, and said, she had no fear of death. From this happy hour of consciousness and rest, she sank into a stupor out of which at nine o'clock, Sabbath morning, her Savior called her. Beautifully arrayed for her long sleep by the loving hands of the ladies of the mission, the happy look of peace and health came back to her face, and she lay as in a restful sleep.

If the Home could do no more than bring such a storm tossed little barque to to the quiet harbor of such a death, its mission were a noble one. But when you know, that many of the inmates are saved from similar scenes, to be trained up to noble womanhood, you can see how our hearts are wrapped up in the success of this noble institution. Pray and work to save these children.

S. HALL YOUNG.

ALASKA NEWS.

A Civil Government Organized at Sitka with Collector Ball as its Chief Magistrate--Plan of the Government.

Good Reports from the Mines--The Indian Situation--Missionary Work--Personal, Etc., Etc.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.]

PORT TOWNSEND, Aug. 17.—The steamer *California* arrived here at 2 P. M. to-day. She left Sitka on the 12th, having laid there three days owing to an unusual amount of freight discharged, the shipment of 2000 cases of salmon from the cannery, and the obstructed condition of the wharf, which is being thoroughly repaired by Capt. Beardslee, of the *Jamestown*.

A civil government was fully organized by citizens at Sitka on the 2d inst., the same having been resolved on at a public meeting July 25. The preamble of ordinance adopted sets forth the fact of danger to person and property, existing for want of all civil law,

and inferentially takes the United States government somewhat to task for its neglect. It then gives reasons why no previous efforts could be made to form a government among themselves and expresses confidence that it is the intention of the government to keep the place protected from Indian violence, and consequently they feel able to organize a provisional government to last until supplanted by regularly enacted laws. A chief magistrate and five selected men, each in separate precincts, are provided and authority given to try civil and criminal cases, to attend to the municipal affairs of Sitka and to take charge of estates. All citizens have entered heartily into the matter and everyone entitled, voted, except at the mines at Silver Bay, where they first voted accepting government, but afterwards were induced by a defeated candidate for office to revoke their decision, but now accept the situation. The officers elect are: Collector Ball, chief magistrate; selectmen, first precinct, P. Corcoran; second, T. Haltern; third, N. G. Matropolosky; fifth, (cannery), Thomas McCauly. There is no test of American citizenship; all white men 21 years of age are voters, so the collector and priest are not debarred by their offices from serving in positions to which elected. The officers elect constitute together a provisional council which regulates and sets in motion the machinery and details of government, hears appeals from selectmen's decision and tries grave offenses.

Alaska Mining Affairs.

The prospect at the Sitka mines seems encouraging, judging from the eagerness in prospecting and recording claims. Superintendent Pilz intended sending down about \$1500, the first clean up of the Stewart mine. He was prevented through Murphy, the amalgamator of the Alaska Gold & Silver Mining Co., falling and breaking his shoulder. Five new stamps have arrived at the Haley & Miletrich mine. Arastras are being erected in several places. Much individual work is done outside of the company's mines, and work pockets and placer claims are being located.

The Captain of the "Jamestown" at Work--What the Indians are Doing.

Captain Beardslee has done a great deal towards encouraging and helping citizens, has broken up the hoochenoo business, forced the Indians to clean their village, insists on their keeping it clean, and is doing good work generally. Indians are helping at the mines, and Mr. Hunter has one hundred employed at the cannery, but the latter, missing a catch of fish some days since, got drunk and are not sober yet. With a powerful arm always uplifted they will work and can assist in developing the resources of the country; otherwise they cannot be depended on.

In mining Expert Perkins expresses himself highly pleased with the ore prospects.

The schooner *Dashing Wave* arrived at Klowack from San Francisco, discharged freight and shipped 200 tons of salmon oil and furs.

The *California* brought down forty discouraged miners from Cassiar, and \$40,000 in treasure. Among her passengers, who remain here to take the Puget Sound route, are Rev. Drs. Kendall and Lindsley and wives, Miss Bodman and Mr. Lord.

The number of miners at the Cassiar diggings is about 2000. Business at Wrangel is about as brisk as usual in summer.

The quartz prospects at Alaska are reported good, the yield being \$35 dollars to the ton of rock crushed.

The Cutting Company have put up 7000 cases of salmon.

Dr. Lindsley's Report.

Dr. Lindsley, of the Presbyterian board of missions, reports having organized the first American church instituted in Alaska, and commenced building a house of worship with

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funds contributed at Portland, Oregon, and at Wrangel. An industrial school is also being built under the direction of Dr. Kendall with funds obtained east. A Roman Catholic church has just been erected also at Wrangel. Dr. Lindsley further says that Alaska is continually exposed to all the evils of anarchy and crime through the absence of magistrates and laws.

MADNESS AND MURDER.

A Wrangel Indian Assaults his Wife in a Fit of Jealousy and Murders one and Kills another of her Defenders.

VICTORIA, Aug. 17.—The steamship *California* from Alaska and Cassiar arrived last night, bringing \$40,000 in gold.

George Jenkenson, toll collector at Telegraph creek, was killed by a Fort Wrangel Indian named Johnson on the 19th of July last under the following circumstances: The murderer came to Telegraph creek two weeks before the murder, leaving his wife at Wrangel. She followed in company with an Alaska Indian. Johnson's jealousy was aroused, and he armed himself on the morning of the 19th with two guns, a pistol and a large knife. He arrived at Telegraph creek at half-past eight o'clock in the evening and found his wife in a tent about twenty yards from the toll collector's house. He made her follow him to Casey's cabin, in front of which she sat down and refused to go further. Johnson then cut her on the head with the knife. A man named Morris seized Johnson and a desperate struggle took place, Johnson firing a pistol at Morris and burning his coat, but doing him no injury. Jenkenson ran to Morris' assistance and seized Johnson, who immediately turned on Jenkenson and stabbed him deeply below the last rib on the left side. Morris now got the best of Johnson, threw his pistol into the creek and the desperado after it, and finding that he had received a deep cut in the thigh ran to Harris' saloon, where he sank down exhausted. Jenkenson in the meanwhile had sunk to the ground, and died in four minutes after receiving the stab. Three men started to carry the body of Jenkenson into his house, when Johnson reappeared with two guns, one of which he pointed at the three men, who laid down the body and ran for shelter. Johnson then came over to where the body was lying and stabbed it three times at the navel and once at the right nipple. He was then about to open fire on the crowd across the creek, when a klutchman induced him to desist for fear he would kill some of his own friends. He sent her to tell his friends to get out of the way which they and the whites did. Johnson shortly afterwards disappeared and the body of Jenkenson was borne to his house and prepared for burial. Johnson was arrested on the following morning after a desperate resistance, during which he was shot in the shoulder.

THE FAR NORTH.

From Ounalaska's Shore--The "Jeannette" and her Probable Movements--Illicit Trade--Murder by Indians.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—Among the passengers by the steamer *St. Paul* from Ounalaska were Col. H. G. Otis and Capt. J. H. Moulton, of the U. S. treasury department, who have been making a tour of the Seal Islands in the interest of the department. They report that the revenue cutter *Richard Rush* had been through Behring's Straits and within 364 miles of Wrangel Land and within 75 miles of East Cape, near which Professor Nordenskjold is supposed to be frozen in. Her officers report the sea to the northward clear as far as visible, with no signs of ice.

The season in the Arctic regions has been unusually favorable for exploration. The winter was warm and the ice broke up early. Lieut. DeLong, of the *Jeannette*, hopes to reach Wrangel Land before the ice closes again, and intends to winter there. There is some question as to his reaching there early enough, as on the way up the *Jeannette* will visit the coast in the vicinity of East Cape in search of tidings of Prof. Nordenskjold. The

report of his escape is not credited at the north. No news to that effect has been received at Ounalaska or St. Michaels, and those on board the *Richard Rush* could get no information concerning him.

The treasury agents report a great deal of illicit trade in firearms, ammunition, rum, etc., carried on by vessels from San Francisco and Honolulu, and one schooner, the *Soleta*, was seized of St. Paul Island with contraband goods on board.

Mrs. Bean, wife of a trader on Tananah river, a branch of Yukon, was killed by Indians last September, and a number of disturbances have occurred among the Indians which they attribute to liquor in nearly all cases.

ALASKA.

Stories Told by a Government Inspector--The Natives--The Climate--A Big River--Rich Gold-Deposits--Salmon--No Government.

Washington Post.

Although it is now more than ten years since the Russian Government ceded to this country, for the consideration of \$7,200,000, that portion of its territory in America known as Alaska, yet but little is known of the possession thus acquired by the United States. When, therefore, the *Post* met Maj. William Gouverneur Morris, of California, in the lobby of the Ebbitt House yesterday, the reporter found an opportunity of enlightening the public that was not to be lost.

"You visited Alaska in an official capacity, did you not?" quoth the *Post*.

"Yes, sir; I went there under directions from Secretary Sherman to inspect the customs districts located there. I have just returned, and submit a report to Congress to-morrow."

"Can you not tell the *Post* something of that country, its people, climate, resources, etc.?" said our young man in his most seductive manner.

"I shall be very glad to," was the reply. "In the first place, you must know that immediately after the purchase Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau went to receive the territory with a large body of troops in naval vessels, after which it was garrisoned by several companies at posts selected by Gen. Halleck. These posts were marked out by Gen. Halleck at his military headquarters in San Francisco by merely looking at a map of Alaska, without a tour of exploration having been made. This fact is not generally known. As the result of this the posts were located at points that were either totally inaccessible or difficult to reach, and where it was expensive to supply the troops with garrison stores. Subsequently all these posts were abandoned by order of the War Department except two, viz.: Sitka and Fort Wrangel, on Wrangel's Island, and the Government of the Territory was finally turned over to the Treasury Department."

"What was done then?"

"The government was placed in the hands of the Collector of Customs and his deputies, who were occasionally visited by a revenue cutter. But these deputies being only authorized by law to collect revenue, and having no extended powers, whatever government they have exercised has been usurped. This is but little at

the best, and as a result there is no government at all."

"What kind of people, Major, are the natives?"

"They are Indians of two classes. The first is the coast savage, who lives in villages and subsists on fish of his own catching, and is partially civilized from intercourse with the whites. He also trades with the tribes of the interior and with the whites. In this trading business he is shrewd and adept, and generally gets the best of a bargain. Their villages have been several times destroyed by British and American gunboats, and this has taught them a severe lesson. In fact, the true way to govern them would be to keep a gunboat continually cruising along the coast."

"Are they easily governed?"

"There is no trouble," was the reply, "to be experienced from them except when they are crazed with drink, and then there is no telling what they might do. The troops could only pretend to keep order immediately adjoining the posts, and for this reason were withdrawn, as being of no service."

"Who are the second class of people?"

"They are the interior tribes, of whom little is known. They will allow no white man to enter their domain, and only trade with the coast Indians. Their country is partitioned off for each tribe. They are warlike, dangerous, and, in fact, perfect savages. Both classes of Indians are more of an Asiatic type than our red men of the plains, and clearly show their Tartar origin."

"What is the climate of Alaska, Major?"

"The temperature of Southeastern Alaska is no colder than at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon, and three degrees warmer than at Ottawa. This is owing to the warm current which flows from Japan, known as the Japanese gulf stream. Snow is very rarely seen in the streets of Sitka, though in the winter time the mountains in the vicinity are covered. The same clothing is worn there as you wear to-day in Washington. The dampness of the air is far more to be feared than the cold. These remarks, however, do not apply to the entire country west of the Aleutian Islands, which is barren and inhospitable."

"Has Alaska any rivers?" inquired the *Post*.

"Yes, sir, the principal one being the Yukon, which flows through Central Alaska, and empties into Norton Sound. It has a large arm debouching to the eastward towards British Columbia, from which flows innumerable streams."

"How large is the Yukon?"

"It has never been thoroughly surveyed, but Capt. Raymond navigated it for 2,000 miles. It is believed to be larger than the Mississippi or the Amazon. It is frozen up in the winter time and its breaking up in spring is a grand and terrific sight. The debris, driftwood, and timber which is carried down at each freshet is, by the force of the current, floated out to the Aleutian Islands, where it serves the natives as fire-wood. It is the only kind they use, as no trees grow on these islands."

"What are the resources of Alaska?"

"In the first place, Alaska is full of coal. It can be found cropping out everywhere. But it cannot be utilized, because there is so much of it in Washington Territory, which is nearer California and Oregon. The best coal for steaming purposes is found near Nanaimo, but anthracite coal is known to exist. Its development will prove a fortune to somebody, as we have no anthracite coal on the Pacific slope."

"Do other minerals abound?"

"Yes; gold, silver, iron, copper, and platinum have also been found in paying quantities, but none of the mines have ever been prospected or developed, owing to the dangers which miners are subjected to in making explorations. In the Cassir District, however, which is British Columbia, and which is annually visited by 3,000 miners, who have to pass through Alaska, the mines have yielded millions of dollars of surface gold. Recently numerous rich deposits have been discovered in a part of the territory which is now in dispute between the United States and Great Britain. A joint commission has agreed upon a provisional line, which those acquainted with the facts of the case know to be unjust towards this country. The question is an important one, and the lives of many of the citizens of the United States are in jeopardy."

It should be settled at once, or it may involve both countries in serious difficulties."

"Do not the natives make use of these metals?"

"Oh, yes; the Indians wear ornaments of gold, and state that gold exists, but are very reticent as to its locality. It must, however, be borne in mind that prospecting in Alaska is not like Arizona or the Black Hills. The distance is great, the season is short, a great deal of money is needed to get there, and even when they reach Alaska there is no guarantee that they will not be scalped by savages."

"Are there other resources besides those imbedded in the ground?"

"Timber and fish are the remaining principal treasures. The forests are immense, principally of yellow cedar, which is most valuable for building purposes. White spruce is also plentiful."

"And the fisheries?"

"I believe that Alaska will eventually supply the world with salmon. The Oregon fisheries are giving out. From the mouth of the Columbia River, below Astoria, there are stretched across it every night, for forty miles, seine after seine, and the salmon cannot get up the river to spawn. But the Alaska fisheries are inexhaustible, and a catch of from four to seven thousand salmon with one haul of the seine is of common occurrence. Two wealthy San Francisco firms have started canneries up in Alaska, and last year sent down between 7,000 and 8,000 cases, each case containing four dozen one-pound cans. The fish met with ready sale, and it is probable many more canneries will be established next spring. But, as in mining, it must be borne in mind that this is no child's play; that none but hardy men, and men who are willing to work, can embark in it."

"Are salmon the only fish?"

"No; cod exist in larger numbers than on the banks of Newfoundland, but as they keep in deeper water they are harder to catch. Herring exist in countless myriads, besides other varieties of food-fish almost equally plentiful."

"Now, then, Major, tell me something of the Government?"

"There is no Government whatever. There are no courts, and a man there has no civil or political rights. No person can acquire title to property, for there is no law to enforce the collections of debts or the conveyance of deeds, wills, or other instruments. Nor can he even acquire land by pre-emption. He can neither vote, hold property, nor is he guaranteed trial by jury."

"How is this to be remedied?"

"In the present condition of the Territory and the paucity of the population, no cumbersome political machinery should be adopted. Anything would do that would meet the exigencies of the case and protect the people. The suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury that executive powers be conferred on customs officers might do for the present, but not permanently. Mr. Fuller, of Indiana, has already introduced a bill to extend the land laws of the United States over Alaska, and similar bills for the mining and other laws will soon follow. What is wanted now is an appropriation, for which a bill has been offered, to fit out a revenue cutter to cruise along the southeastern coast of Alaska, and also money enough to make a coaling station at some point along that coast. It was suggested that criminals be brought to Washington Territory or Oregon, but this would be too expensive."

"How large is Alaska?" said the *Post*, in conclusion.

"It contains 560,000 square miles,—about one-tenth the size of the United States. It has 20,000 miles of sea-coast, or more than all the sea-coast of the rest of the United States together."

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At the time of the visit of the U. S. steamship Alaska; this spring, it was found that the population of Sitka was as follows:

Native Americans, wives and children...	35
Naturalized " " " " " "	44
Russians and descendants.....	247
Total.....	326

In addition to the above are about 1,000 Indians. Thrifty gardens and the rank growth of the wild grasses attest the fertility of the soil and mildness of the climate.

Our stay at Sitka was rendered the more pleasant by the kind attentions of Rev. John G. Brady, Collector M. D. Ball, and his Deputy, Dr. Dulaney. Our party also met some very pleasant ladies among the Protestant, Jewish and Russian population of the village. About six miles north of Sitka, Messrs. Cutting & Co. of San Francisco have established a cannery for salmon, under the supervision of Mr. Hunter. As the steamer had freight to land at the cannery, we were able to make a visit. We found all the operations, from the catching of the salmon to the boxing of the cans ready for market, were carried on by the Indians under the supervision of white men. It was a new sight to see over a hundred Indian men working as steadily and intelligently as the workmen in an Eastern factory. It is an opening up of new avenues of support—a partial solution of the problem, how to elevate and civilize the Indians. In connection with industrial and mission schools, they can at the same time be taught various industries, given an elementary education, and led to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Humanity, patriotism and religion all combine in urging it. And this, so far as this people is concerned, is the work of the Board of Home Missions.

IN ALASKA.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

GLACIERS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

At half-past three o'clock on July 21st the long shrill whistle of the steamer Cassiar was the preconcerted signal for rising and repairing on board.

Wishing to visit the great glaciers of Stephen's Strait and Lynn Channel, but more particularly the Takou, Auke, Kake, and Chileat Indians, we chartered the small steamer Cassiar for the trip. The officers gave up their rooms to the ladies. Two tents were erected upon deck for sitting and sleeping rooms.

Seven rocking, two reclining, and three easy chairs, with sofa, were provided for the comfort of the party by day. The party consisted of the Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., and wife; Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., and wife; J. M. Vanderbilt and wife; Rev. S. Hall Young; Mrs. A. R. McFarland; Miss Bodman; Professor Muir, State Geologist of California, and Sheldon Jackson and wife. The officers of the boat were Captain Lane, Purser Brodie, Engineer Gilman, Mate Wilson, and Pilot Kadushan, (Indian.)

Miss Maggie J. Dunbar, late of Steubenville, Ohio, kindly took charge of the Home during the absence of Mrs. McFarland.

At 5 A. M., amid waving of handkerchiefs, the boat swung loose from her moorings into Stickine Sound. At 9 A. M. we pass Point Alexander, turn to the north, and are in Wrangell Straits. These Straits are eighteen miles long and less than a quarter of a mile wide. The low shores on either side and high mountains back of them are covered with spruce. Great numbers of ducks and flocks of sea-gulls are seen on the shallow places. A few years ago a party of white men, making a canoe voyage from Fort Wrangell to Sitka, encamped for the night on these straits and were murdered by the Indians. Towards the northern end of the straits an Indian chief has established a large potato and poultry farm.

Opposite Duncan Passage we caught our first glimpse of the great glaciers to the north-east. Soon after noon we passed out of Wrangell Strait into the broader strait of Prince Frederick Sound, and were directly abreast of what seemed to be five immense

GLACIERS.

These afterwards resolved themselves into three. One presented a scarred front dropping down thousands of feet from the summits of the lofty mountains and was several miles across. Another, hemmed in by vast mountain sides, formed a double S, and had the appearance of a large river swollen by a spring freshet and filled with floating ice and driftwood. Beyond and over these glaciers, dimly seen in the haze, was the Devil's Thumb, an immense rock, four hundred feet high, crowning the summit of one of the mountain peaks. In this vicinity during the winter of 1853-54 ships took in a cargo of glacier ice for San Francisco. Along both shores the mountains rise to a great height, in places from the water's edge, their summits covered with large patches of snow and ice.

Passing up the coast we put into a small bay after fresh water, but were unable to get sufficiently near the creek for our purpose. Towards evening, rounding Cape Fanshaw, we dropped anchor for the night

in five fathoms of water. We were many miles short of the distance we had expected to make. The steamer had made such poor time during the day that it be-

came evident to all the proposed trip could not be made in accordance with our plans. A consultation was had and it was decided to return to Wrangell.

This was a very great disappointment to all concerned, as it seemed important that we should visit the villages where we hoped to open missions in the near future. A few weeks afterwards, however, I was providentially permitted to hold a council with two prominent Chilcat chiefs at Fort Simpson, at which they expressed their anxiety for a teacher and their willingness to renounce their heathen customs when any one should come to teach them the new way.

FROM ALASKA.

[Mrs. Colies, the writer of the letter below, is a daughter of the late Rev. Josiah Goddard, missionary to Siam and China. She was formerly a member of the Fifth Church. She and her husband went out to Atlanta depending on nothing but God for their support. We trust that their request for prayer will not be unheeded.]

We, the missionaries, who are engaged, in a hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness in this corner of the world, Fort Wrangle, Alaska, would send a petition to our brethren, the readers of THE NATIONAL BAPTIST, that earnest prayer may be offered on our behalf, in this our special time of need.

We arrived in this place last June, finding the town the most miserable it was ever our lot to visit; but the natural scenery was exceedingly grand, and the weather much pleasanter than we had been led to anticipate. Greatly to our comfort we found warm Christian friends in the Presbyterian missionaries who were already laboring among the Indians.

Since there was no physician in the place, my husband's medical skill was called into requisition immediately, and has been fully taxed ever since; but, as the Indians think the medicine should be as free as the gospel he preaches, his practice is not at all lucrative.

I was soon enabled to open a school among the Indians of various tribes who bring their furs, etc., to this place for trading purposes, and generally return to their own homes in a few weeks. Though this rapid change among my pupils is discouraging, yet the words of truth sown in much weakness in that little school-room are carried far and wide. For months our labor was delightful; the hearts of the people were turned towards us; those who remained any length of time in the place made rapid progress in reading; sometimes as many as fifty crowded the school-room at once, but now, alas! all this is changed. The dark war-clouds hang over us; both schools are closed and the peoples' hearts are filled with mistrust. In three short days the whole bright scene was changed in the following manner. The Stickine Indians under the faithful teaching of the Rev. S. H. Young, have learned the baneful effect of using hoochinoo, or native whiskey, and have succeed-

ed in stopping its manufacture in their own tribe. Wishing also to save the visiting Indians from its terrible consequences, and to preserve peace in the place, an Indian police force has been organized whose duty it is to seize all the hoochinoo found. On Sunday, the 11th of January, a "still" in full operation was discovered and my husband dispatched the police after it, but one of the Stickine Indians accompanied them. Some angry words from the latter aroused the Hoochinos and in the tussle he received a blow in the face. To an Indian this is a lasting disgrace. The next Tuesday, notwithstanding earnest remonstrances from the missionaries, he went with a number of unarmed Stickines to demand redress. He was permitted to return the blow received; and this transaction would have ended the matter, had not some rash fellow struck another blow, which led to a general fight.

The Hoochinos produced knives and other weapons, which were wrested from them and turned against them with the result of badly wounding several people. Mr. Young and my husband used strenuous efforts to quiet the people and restore peace; but they were of no avail. The next morning a crowd of armed and painted warriors started for the Stickine ranch. Mr. Young hearing their approach ran ahead to endeavor to restrain his own people; twice he succeeded; but when they saw that the enemy had entered one of their houses and were destroying the furniture, with wild fury they rushed near the foe, when immediately shots from the Hoochinos brought down two of the best Christian Indians, Towyat a chief, and Moses, a minor chief. A skirmish ensued which resulted in three deaths on the side of the Stickines and two on the other, and a number wounded.

Firing continued all day in dangerous proximity to our house. Several wounded persons came to claim surgical aid from my husband; but while still engaged with them, our friends the Presbyterian missionaries sent an armed escort to conduct us within the precincts of the garrison. The trouble was not over with that day, for, according to the Indian code of honor, the death of a chief requires that one of equal rank should die on the opposite side, or if such an one is not found, six common men must fall victims; and the Stickines are determined upon thus avenging the death of their chief Towyat; consenting, however, to be satisfied with two men instead of six, if the Hoochinoo chief is not forthcoming. Consequently, we are continually hearing loud harangues from angry men, chanted in a sort of war-song and followed by gun shots, expressive of their determination to be revenged.

The white men of the place have come promptly forward for self-protection, preparing the garrison for occupation at any moment and organizing themselves into a guard who take turns in patrolling the town, that is the part occupied by themselves. Missionary effort is nearly at a standstill; in fact, murmurs are heard against the missionaries,

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saying that they have caused all the trouble. The heathen point the finger of scorn at their converted fellows and ask: "Where now is your God? Why did he permit Christians to be the first to fall? You had better come back to your old beliefs." The faith of some is shaken.

All this is not strange, for Satan will never sit quietly by and permit his kingdom to be invaded; but God who is stronger than the strong man can and will yet break his power.

Is it right that we should be left thus without protection, having no law whatever, no redress for our wrongs and not even a few soldiers in the garrison to overawe the natives? These Indians are not as bad as those of the plains; they are teachable and anxious to learn; many tribes are asking for missionaries to be sent to them; and this we believe will be the way to reach them and raise them from their fallen condition into a united, God-fearing people. Each tribe should have a missionary of its own and be civilized by itself; then when they have learned to forgive and forget, and to love as brethren, they will lay aside their old prejudices and become one nation.

EMILY G. CORLIES.

A L A S K A.

An Exploration Up the Chilcat River—The Trading Tribes.

BARBARIC COMMERCE AND CUSTOMS.

The New Mines—Hootchenoo Whiskey and Indian Brawls.

THE NEED OF A WAR STEAMER.

SITKA, A. T., Jan. 23, 1881.

An expedition has penetrated into the northern interior of Alaska to a point on the Chilcat River beyond any previously reached by other than Indians. A report of the discoveries must prove interesting, as they will serve to eradicate many false impressions and give a much desired insight into the general topography of that section of the country. About the middle of September your correspondent left this place in the Northwest Trading Company's steamer Favorite for the northward, and arrived at Portage Bay, at the head of Lynn Canal, September 25. Preparations were at once made for a voyage up the Chilcat River, and on the following day Mr. P. Schulze, president of the Northwest Trading Company; Dr. Young, Presbyterian missionary from Wrangel; an interpreter and your correspondent set out from the trading post to cross the divide, a distance of two and a half miles, to the Chilcat Inlet and mouth of the river of the same name.

OVER THE DIVIDE.

The Indians packed over our traps and surprised us with the heavy burdens they were capable of sustaining on their backs without much apparent discomfort.

The divide is low, with a gentle rise from the bay. It is covered with evergreen trees and a deciduous growth of birch and cottonwood. The soil, from a rich loam on the eastern side adapted to the cultivation of the hardier cereals, becomes thin and marshy in the centre, and on the western side there are large patches of swamp grass, a bluish clay soil and then granite mud.

UP THE CHILCAT RIVER.

At Portage Point we found two canoes in waiting for us. Before starting, and at many points at the mouth of the river, I made careful examinations for quicksands, which are reported in the charts as existing, but failed to discover any, or anything approaching the same in nature. I saw several Indians on sand flats in the river spearing salmon, and walked, upon my return, about two miles over the sand, so feel positive that previous reports of the existence of quicksands, probably obtained from Indians, are incorrect. The water at the mouth, as well as in the entire length of the river, is very shallow. Through the tortuous channel steered to the lower Chilcat village, Tindestak, there was from one to three feet of water. The river valley at the mouth is about six miles in width. Tindestak is situated on a wide, grassy, alluvial flat, having for its background a bold, granite mountain. It contains sixteen houses, inhabited by 172 Indians. At this point I would mention that, as there had been much speculation and many conflicting reports as to the numerical strength of the Chilcats, the most warlike tribe of the archipelago, we took the census ourselves by visiting every house, and thus secured an accurate one.

VILLAGE CHIEFS.

Over this village two chiefs hold sway. The older, and head, Chief Donawank (Silver Grey), is about fifty years of age, tall and noble looking, with Caucasian features. Kaeky, the other chief, is a young, fine looking Indian, particularly renowned for his unscrupulous dealings and quarrelsome disposition. He possesses three wives, which I mention, as it is uncommon among these Indians to have more than two, and the majority are monogamists. Among his wives is a Stickere mother and daughter, so that he is his own son-in-law, father-in-law and grandfather to his own children.

THE BERTHA GLACIER.

About five miles from Tindestak we passed on the southern bank the Bertha Glacier, which is up the valley of a stream called Takheen (hindmost river). It rests on the southern slope of a mountain of the same group which supports the great Davidson's Glacier, and the many small ones which spring into view from between the mountains irregular peaks as you pass by the western shores of Lynn Canal. It is precipitous in its descent, stretches nearly to the surface of the river and has a double snout, occasioned by a huge mass of rock near its medial moraine.

RIVER NAVIGATION.

We had a fair wind, which enabled us to make good progress in our canoes under sail, but required active vigilance on the part of our pilots to keep the tortuous channel through the mud and sand flats, from which we did not take our departure until near Vanderbilt Point. This point bears west by south, about six and one-half miles distant from Tindestak. We then encountered numerous low, flat islands covered with alder, willows, birch and cottonwood, which enclose the shallow channels, while great stretches of barren gravel and sand, with sloughs and pools, fill the intervening space between the islands. The current varied from three to six miles an hour. At times we resorted to poling, and often left the canoes for a tramp on the hard sand, when the Indians adopted the usual method of canoe propulsion—one steering with a paddle, while the others towed. We camped the first night at a point sixteen and one-half miles from the mouth of the river and just to the southward and eastward of Katkwutetu (Gull's place), the second Chilcat village.

A GHOSTLY PARADE GROUND.

We were unfortunate in the selection of our camping ground, and for a time anticipated serious discomforts in the desertion of our Indians, whose superstition demanded of them a hasty retreat, owing to the fact that close by reposed the remains of an Indian doctor, whose spirit they would not provoke by resting in close proximity to his

supposed nightly parade ground. The presence of two missionaries in our party calmed the fear of two or three of them, which insured us a comfortable camp fire throughout the night—a desirable companion, as it was raining and by no means warm. On the following morning we continued our progress up the river, soon passing Kuthwiltu, which contains eleven houses, inhabited by 125 Indians. It was principally conspicuous for its filth, excelling in this respect any ranch I have thus far visited. The village has really no head chief, and being but a few miles from the main ranch is dependent upon and controlled by it.

KLUKQUAN.

Shortly after leaving this place we reached Klukquan, the main Chilcat ranch, where the great war chief Shattisch (hard to kill) holds sway. It is nineteen and a half miles from the mouth of the river. It contains sixty-five houses, inhabited by 558 Indians. It will be seen that the census taken in the three villages make but 855 Indians in the Chilcat tribe. They have always claimed great strength in numbers, and it has been supposed that there were from two to four thousand. As our time was somewhat limited Mr. Schulze and your correspondent merely stepped on shore to receive the warm and earnest expressions of welcome tendered to us by the chief through his wife, he being prevented owing to alcoholic indisposition to meet us in person, and after changing our canoe we proceeded on our way up the main river valley. Having reached a point seven and a half miles northwest from Klukquan, and experiencing great difficulty in propelling our canoe against the strong current, we landed, planted the American flag at this point, which is beyond any previously reached by other than an Indian, and in true and orthodox American style saluted it with our rifle.

BIG CHIEF SHATTISCH.

Upon our return to Klukquan we were met by a chief and escorted to the largest house in the ranch, which had been set apart for our exclusive use. The ruling chief, Shattisch, soon entered, and although still slightly unsteady from a too free use of stimulants, assumed a grave air of dignity and respect, and extended to us in most hospitable terms the freedom of his possessions. His servants soon provided us with every article of food the country afforded—his table service, probably obtained from the Hudson Bay Company; his slaves to be constant attendants during our stay—and, in fact, his hospitality was most liberally dispensed. That night was to have been made hideous by dances and drunken orgies, constituting part of a programme pending the settlement of a serious quarrel between two factions of the tribe, but he gave orders preventing this demonstration, and to the effect that no noise would be permitted that might disturb us. We found this ranch similar to all others, with the one exception, that their houses were clean and free from offensive odors, owing to the fact of their using outhouses in which to store the winter's supply of dried salmon.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

The Chilcat River proper has its source in a lake of the same name, which is about three miles south from Klukquan, and is six miles in length by two in width. At this ranch there are two tributaries—one from west-northwest, named Taheen (King Salmon), and the other from west-southwest named Kicheeny (Dog Salmon). The former has its source in the Kenosah (Long) Lake, which is about forty miles northwest from Klukquan. At the point of intersection of these two tributaries is a mountain peak 4,000 feet in height. The river valleys are from one to two miles in width, and in former times undoubtedly held large rivers. At present there is from one to three feet of water in the channels, and from every indication on the banks, such as the elevation of the older vegetation and clay lines or courses, I conclude that during the spring and summer freshets the water never rises more than two feet above its present level, which rarely exceeds three feet in the deepest parts of the main channel. There has been some doubt as to this portion of Alaska being within the limits of the territory ceded to the United States, but all are removed now that the trend of the river is found to be nearly to the west. Promising indications of mineral wealth in this section makes this determination perhaps an important one; and, again, the Chilcats are the wealthiest tribe and trade in the most valuable furs.

THE LORDS OF COMMERCE.

The Chilcats, together with the Chilcoots, whose ranch is called Yananeí and is situated on the Deyed River, at the head of the Chilcoot Inlet, control the inland trade, and to this fact can be attributed their comparative wealth and prosperity. These people in the trading season travel over the mountains, to the valley of the Tya River, ascend it in canoes to the glacial region, cross the divide by a gap and then descend on the north side into the bleak, soft, bushy region into the country of the interior tribes. From them they obtain many fox, martin, beaver, elk and lynx skins, paying for the same in firearms, traps, tobacco, &c. The interior tribes have no alternative, for if any hostility is shown by them in bartering their furs threats of war prove a convincing argument to bring them promptly to terms. They are kept from the coast by stories of the many dan-

gers of the way and by threats of violence. They, being in utter ignorance of the coast value of furs and the articles received by them in barter, are easily prevailed upon to accept the articles at values advanced from two hundred to eight hundred per cent; and this great profit, in addition to that made by the barter of the furs to Europeans on the return of the traders to the coast, is the source to which their prosperity is due. They are gradually losing control of this trade as the interior is opened by the whites, from whom the interior tribes are learning the real value of furs, as well as the non-existence of the reported insurmountable obstacles that beset the route to the coast.

INDIAN TRIBES.

The Chilcats, Chilcoots and interior tribes are all of the general classification group of "Thlinkets." The entire region possessed by them is called Kunana and its inhabitants Kunaani. One group of tribes called Ahitsch, which is their word for people, consists of six small tribes, namely:—Tagesh, living nearest the coast; Kfukha, Kluhtane, Neltasin, Tahtlin and Taiho. To the northward of them is another group called Azan. Their name for people is "tintch," which gives the name to this group of four tribes. There also appears to be a tribe or group of tribes bearing the name Tenneh. Most of this information relative to the interior tribal groups was obtained from the oldest Indian traders who visit the northern inland country yearly.

AN INDIAN BLOOD FEUD.

I will now speak of some of their peculiar customs. As I before stated, upon our arrival at Klukquan most of the population were under the influence of "hootchenoo" and in the midst of a customary ceremony attendant upon the final settlement of intertribal difficulties, as well as those between factions of the same tribe. In this instance it was between factions of the Chilcat tribe and of long standing, being finally settled in a peaceful manner by arbitration. Some three years ago a young chief, in a drunken brawl, shot Shattisch, the great Chilcat chief, through the cheek and thus marked him by an ugly wound for life, which is held by them as a stain upon the character, demanding for satisfaction a life or more from the family of the assaulting party. In this instance one and one-half lives were demanded to appease the old chief's wrath. Two volunteers from the followers or family of the assailant gave their lives, and fifty blankets were given by Shattisch as a recompense for the extra half life sacrificed but not exacted. Thus was justice dispensed and all was supposed to be amicably settled; but the anger of the old chief's son was not appeased, believing, as he did, in the biblical law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This belief he practically exemplified not long since by biting off a portion of the eyebrow of his father's assailant and losing in return a portion of one of his ears. In this instance 200 blankets were demanded for the ear and paid to Shattisch. Although again settled to the complete satisfaction of the old chief, not so with the son, who soon after met his enemy and demanded the other eyebrow, and ended the long existing feud by cowardly murdering the Indian with a pistol shot while three others were struggling with him. Shattisch paid his family 100 blankets and a canoe worth 50 in settlement of all claims for his death. They were in the midst of the festivities attending this final settlement when we arrived. As it was considered that prompt and firm arbitration alone prevented a serious Indian war as a result of this quarrel I have given the particulars in detail.

THE PERQUISITES OF A CHIEF.

The leading or head chief of a tribe is wealthy in accordance with the number of his people and their prosperity. His revenues are from many sources. For instance, if one of his family is injured by a member of another tribe, he (the chief) is the injured party and the one to demand recompense in blankets and furs, of which he keeps the lion's share. Members of his family include all that are related to his wife or himself. His relatives present him with many furs for his influence and good will. He trades with other tribes through his relatives. Chiefs of other tribes send him many presents. It is from these sources that the Chilcat chief, who is powerful and feared by other tribes and admired and respected by his own, has amassed his wealth in furs and blankets.

THE LAW OF SUCCESSION.

Succession in rank and power is from uncle to nephew, and it is the death of the uncle and not the father that brings them grief. This succession to the uncle's estate brings to the young nephew, who may be but a child, even his aunt as a wife. She educates and cares for him until he reaches that age which teaches him that a young wife is preferable to an old one, when the aunt has to resign her power over him, and is usually left the option of retiring from his household or remaining as a dependent and discarded authority. As a result of this custom is the universal one of paying marked respect to the judgment and desires of their wives in all matters of trade. In fact this right is exercised by the women in the majority of cases to the extent of completely ignoring the presence or existence of their husbands. In the event of a head chief of a tribe having two nephews, one of them is chosen by the tribe as his successor, and his election is pro-

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mulgated and the position made permanent after he has given a grand potalatch (gift distribution) to the tribe and they are assured of his worthiness.

TRADING CUSTOMS.

In trading they first dispose of their several lots of furs, receiving as money equivalents beans, each one representing a dollar and a half of one half a dollar. Then they purchase such goods as they desire, paying for them with the beans received until they are exhausted, when the trade is completed by presenting them with several small presents, they, as is characteristic of the race, begging for much more than they receive. A trade, for say fifty dollars' worth of furs, occupies often two to three hours, and the patience required of the traders ranks next in order after that displayed by Job.

BLOODY SUPERSTITIONS.

To show the extent to which superstitious lead them, blunting even all feelings of mercy and pity, we have but to consider the cruelty and fiendishness of the old custom which, upon the construction of a large house or council lodge by a chief, demands that the lives of one or more slaves shall be sacrificed for each corner of the structure and their bodies placed beneath the supporting parts of the same. The value of the building depends in a great measure upon the valuation placed upon the lives sacrificed. It is thus that they would appease the god of storms and insure the permanence of the structure. I am happy to state that missionary influence has, as far as is known, conquered this superstition.

A POTLATCH.

Another curious and common custom is that of a general gift distribution, called potlatch, by an Indian of his entire personal chattels, which insures him the esteem and respect of all. The Chilcat chief is making preparations now for a grand potlatch this summer, to which he intends to invite chiefs of all the different tribes in the archipelago, and to distribute among them at least one thousand blankets. The festivities always conclude with a protracted debauch. The Northwest Trading Company has established a post at Chilcoot, and a mission school and church is in process of construction at the same point. They are heartily welcomed by the Indians, as bringing them a home market for their furs, and a school for their young, whom they are particularly desirous to have educated.

TAKAN MINES.

As to the Sitka mines there is little to be said. None are being worked. The Hall brothers, in the employ of General Roberts, arrived at this place by the September steamer for the purpose of opening the Henrietta Lodge, which is about five miles to the eastward of this place. After a careful examination of the quartz they were evidently convinced that a retreat was a judicious move in a pecuniary sense, and so acted, taking their departure for San Francisco by the next steamer. The result was embarrassing, as well as depressing, for the miners who had been employed were without pay and the winter was upon them. In the midst of this depression a prospecting party returned from the main land just to the eastward of Douglass Island, Stephen's Passage, with eight hundred pounds of quartz taken from a ledge discovered by them. As it was very rich in free gold the excitement can be better imagined than described. The prospectors also reported rich placer mines. They were in the employ of Mr. George E. Pilz, mining expert, to whom two-thirds of the find belongs. He disposed of one-fourth of his interest, and with the money obtained relieved the distress of the unpaid miners. Preparations for an immediate inspection and further prospecting of the vicinity were at once made. As many as possible obtained passage in the trading steamer Favorite and a few in the Jamestown's steam launch, which was sent to the spot to communicate with the Aux and Takan Indians to receive their assurance of non-interference with the miners and to encourage them to refer all troubles endangering life to the commanding officer of the Jamestown. The weather being very cold and much snow on the ground, the climb to the ledges of about three to four miles was tedious and slow, and not a little suffering was experienced. They found at an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet, imbedded between secondary granite and basaltic rock, six true lodes of auriferous quartz in metamorphic state, carrying galena and black sulphide of silver. A river cuts completely through the lodes, and prospecting in its bed yielded from eight to fifty cents a pan, promising rich placer mines. The lowest assay of the quartz was \$150 in gold a ton and several reached as high as \$3,500 a ton.

PREPARATIONS FOR WORK.

After staking out and recording their claims the district was closed until June, and the miners, with a few exceptions, returned to Sitka to make necessary preparations for work in the early spring. I intend visiting the district in February or March, and until then will defer further comments on the discovery.

AN OFFICER SHOT AT.

The presence of the Jamestown continues to exert sufficient moral influence to preserve good order and quiet in this community and section of our country. There is no doubt that a man-of-war

should remain in these waters until Congressional legislation shall establish a permanent and substantial form of government for this section, with ample judicial power to sustain its laws. As a practical exemplification of this necessity and as an argument most conclusive in the premises I have to describe the attempted assassination of Lieutenant G. R. Benson, United States Marine corps, who has charge of the marine guard of the United States steamship Jamestown. On the evening of the 17th of January he left the guard house on shore, which is in the old barracks building adjoining the Custom House, and as he was passing by the Collector's office a man rushed from behind a corner of the building, seized him by the coat collar, tripped him and at the same instant fired at him with a pistol. The ball, or heavy charge of buckshot passed through the left side of his overcoat, fortunately not injuring him in the least. The assailant ran, and, shielded by the darkness, succeeded in escaping. It is supposed that the assault was made by an Indian, but, as the manner of attack was contrary to that usually made by them, doubts are entertained upon this point. This occurred between seven and eight o'clock at night and within one hundred yards of the guardhouse.

HOOTCHENOO, THE INDIAN CURSE.

Drunken brawls have been the order of the day in the ranch for some time, resulting occasionally in one or more Indians receiving serious stab wounds. These acts on the part of the Indians appear to have brought the white residents to a careful consideration of means whereby existing evils might be corrected or, in a measure eradicated. A meeting of the citizens was called by the commanding officer of the Jamestown, and it was met with a hearty and prompt response from them. Commander Glass placed the true situation of affairs before them in plain words, and encouraged the free expression of ideas as to future action on their part. The unanimous opinion prevailed as to drink being the all important factor in every Indian disturbance, and as to hootchenoo being the drink. This brought the responsibility home to the merchants of the place, as from them the molasses from which it is made is obtained. They signed an agreement promising to discontinue the sale of the article as soon as the supply on hand and that in transit was exhausted. The chiefs of the leading and wealthiest tribes in the archipelago—the Chilcats, Chilcoots, Moonyahs and the Sitkas—have pleaded earnestly to have the introduction of molasses discontinued, and argue that it is killing as well as impoverishing their people, and that to it could be attributed the origin of all their troubles with the whites.

ALASKAN MOONSHINERS ARRESTED.

On the evening of January 23 Commander Glass caused to be arrested five white men, illicit distillers of hootchenoo, and sent them, under charge of two officers, to Portland for trial. This is a test case, and a strong and well conceived plan to break up this nefarious traffic, the greatest obstacle to peace and progress to be encountered in this section. An officer with five men was sent to Wrangell to enforce this same policy of action in that section.

THE JAMESTOWN SAFE.

In closing I wish to correct a wrong impression as to the effect of the hurricane, October 26, upon the Jamestown. Her starboard bower chain was not parted, and the old ship, in her well landlocked anchorage, rode out the terrific gale without any damage worthy of mention.

History of a Chautauqua Day.

Another day for consideration of which some of us go as missionaries and some don't. Brother Hard in his element, which is from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands. Dr. Sheldon Jackson twice. Knows more about Alaska and uncivilized America than the United States Government and all the school geographies put together, and has a lively way of telling it.—Sudden death of the C. F. M. I. Equally sudden birth of the Chautauqua Missionary Institute. This takes home missionaries to Chautauqua's arms.—Announcement of grand blow out this evening. Everybody ordered to feel good and be jolly, and all ill-natured people advised to leave the grounds.—Chautauqua Bells, hereafter. Snoring to begin promptly at 10:30 and shut off at 6 a. m.

WHEN Alaska was purchased it was called Wm. H. Seward's folly. People said it was absurd that those Arctic regions should ever be of any value to this country. But the matter wears a different aspect now, when, a few little islands alone are bringing to the government, an income of over \$300,000, as royalty on furs, when its industries of lumber, mining, fish, etc., are developed, the revenue will speedily pay both principal and interest of the purchase price.

When Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. McFarland set foot on those shores to establish Presbyterian Missions, the whole matter was a subject of ridicule, even by a portion of our religious press. But now, when schools and churches are established and hundreds are being reclaimed from paganism, the Church is ready to say what a shame that a field so ripe for the harvest, should have been so long neglected. The pioneers in this mission did not have to wait long for the verdict of their countrymen, that they had done wisely. Instead of ridiculing the actors, the Church is ashamed that she did not sooner put forth an effort to civilize and christianize this portion of our land. The women of the southwest are especially interested in this region, because they have made themselves responsible for the support of one of the missionary teachers.

We have been greatly interested in reading Dr. Jackson's book on Alaska, published by Dodd, Meade & Co., and which has already been noticed in our columns. The work has already passed through several editions, and is worthy of being still more widely circulated. It is not a work of romance; but one filled with thrilling interest, not only to the friends of missions, but to those who may wish to know more about that far-away part of our domain. Price, \$1.50.

Alaska.

The following is an extract from the last annual report of Secretary Folger: "Early attention should be given to the establishment of a civil government for Alaska Territory. The importance of that land is not, I fear fully recognized. Were civil government established, immigration and permanent settlement would be encouraged, and the way made ready for the profitable use of the natural advantages which that region proffers. There is no lawful authority in that territory to dispense justice and act upon conflicting claims, unless that assumed by customs officers may be called such. The Treasury Department should not be charged with the responsibility of administering the affairs of that territory, except in so far as they come within its legitimate functions—certainly not without some well-defined rule of action. The Alaska Commercial Company has taken, during the past year the maximum number of seal skins permitted under the lease, paid the tax thereon, as well as the rent of the islands, and otherwise performed the duties of the lease."

And now, just as the work in those islands is complete, at least so far as calling upon us for support, lo, in the same Pacific Ocean, but thousands of miles away to the North, a solitary canoe creeping along the shores of Alaska! In that canoe, rowed by Indians, sits an American missionary, evidently a man of the right stuff, brave and intrepid, fearing no exposures, shrinking from no danger, ready to seek the highest latitudes and face the most rigorous climate, to carry the Gospel to the natives of the frozen North. This missionary kindly takes us with him this week as he sets forth to carry "the Gospel by canoe." We have heard from him once before, and hope to hear from him often again, as he sails along that desolate coast.

And so the work goes on. God speed the heavenly messengers by sea or by land! Let the winds bear them over the Arctic or the Tropical seas, till on every distant shore, on every island and continent, shall be heard "singing and the voice of melody."

THE GOSPEL BY CANOE.

By Rev. S. Hall Young of Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

During the last year and a half it has been my duty, as laid down by our Home Mission Board, to do a somewhat extensive work of exploration among the islands of Alexander Archipelago, in southeastern Alaska. The object was to ascertain the position, numbers, and condition of the various native tribes inhabiting this region, with reference to future missionary operations. With this was associated the nearer and more pleasant duty of preaching the Gospel to those who, ignorant and degraded as they are, yet seemed eager for light, and welcomed our coming.

Hardly is there in Asia or Africa a newer mission ground than this. And certainly there is no field more fascinating, whether we consider the intelligence of the Indians, the character of their arts and pursuits, or the natural scenery in which their haunts are found. If the readers of THE EVANGELIST care to follow me in my wanderings, I may introduce them to a few of my friends, and give them a glimpse of some of the feasts which nature has here spread so richly to refresh the souls of her lovers. If some of my ministerial brethren, worn out with the heat and burden of the Summer's day, could be prevailed upon to turn their weary feet from the worn and dusty paths of European travel to these fresh solitudes, I could show them glaciers grander and alps more sublime than those of Switzerland, fiords deeper and darker than those of Norway, islands as picturesque as any off the coast of Scotland or in the Mediterranean, and a people whose legends, mythology, archaeological treasures, and present status, afford a new and enticing field to the student of the human race.

In the present letter, we can only get ready our conveyance, the inevitable canoe, almost the sole means of travel in these inland passages. We will walk along the beach, around

100 which curves this long, ragged, straggling town, to the Stickine "ranch." There is no scarcity of canoes here. They meet our eyes in every direction, scores of them, of all sizes, from the narrow shell which will hardly "carry double," to the shapely craft forty-five or fifty feet long, six or seven wide, and about three feet in depth. All are built after the same pattern, and each is hewn from a single log of red cedar. They are models of elegance, lightness, safety, and speed. We will not select one of the largest size, but one about six *etlans* in length—the *etlan* being the distance a man of ordinary size can stretch with both arms extended. It must by all means be perfectly tight and staunch, and furnished with two masts, sails, and a good set of oars and paddles.

Two or three points are to be considered in selecting our Indian crew. Our captain should be the owner of the canoe, and a Christian man of influence and authority, in sympathy with our mission, and possessing a ready and politic tongue. We must not commit the mistake which John Muir and I made in our first voyage, of taking *two* chiefs. Old Tow-a-att, our skipper, conscious of the responsibility of his position, could not endure any assumption of authority on the part of Kadishan, whom we took along because of his relationship with some of the chiefs we expected to visit, and his faculty of smooth speech. Kadishan on his part had too much sense of his dignity as chief to permit him to work well at the paddle, or to take a second place. So we had a continual jealous strife between these two, and consequent sullenness and insubordination among the rest of the crew.

Another mistake we made at that time was that of furnishing provisions for the whole party. Besides the constant shock to our sensibilities from the table manners of our companions, we soon found that those viands which we specially affected disappeared with alarming rapidity.

The best plan is to engage a good, reliable man, paying him by the trip, and requiring him to furnish the canoe, and to hire and feed his own crew. This is the most economical plan, as well as the most pleasant and expeditious. Your own provisions must be kept separate, and one of the crew must cook for you. Each must know his own part of the work on board and in camp.

Tight boxes must be procured for the provisions and guns, gum blankets and bags for the bedding and clothing, and a good tarpaulin or two to spread over all; for a canoe is, as an old voyager told me, "the wettest and coldest place on earth." Above all things, keep your blankets dry; for no matter how damp and chilly you get during the day, if you can drink a cup of strong, hot coffee for supper, by a rousing camp-fire, and then roll yourself up in dry blankets under a tight tent—let the winds and waves roar and the rains fall; they will but lull you to that deep, dreamless sleep from whose blessed chains you cannot escape till morning. But woe to him who has to shiver in wakeful

misery under wet blankets! Warm flannel underwear, a good strong suit, a thick overcoat, a rubber coat, and high gum boots will insure comfort even in stormy weather. Should the cold penetrate all these defences the remedy is simple—*paddle*. Comfort and rest are to be found not only as the result of toil, but *in* it.

Lay in more provisions than you think you will need. You may have to lie by on some stormy point for a week waiting for the wind to change. Take guns and salmon hooks to procure fresh meat, but don't rely too much upon them. Though game is very abundant, a haunch of venison in the pot is always worth a good many in the woods. And with all the fresh meat you want you will be forlorn if your flour, beans, and coffee give out. Last June I undertook to bring two canoe-loads of precious freight, consisting of my own family, our teacher, Miss Dunbar, half a dozen girls from the McFarland Industrial Home, and two Indian women from the British Mission of Fort Simpson, where we had been visiting, to Fort Wrangel, a distance of a hundred and seventy-five miles. The ordinary time for this trip is four days; so, thinking I was giving ample margin for delays, I laid in provisions for a week. The weather was perfect—almost one unbroken, cloudless day; for hardly had the sun set ere it rose again as bright as ever. The whole journey was a Summer idyl, full of grace and beauty. But the winds, though light, were contrary; we had only two Indian men along, and our girls showed strength only at meal time. So the four days lengthened into a week, and we were not more than half way. The potatoes gave out first, then the last pot full of beans—that staple of the camp—was consumed. Butter, tea, flour, sugar, rice, followed in quick succession. It was the twelfth day before we reached home. Had not Providence kindly sent us a salmon by the claws of an eagle, and driven two deer within reach of our guns, we should have hungered. As it was we lived for the last two or three days of the voyage upon venison and coffee "straight." The Indians thrived upon this diet, but the ladies and the baby were disposed to complain, not being able to enjoy with the Indians, as I could, their relish of sun-dried small-fish and herring spawn with the venison. That experience taught me a lesson. It is better to bring back a sack or two of flour than to run the risk of being compelled to slight part of the work for want of provisions.

But the canoe is packed and ready, your crew of four stout Indians is aboard, friends bid a rather dubious God-speed, the distant islands nod and beckon in the glimmering light, the paddles make a gurgling music in the water, and you are off. If you have for companion such an intimate friend of nature as John Muir, who was with me in my two longest voyages, or such a genial co-worker as Rev. G. W. Lyons of Sitka, with whom I made the circuit of Prince of Wales Island last Spring, you are fortunate. Dangers from wind or waves or Indian pirates are forgotten. Discomforts

but raise the spirits. Each hazy avenue before you is the portal to one of nature's most wonderful art galleries, and the distant natives, eager for the truth, appear as God's own needy children, to satisfy whose hungry hearts is itself "meat and drink." Who would not be a salt-water missionary?

CHAUTAUQUA

—The Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Superintendent of Indian Missions in the Presbyterian Church, is here. His series of lectures two years ago, on Home Missions, is still bearing fruit, and everybody will be glad to hear him again, for no man in the country is better qualified to speak on that subject than he. Dr. Jackson was graduated from Princeton, in '58, and has been all his life in the missionary work; he was made Superintendent of Presbyterian missions west of the Missouri River, in '69, and in '77 began the first Protestant mission in Alaska. He was lately called to the editorship of the *Home Missionary Monthly*, of the Presbyterian Church.

STICKEEN RIVER.

BY MISS M. J. DUNBAR.

The steamer Gertrude plies the waters of the Stickeen river, carrying freight from Fort Wrangell to Glenora and Telegraph, B. C., to two little mining towns situated on its banks.

Glenora is a neat little town of about forty houses, very pleasantly located at the foot of Mount Lovel. The cliffs and rocks tower to a great height, and the little town appears to nestle in the deep shadows below.

Telegraph at the head of navigation has but a handful of houses, situated on a shelf of the mountain. It may seem ironical to call a place Telegraph so far from that invention, but I was told that before the Ocean Cable was invented, it was one of the stations of the Russo-American Telegraph Company that was to extend its line around the world. From these places supplies are taken by mule pack trains to Deese Lake, a distance of seventy-two miles, thence by boats to various creeks and rivers, in the Cassiar gold mines, where some five hundred miners are stationed. Some at a distance of nearly four hundred miles from the Stickeen river. Imagine the cost of living in these isolated places? One lovely morning in June, it was my good fortune to be one of a pleasant party

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aboard our little steamer, bound for the head of navigation. I wish I could describe it all to you. It was a panorama of fine views, not a tame mile the whole way. I thought the Columbia was fine, but that scenery is not to be compared with this. Into the short distance of 150 miles, is crowded a constant succession of sublime scenes and land objects of natural interest. We passed through a cayon one mile long and 150 feet wide. On each side of us were mountains rising thousands of feet. Some domed, others peaked, with gulches here and there filled with snow and glaciers. At one glance I took in thirteen, and I was told that Prof. Muir counted over one hundred in one trip. In some places avalanches have cut broad streets from mountain tops to the water's edge. The Stickeen is the only river that is navigable through the Cascade mountains. There is a rise of 900 feet from its mouth in Wrangell Bay, to the head of navigation.

The current is very swift, we were two days in going up and steamed down in two hours. We were three hours in going from Glenora to Telegraph, a distance of 12 miles, and came down in forty minutes. Owing to the numerous sand bars and snags, it is a dangerous river to navigate. I can speak from experience for we had quite an exciting time one morning on our way home when a large tree knocked a hole in the side of our boat. However the damages were quickly repaired, and we were soon at the great glacier, forty miles from the mouth of the Stickeen river. Here we spent a few hours. It is, indeed, one of nature's grandest masterpieces, between two mountains, over 3,000 feet high. There it has lain thousands of years, a mass of ice, sixty miles in length and about five in width, and from 500 to 1,000 feet high or deep, extending from the sea coast and forcing its way with irresistible power through cayon and mountain, the very hills crumbling before its majestic strength. It is still moving, though its motion is not perceptible to the eye. It presents a magnificent sight to the beholder. In the golden sunlight, chameleon like, it changes its color. Now a beautiful blue, now a dark green, and as the light falls upon the sharp angles of the giant blocks of ice, that lie in bewildering confusion, it reflects all the colors of the rainbow.

Opposite this glacier, just across the river are large boiling springs.

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The Indian medicine men have a tradition that years ago a tribe which resided upon the upper waters of the Stickeen river, wanted to come down and see the great salt water. But the great ice mountain of the Stickeen, at that time spaned the river and barricaded all passage up or down. The water ran under the ice, but they did not know whether they could go through safely with their canoes.

Whilst they were assembled in solemn council, consulting about it, two old men of the tribe offered to attempt the passage. They said, "if we are lost we will only shorten our lives a very little, but if we succeed, then you can all follow." They chanted their death song and disappeared beneath the ice. The passage was made safely and their people soon followed.

ALASKAN REFORMS.

The New Dispensation to the Indians
Working Well.

AN INDIAN CREMATION.

Curious Ceremonies—A Potlatch Without
Hootcheenoo—The Mines.

SITKA, Alaska, March 10, 1881.

Since my last communication quiet has reigned in our midst, but marked changes have taken place in the general condition of the Indians. The commanding officer of the Jamestown has exemplified by practical application his very successful policy of administering Indian affairs in Sitka. In my last I spoke of the agreement made by the merchants of this place to discontinue the importation of molasses and its sale to the Indians.

NO HOOTCHEENOO—NO BOWS.

As soon as this agreement was signed an extensive and well organized raid was made for illicit stills, and one or more were found in nearly every house in the ranch. It is estimated that over two hundred were destroyed, and but few if any escaped. The entire absence of nightly carousals and breaches of peace in the ranch since that time would indicate that the raid was not only a most successful one but very salutary in its effects. Succeeding this event the houses were numbered and an accurate census taken, thus obtaining the names of the heads of the families and the number, age and sex of the children in each house. Having obtained this he established compulsory education for the children between the ages of five and nineteen, put the Indian policemen in a neat blue uniform and issued strict sanitary regulations for the ranch.

A MISSION SCHOOL.

In the old Government Hospital building an Indian mission school was established last March, but the attendance has been small, not averaging over forty scholars daily. Now the number has, by the

compulsory system, increased to about 140. The progress made by them in their studies is surprising and most gratifying. The only obstacle is lack of material wherewith to instruct, such as primary books and slates. A most desirable end to accomplish is the cleanliness of the scholars, which receives much attention. Wash and bath rooms have been attached to the school, and the children are required to keep their clothing as clean as possible; but here a difficulty is encountered owing to the scantiness of their possessions in this respect. Several packages of clothing were forwarded to the missionary at this place and distributed to the most needy and deserving at Christmas, but the supply did not meet the demand. As an initial step in instruction in cleanliness it is desirable that the dirty blankets which envelop their persons should be replaced by clean garments of more civilized patterns.

SANITARY MEASURES.

The sanitary measures adopted have been most rigid. The Indians have been required to remove all dirt of every description from the vicinity of their houses, to dig drainage ditches completely around each, to cover the ground with gravel, to whitewash each house and preserve cleanliness in the interior of the same. All this cleanliness might seem calculated to disgust the poor Indian; but not so, for they appear to be much pleased at the new order of things and grateful to those interested in their comfort and welfare. Commander Glass is establishing a hospital for them and also a workshop, where they can engage in making moccasins, baskets and carved wooden ware.

YAKON MINES.

The Jamestown's steam launch returned from the Yakon mining district about the middle of February. They found the miners at that place patiently awaiting the opening of spring. The ground was frozen hard and from four to five feet of snow covered the quartz ledges. The miners are unanimous in their opinion as to the great value of the ledges; but a similar unanimity of feeling as regards the placer mines does not exist, notwithstanding the fact that all have staked out claims and are preparing to work them when the season opens. As with all new mining camps complications and disputes upon the relative values of claims and counter-claims exist, and are problems difficult of solution and productive of dissensions, and, at a later period, of formidable obstacles to progress in the shape of endless and ruinous litigations.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S CREMATION.

On the 21st of February a Sitka Indian chief died. His demise attracted the attention of the white residents of the place, as he had always been their friend, and was especially prominent in their behalf in his exertions to prevent the threatened attack upon them in the winter of 1878, which, as your readers are aware, called for prompt action on the part of our government and occasioned the sending of the Jamestown to this place. With others, your correspondent viewed his remains as they lay in state, and also witnessed the cremation, of which I will endeavor to give a description. He was placed in a sitting position in the centre of the rear part of his house, and dressed in orthodox style, as custom regulates for grand occasions. Upon his head was a carved wooden headpiece prominent in its representation of the crow, the bird to which their legends attribute the origin of one branch of their people; his face was painted in full war paint, disguising completely all semblance of death; his blanket, which was covered with buttons, was wrapped around him; over his lap was spread two handsome Chilcat blankets, upon which was placed his package of commendatory letters and an old dagger fitted in a curiously carved wooden sheath. On one side of him were arranged his worldly possessions, consisting mostly of blankets, in numerous chests and trunks, and on the other reclined his widow, wrapped in a blanket. She cannot speak or be spoken to for eight days succeeding her husband's death. This custom prevents her interference in any way with the disposition of his effects, which is not unjust, as neither her children nor herself inherit anything. The members of the family to which he belonged previous to marriage are his heirs.

CURIOUS CEREMONIES.

A portion of the rear part of the house was taken down and the body passed out through the orifice thus made, and was followed by a live dog, which, in accordance with their belief, carried from the house every trace of the disease which occasioned the death. The march to the funeral pile was not very imposing, as the body was carried in a sheet and the mourners and friends straggled through the bushes to the accepted spot as best they could. This pile was constructed as follows:—There were five dry cedar logs placed side by side on the ground, and side and end logs built up, so as to leave a rectangular shaped place in the centre. Into this was

placed the body, several blankets were thrown upon it, his state blanket placed over all, and the space was then completely shut in by logs placed over it. Light, dry kindling soon set the pile in a blaze.

THE MOURNERS.

There were ten professional mourners squatting upon the snow simulating intense grief, which appeared somewhat ludicrous, as, with their most strenuous exertions to weep, not a tear was shed. There were also ten or more men beating with long sticks upon a board, timing the strokes to a solemn and doleful dirge, which was sung in good time, producing by no means a harsh or disagreeable sound to the ear. The members of the family squatted upon the ground with their backs to the burning pile, while the others faced it. All had their blankets tied around the waist with a cord, which is a mark of mourning.

INCINERATED.

The crackling noise of the burning pile, the wailing of the mourners and the singing of the dirge produced a solemn and impressive effect.

NO DEBAUCH—THE POTLATCH.

Professional mourners are paid in blankets. The expenses of such a funeral are from \$50 to \$100. This cremation lacked the excitement usually attending such ceremonies owing to the absence of distilled spirits. They requested permission to purchase molasses for the purpose of making "hoot-cheenoo," which was not granted, so they were obliged to dispense with the usual debauch. Following the cremation was a grand "potlatch" (gift distribution) of a portion of the effects of the deceased. In this instance I learned that about five hundred dollars' worth of blankets were torn in strips and then given to the friends of the family.

TO KEEP HIM WARM.

One handsome Chilcat blanket was especially reserved from his effects to hold his ashes, which were carefully collected and secured in it. This was then placed in a small wooden box and buried. The object of enclosing the ashes in a blanket was so that he would not suffer from cold. This completes the rites and ceremonies attending a cremation in this section of Alaska.

CRUEL RITES.

At points in the northern portion of the Territory the rites contain many cruel and revolting features. For instance, the widow of the deceased is obliged to throw herself upon the burning pile and there remain until the hair is burned from off her head, and is then, at some points, required to hold one hand after the other in the flames until the body is consumed. The ashes are then placed in a small bag which is suspended about the neck, and, dressed in rags, she is obliged to so carry them for a period of two years as a badge of mourning.

SPECULATION ON PAPER.

The mail steamer reached here to-day and brought as passengers five mining experts from San Francisco, who came to inspect the "Yakon district." They report considerable excitement in San Francisco over the rumors of the wealth of that section, and the specimen rock received from there. Three mining companies have been formed and incorporated in San Francisco, each with \$5,000,000 of capital (paper capital as yet), for the purpose of working three of the principal claims.

A Trip for Summer Tourists.

Those who desire to make summer trips to Alaska have this season very good opportunities to do so. The steamer California leaves Port Townsend, W. T., on the first of each month for Fort Wrangle and Sitka. Port Townsend can be reached in two ways—by steamship to Portland, and thence by cars through Washington Territory to Tacoma, from which point a small steamer takes passengers on Puget sound to Port Townsend. The fare from this city to Port Townsend, via Portland, is \$30. Or the tourist can take the Pacific Coast steamship company's steamers Dakota or Idaho direct to Victoria, V. L., at which port the steamship California always touches, remaining 24 hours there on the way up to Alaska. The cabin fare to Victoria is \$20, and the cabin fare from Victoria to Sitka, via Nanaimo and Wrangel, is \$40. A party of ten can secure 25 per cent lower rates. The trip from Victoria to Sitka consumes about three days. There is very little ocean sailing on it. The course is through narrow channels, hemmed in and protected from the ocean by islands.

Some of the most impressive mountain and northland forest scenery in the world is to be seen on a trip to Alaska. The eye does not on the entire trip rest upon a scene that is either tame or wearisome. Perhaps the deepest and most somber forests in the world are in Alaska and along the British Columbian coast, and they clothe with shaggy covering the entire face of the country up to the summits of the very highest mountains (and there are high mountains everywhere), on the one hand, and down on the very edge of the salt water everywhere on the other. But the most characteristic and striking feature of Alaskan scenery is its hundreds of islands of all shapes and sizes. Many of them are so small that a cabin could hardly be built upon them if they were bare. Trees cover them all. Alaska, too, is a land of glaciers, and an opportunity is given to visit them from Fort Wrangel. The round trip from this can be made in between three weeks and a month. The tourist will have a day or two at Victoria, one at Nanaimo, one or two at Wrangel, two or three at Sitka, and he can take in the whole scenery of Puget Sound and the Columbia river by going up or coming back via Portland. An Eastern clergyman who made this trip in 1879, and who had visited every point of interest in this State, said he would rather have had the trip to Alaska than them all. The tourist approached pretty close to the Arctic circle on the trip, and in the month of June and July there is little or no night. Midnight and daylight then for a short season coquette with each other. If church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead in Alaska, the ghost in June and July can revisit the glimpse, not of the moon but of the sun without any danger of stubbing the toes, or of barking the shin from their fleshless and shrunken shanks. Some of the wierdest sunlight effects imaginable are had in Alaska at the season when the sun is constantly above or on the horizon, and when, as in Joshua's time, he "hastens not his going down" for the space of not a brief day only, but for over a month. Alaska is a land of gloom and a land of shadow, a land of mists and a land of rain, a land of lakes and a land of water-falls, a land of ocean-river echoes, a land of silence and a land of peace. Yet it has spells not only of mellow but of glorious sunshine. Sailing through its vast island archipelagoes and water-reaches at such seasons is probably as impressive and wonderful as anything which a lover of wild nature can experience in any portion of the world.—[S.

NEW COMPANY.—It is learned that a new steamboat company has been formed at Olympia for freighting between Puget Sound ports, and to extend to Alaska. Capt. Tom Wright seems to be at the back of the enterprise, and it is announced that the Eliza Anderson will be started as a commencement of operations.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

PERSONAL AND CONGRESSIONAL AFFAIRS. IVAN PETROFF'S ADVENTURES IN ALASKA—OPPOSITION TO THE ROBESON COMMITTEE BILL—DEBATE ON THE ARREARS OF PENSIONS RESOLUTION.

Ivan Petroff, the special agent of the Census Bureau for Alaska, is in Washington, and gives an interesting account of his adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Mr. Robeson's bill to increase the membership of the House committees does not meet with general favor; a motion for immediate action upon it was defeated yesterday by a large majority. Mr. Voorhees yesterday in the Senate took strong ground in favor of the Arrears of Pensions bill, and Mr. Beckspoke in opposition to it. The message of Governor Murray, of Utah, has been received at Washington.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA. EXPERIENCES OF IVAN PETROFF, A SPECIAL AGENT OF THE CENSUS BUREAU.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Ivan Petroff, special agent of the Census Bureau for Alaska, completed his work in the field last September and has reached Washington. Mr. Petroff is the gentleman who last year made a journey of 8,000 miles in Alaska and among the Aleutian Islands, 2,500 miles of which was through a portion of Alaska never before penetrated by civilized men. This journey was made for the Census Bureau, and was entirely successful. The islands and the western portion of the peninsula of Alaska, as far east as Cook's Inlet, were examined, and the data required for the census publications were secured.

For last summer's work Mr. Petroff planned to take the work at Cook's Inlet, when he left it the previous season, and make his way along the coast toward the east to Sitka. In this he was only partially successful, and for very good reasons, as the following story of his adventures will show:

Having collected his supplies at the Island of Kodiak, he set sail in a schooner, early in the season, for the northern shore of Cook's Inlet. The vessel had been out only about an hour, when she struck upon a sunken reef not marked in any chart of the locality, speedily filled and sunk. Her cargo, including his property, was a total loss. The passengers and crew were rescued, and returned to Kodiak, where a new outfit was procured, and after a short delay a second and more successful attempt to reach the main land was made.

Mr. Petroff and party made their way with canoes along the northern coast of Cook's Inlet to and around its head, a distance of about 100 miles, and then struck out overland for Prince William's Sound, carrying his canoes and supplies. This portage has only once before been made. The region is one of the most inhospitable and repellant on the earth. Two large glaciers, one eight and the other fifteen miles wide, were crossed, the passage being one of great difficulty and many dangers. One of these glaciers, the smaller, reached and terminated in the sea; but the other had formed for itself a deep valley in front of the terminal moraines, being of great size. At that season of the year there was a continuous noise like thunder caused by avalanches of snow and ice from the high mountains on each side of the glaciers. The com-

fort of the travellers was seriously interfered with by numerous accidental ice-water baths.

Prince William's Sound was reached on the 1st of June, at which time the season was so backward that no blade of grass or green thing was to be seen. The ground was frozen so solid that it was difficult to fix the tent-poles in their places. The country around Prince William's Sound is very forbidding in appearance; stones and large boulders, brought down by glaciers of former ages, cover the greater portion of the earth, the remainder being swamp or bog. Upon the mountain sides, at a distance, there is timber which with an almost impenetrable undergrowth reaches up a short distance above the sea level.

In coasting along the Sound in his canoe, Mr. Petroff passed the face of a glacier twenty miles wide from which large pieces of ice, small bergs in fact, were constantly breaking off and floating out to sea, making passage very perilous. His canoe was in a sinking condition when he reached Nuchek Island. In this place there are two stores, and considerable trade is carried on with the natives for a long distance up and down the coast.

Having completed his preparations, Mr. Petroff started from Nuchek with a crew of four Inuits, and a half-breed interpreter, for Copper River, fifty miles distant. He ascended the river to the first village, Alaganok, inhabited by North American Indians. As he landed, however, and before he approached the village, his Inuits became alarmed and deserted him in a body. The natives were rejoiced at this state of affairs and flattered themselves that they would keep the traveller and his stores among them to be preyed upon at their leisure.

He sought to hire a crew of Indians to assist him on his journey, but they demanded "a large gold piece every day for each man employed." The boat was a large one, and the Indians fancied it would be impossible for their visitors to escape without help. With his interpreter alone he decided to make the attempt, and when night came they cut loose and floated down stream. The channel through the delta to the sea was a difficult one, but it was safely passed; and when the coast was reached sails were set for a return to Nuchek. Before reaching the island the boat ran upon sunken rocks and was wrecked. The two men were picked off by natives, who saw them from the shore, but much of their property was lost.

Mr. Petroff now decided to await the arrival of the Kolosh Indians from a distant point on the coast, who usually come once a year to Nuchek with furs to trade for the molasses used in making their favorite intoxicant. He started, accompanied by his interpreter, with a party of Koloshes from a village near Cape Yaktag, and reached their village with his stores in safety. Here, however, he found himself a prisoner. The barbarians, like those on the Copper River, and with much better reason, fancied they had a prize which it would be a sin to part with. They not only refused to accompany the travellers further, but refused to let them proceed by themselves. Their pretext was that they had trouble with miners and feared their visitors would betray their hiding place and their weakness, and thus bring on attack from their enemies. The Indians became insolent, and from the first stole all they could lay their hands on. After a time they began a series of annoyances calculated to provoke their visitors, with a view to putting them to death and thus securing everything.

The interpreter was a cowardly fellow and one day gave up to the chief, upon his demand, Mr. Petroff's breach-loading rifle. The chief fired off

the chambers of the piece and brought it to the owner to be loaded again. He took it, and, pretending to load it, managed to put the main spring of the lock out of place, rendering the piece unserviceable. The chief was greatly enraged and hostilities became more imminent. A short time afterwards the chief demanded Mr. Petroff's tent for his own use, which request was firmly refused. Thereupon the Indians sent off all their women and children—a most ominous proceeding and one which was interpreted as a sure foreboding of bloody work—at least in intention.

The traveller determined to postpone no longer his attempt to escape. All the large canoes fit for seagoing had been sent away; but the case was a desperate one, and the captive secretly selected the best of those remaining and noted the place of its concealment. After cooking and eating their supper the two men retired to their tent as usual and tied down the flaps in front. Mr. Petroff drew his knife and cut a long slit in the back and directed the interpreter to load himself with such supplies as he could carry and go out. The fellow's heart failed him, and it was only by drawing his pistol and threatening to blow his brains out that Petroff secured obedience. The escape was made in safety, and the two men made their way by night along the coast towards Nuchek again.

Mr. Petroff was a prisoner with the Koloshes from the 8th of August till the 28th of September. When he effected his escape it was too late in the season for further explorations, and he made his way by trading vessels to San Francisco. The Government vessels had returned without tidings of him, and the report had gone forth that he had perished. Upon his arrival at San Francisco, he went one evening to the meeting of a scientific society of which he was a member, and found that one of his fellow-members was just on the point of delivering a memorial address upon his life and services.

Alaskan Exploration.

Little by little American enterprise is feeling its way over the cold Northwest Territory, searching out a return for the seven millions invested in its snowbanks. If that sum is anywhere that tramping, hunting, digging, blasting or damming can get it, whether in arable land, furs, placers or mines, in fish, beast or metal, an American will get it out in time. Elsewhere a HERALD correspondent, writing from Sitka, tells us of the recent mining discoveries; but we should not advise the hardy sons of the pick, shovel and washpan to start thither until something more definite is known. His story of the run up the Chilcat River is a very instructive one, though the distance covered is not great. There we see how the primitive merchant develops from the Indian who lives on fish. In the chief, Shattisch, we see the barbaric type of the Stewarts and Vanderbilts. He controls the carrying trade and the barter between the coast and the interior tribes. He is a bloated monopolist, a great middle man, and he gets the lion's share. He buys up his rivals with blankets and consolidates over a "potlatch." He debauches Indian public opinion with "hootchenoo," which is Alaskan for whiskey. But the Yankee is after him, and the missionary also, for the general good. We are glad he has been written down while he is in full blast, so that the curious law of succession of his tribe from father to nephew may be noted for comparison with that which obtains in the Sultanate of

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Turkey. There the succession lies in the brothers of the Sultan, and the nephew is frequently called to the throne of Osman.

Of more immediate interest is the relation of the destructive effects of the manufacture by whites and sale to the Indians of the vile hootchenoo. Great credit is due the commander of the Jamestown for his efforts to break up the traffic. Congress, indeed, should find time to give the Territory a code of laws by which all crime could be dealt with. Until this is done, however, a government vessel should be kept there.

ALASKA:

CHILCAT AND CHILCOOT.

These are names of two Indian tribes in Alaska, occupying large villages about thirty miles distant from each other. During the summer they became involved in what threatened to be a serious war. Through the intervention and arbitration of two influential gentlemen, who were cruising in Alaskan waters, with the steamer "Favorite," belonging to the "Northwest Trading Company," these difficulties were happily settled, and all parties seemed to be greatly pleased. One of the Alaskan tourists who performed these good offices, corresponds with the *Forest and Stream*, and his letters in the issue of November 25 give a very interesting account of Indian affairs in our Arctic territory. His testimony as to the desires of the Indians for religious instruction and the usefulness of our missionary schools is unequivocal. These messages from ignorant and degraded aboriginals to the Christians of the United States ought to meet with immediate and generous answers. When "Piseco," the *Forest and Stream* correspondent, had concluded his interview of two hours with the Indians, in which their difficulties were adjusted, they said: "When you go to your country, please tell them to send teachers to us as well as to the Stickienes, so that our children may not grow up stupid like their fathers." To this he responded that he would do his utmost to assist them in this matter. He fulfils his promise by writing as follows:

"(The Stickienes are the Indians at Wrangel, where the Presbyterians have established a mission school which is doing much good.) I believe that they will keep their promises to treat well all white men coming to their country, and I know I will mine, and through you I now ask of any Christians you may have among your readers—and I doubt not that such there are—to send to the Rev.

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G. Lyon, Missionary at Sitka, such articles as will be useful to the school which Mrs. Dickson, the wife of the post trader, has started on her own hook, and at which half a hundred children are being taught, and which is soon to be transferred to a neat frame building, which, designed for a store at Taku, has been, by Capt. Vanderbilt, given to the Indians at Portage Bay, and on each side of which building the Chilcats and Chilcoots, now re-united, promise to build villages, so that their children may attend the schools.

"The Indians were entertained by a few shots fired from the howitzer, and more by several volleys from the gatling which was mounted aft, and which was made to sweep an arc of 180 degrees, at good canoe distance.

"Then they paddled ashore in company, lit a camp fire, and began a friendly potlatch on the beach, and we, satisfied with the day's work, started at 3 P. M. for home, as we have learned to consider Sitka, and are now anchored in a snug harbor for the night, during which I hope to make up in sleep for last night of wakefulness and unrest.

"All's well that ends well."

We are very glad to add to the number of readers who hear this appeal.

ALASKA.

Population of the Territory—Its Wealth of Mineral and Timber.

WASHINGTON, December 18.—Paymaster King and Master Harms, of the United States navy, publish in the *Washington Post* to-day an article taking issue with Professor Elliott, of the Smithsonian institute, in regard to the population and resources of Alaska. They say they have been stationed in Alaska for the twenty-six months ended last August, and have personally traversed the whole of the southeastern section, and, instead of the total number of white inhabitants of Alaska being only 392, as Elliott asserts, they confidently say that there are about 500 whites at Harrisburg, 200 at Wrangell, not including the 250 Russian crookes there who are entitled to be classed as whites, and numbers of others at more than half a dozen smaller settlements, where whites are found in companies ranging from three or four up to fifteen or twenty. They also say it is a grand mistake to assert that nothing of value in minerals has yet been discovered in southeastern Alaska, and add that from Harrisburg settlement, not yet a year old, over \$50,000 in gold dust has been sent below, and sales of quartz veins have been made at high figures, with the view of working them next season. Enough has been done to show the great value of the placer ground and exceeding richness of many of the ledges, and it is certain there will be a large addition to the population next spring. Further, we know that the agricultural prosperity of that section is rapidly developing, and that the climatic difficulties in the way of it are far from insuperable. Further there are now movements on foot to develop the timber interest, one kind of which, the yellow cedar, is so valuable and abundant that neither Washington Territory, Oregon nor British Columbia can compete with Alaska.

THE ALASKA TRIP.

Account of the Dakota's Voyage to Wrangel.

HOW THE TIME WAS PASSED.

Three Pleasant Days in Departure Bay.—How Capt. Carroll Caught Fish.—The Mountain Scenery.—Entertainment on Board.—Etc.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OREGONIAN.]

A pleasure excursion to Alaska! In the east such a proposition would now be regarded very doubtfully, and a few years ago would have been derisively laughed down. It will be remembered, when the purchase of Alaska was made, how the paragraphists rung the changes on our newly-acquired possessions "on ice," and the "various terrors of that horrid shore" were set forth in the pictorial publications. Of late however, Alaska has been attracting more favorable public attention, and has received kinder treatment at the hands of the newspapers, magazines and illustrated periodicals, and the day is not far distant when it will cease to be the *terra incognita* that it is at present. When it becomes *the thing*, as it assuredly will, to make the trip to Alaska, a small fleet will be required to carry the summer tourists to a section that is destined to become more famous than the Alpine scenery of Switzerland. The few who have visited southeastern Alaska during the summer have by voice and pen given glowing accounts of the delights of the voyage, and a desire has been created, especially on this coast, to make the trip. Therefore when Mr. Muir, superintendent of traffic of the O. R. & N. Co., announced an excursion to Alaska, it at once became popular, requiring the commodious steamship *Dakota* to accommodate those applying for passage. It was a novelty in the way of an excursion. Its participants were to step aside from the beaten track of summer vacations, and sail away and enjoy a royal holiday among the innumerable islands and bays that skirt and cluster upon and adorn the North Pacific; all communication with the outside world severed, safe from the obtrusion from without of every disturbing influence, carrying with them amid the solitudes of this isolated region much of the comfort and many of the luxuries of civilized life—a well supplied larder, commodious state rooms, roomy decks for promenading, a band to discourse inspiring airs and furnish music for dancing, the party composed of the young and lively and the more elderly and sedate, and when not engaged in rapturously viewing the scenery, gathering in the social hall for music, or in the main saloon for dancing, or breaking up into groups for gossip or more serious conversation, else to smoke, play whist, read novels, dirt or make love.

At the terminus of the Northern Pacific on the Sound the *Dakota* was in waiting when the train arrived on Friday, August 4, and steamed away from Tacoma Saturday morning for Port Townsend, where she remained taking on freight until 6 o'clock in the evening. After the fastenings to the wharf were loosened, it was over an hour before any headway toward Victoria was made, owing to the listing of the ship so badly that one wheel was some distance out of the water, caused by want of ballast in the hold, the freight being loaded between decks. Fifty tons of freight was run into the hold, the engine started and at the same time dinner was announced, the ship moving off with one wheel still out of water. The fears of the timid and the disposition of the dishes to

EMPTY THEIR CONTENTS INTO THE LAPS

Or those on the lower side of the tables lessened the pleasure and shortened the time of the evening meal, passengers preferring difficult locomotion on deck to dodging soup plates, stewed tomatoes and the like.

The ship righted after a time and ran with more certainty until Esquimalt was reached, at 11 P. M.; when further difficulty of this kind was avoided by taking on a sufficient quantity of coal for ballast.

Many of the excursionists had preceded the Dakota to Victoria, luxuriating in the pure summer climate of this delightfully situated city, some of whom had been up the Fraser river as far as Yale, all of whom were enthusiastic over the interest the trip possessed for them. On Sunday every carriage and other means of conveyance to be had were pressed into service for a drive through Victoria and over the surrounding unsurpassed roads. Dr. Child and Mr. Atkinson narrowly escaped being thrown into the bastle for insisting on turning to the right in passing other carriages, in violation of law, which provides for turning to the left.

Upon leaving the harbor at Esquimalt a pleasant exchange of civilities occurred between her majesty's men-of-war *Comus* and *Kingfisher* and the *Dakota*. The officers and crews of both gunboats were assembled on deck, and in passing the English and American flags exchanged salutes, the bands playing national airs, the officers raising their caps and waving handkerchiefs and the crews clapping their hands. Before entering Haro strait the revenue cutter *Wolcott*, on her way to Port Townsend, was passed, firing a salute, and waving of handkerchiefs and swinging of hats were again exchanged.

THE INSIDE PASSAGE.

The course of our vessel lay through Haro strait, the island of San Juan lying to the right. The trouble with England over the island was discussed, the parts of the island occupied by the British and American troops during the joint occupation were pointed out; and it was agreed that the king of Prussia did right in deciding in favor of the United States when the matter was submitted to him for arbitration. Passing through Active pass, the waters of the Gulf of Georgia were entered. The weather was all that could be desired, and the upper deck presented an animated and gay appearance and the prospect spread out before the gaze was enjoyed with the keenest relish. The snow-crowned Olympic range was in view, with Mt. Baker rising majestically heavenward. The light-ship at the mouth of the Fraser could be seen by the aid of glasses, and the water of the river traced far into the gulf.

Nanaimo, a coal mining camp on Vancouver's island, was reached in the evening before dark. The object first attracting attention was the old block fort, which is fast decaying, but is propped up and presented as a relic of the olden time. The output of coal from this place is trifling at present, as the company is engaged in opening new coal fields. Tuesday morning the ship weighed anchor and went to Departure bay, three miles distant, to take on board 900 tons of coal, necessitating a detention of three days. In the harbor several sailing vessels and two steamers were at anchor, loading with coal or awaiting their turn. It was thought so long a stay here would become wearisome, but Capt. Carroll, aside from being a careful and capable navigator, showed that he knew how to entertain his passengers, and caused the time spent here to be remembered as one of the pleasantest features of the trip. In the afternoon a train of empty box cars was placed at the disposal of the excursionists and the mine, some four miles back from the bay, was visited. Mr. John Bryden, the manager, accompanied the party through portions of the mine and the works on the surface, and explained the manner of mining, using the steam pumps, steam fans and safety cages. It was an entirely new experience to many of the excursionists, and notwithstanding the soiled condition of clothing upon emerging, the underground walk was highly enjoyed. The output of this mine averages 900 tons daily. Another company are also shipping coal from a different wharf in the same bay. A few Indians and many Chinamen are employed. The Chinese problem is being agitated, and aspirants for political honors find it necessary to pledge themselves to oppose any further immigration from the celestial kingdom. In the evening an explosion of gas occurred in a new shaft of the mine visited, resulting in the instant death of one miner and the serious injury of two others.

The following day was devoted to fishing. The captain chartered a small steam launch, and towed the passengers in the ship's boats to the fishing grounds, but the fish showed no disposition to be betrayed into swallowing the many alluring baits dropped to them. The object of the day being fish, the captain had provided against the party being balked of their prey by any contrariness on the part of the funny tribes, so he lighted a fuse

ATTACHED TO A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE

And dropped it into the water, some moments elapsing before the explosion, which was of sufficient force to sensibly jar the occupants of the boats. Immense numbers of small fish were immediately thrown out of the water, the larger ones rising to the surface later, often at a considerable distance from where the explosion occurred, and a spirited contest as to which boat would secure the largest number of the large fish took place. After a number of cartridges had been exploded, the surface of the water was thick with minnows floating upon their backs, and the ladies began to give expression to their doubts about it being right to participate in such wanton wholesale destruction, but such qualms of conscience ceased when it was observed that they were not killed but only stunned and were rapidly turning over and disappearing.

The captain arranged for a ball in the town hall at Nanaimo, and in the evening the excursionists were conveyed thither in the same manner as they were taken to the fishing grounds, and a most pleasurable evening was experienced, returning to the ship at midnight. Thursday forenoon the passengers followed their individual bent, sketching, reading, writing, fishing from the ship, playing cards, gathering flowers and ferns in the woods, visiting the Indian rancherie in search of curios or to study the habits and customs of the aborigines. In the afternoon the genial captain assembled the party on the beach to participate in a clam bake, and with anecdote, mirth and hilarity the evening swiftly approached. The Indians were interested spectators of the scene, and through

SUCH MASTERS OF THE CHINOOK JARGON

As Messrs. Skidmore and Davis many entered into conversation with them. The appreciation of the success of the efforts of Captain Carroll to entertain his passengers during this necessary detention found expression in an after-dinner speech by Judge Strong, who concluded by assuring the blushing captain that it was the opinion of all on board that he was a "brick." A tug from Port Townsend, with mail for Alaska, reached Departure bay before the *Dakota* left, and by order of the department, delivered the mail to her, it having been withheld from the *Evangel*, the contractor's vessel, because the proper authorities declared her unseaworthy and unfit for the service. Upon leaving the wharf, at 7 P. M., telegraphic and mail communication with the rest of the world was entirely cut off. When under way again in the Gulf of Georgia, the tables were removed from the main saloon and the evening spent in dancing. Seymour narrows, where the man-of-war *Saranac* was wrecked on June 17, 1875, was safely passed during the night. On Friday the weather was propitious, the scenery growing in interest, Twin peaks, the Mt. Castle group and other snow-capped mountains rose loftily above the surrounding mountains. Upon entering the waters of Queen Charlotte's sound, where the first exposure to the open sea occurred, a fog bank was rolling in from the ocean, causing the course of our vessel to be changed, coming to anchor in a beautiful little bay called Port Alexander. The fog rising after a brief detention our journey was continued across the sound.

Saturday, in passing through the Finlayson and Grenville channels, although distant views were obscured by fog banks, scenery of extraordinary beauty delighted the beholders. Cascades foaming on the mountain sides or dashing over cliffs, and delicate, ribbon-like streams threading their way more gently, were to be seen at every turn. Avalanches had mowed great swaths through the timber to the water's edge, the mountains rising precipitously on either side of the narrow channel to the height of several thousand feet.

The following announcement posted conspicuously aroused interest and expectancy: "Grand musical and literary entertainment in the main saloon Saturday evening, Aug. 12, 1882, by a bouquet of artists from the principal eastern and European theaters. Performance begins at 8:30." At the appointed hour the saloon was crowded. Judge Strong opened the exercises by some happy and well-turned remarks, humorously introducing the performers. The rendering of the following programme met with an enthusiastic reception:

1. Dissertation..... Judge Strong
2. Song, "Kilmarney"..... Madame Childini
(Dublin Theater.)
3. Harp Solo..... Senor Whiting
4. Dissertation..... Capt. Towne
5. Song, "The Blue Alsatian Mountains,"..... Madame Philippini. (Theatre Francaise.)
6. Harmonica Solo..... Herr Stoefel
(Berlin Theater.)
7. Duet, "When Night Comes O'er the Plains,"
Madame Childini and Signorita Morgani.
(Spanish Theater.)
8. Sleight of Hand, Messrs. Marschall and Maynardo, wizards of France.
9. Song, "Sing Sweet Bird"..... Madame Philippini
10. Hymn, "Give me the Wings of Faith," Brother Wadhams and Deacon Skidmore.

Was reached at 1:30 P. M. Sunday, the 13th, in a mist which occasionally developed into rain. Most of the white inhabitants and many well-dressed, fine looking Indians were at the wharf to see us land. The most conspicuous building in the village is the Presbyterian mission home for Indian girls, upon the porch of which about 35 dusky maidens were to be seen. Aside from this building, two neat looking churches and one or two other structures, the place presented a shabby and decaying appearance. The Indian village, or rancherie, is built along the beach at the edge of high tide. Many of the houses were closed, as the occupants were absent gathering their winter supply of fish. Most of the houses are from 25 to 40 feet square, without a window, the only opening being a small door for entrance and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The door is several feet above the ground, and opens inside upon a broad platform, which extends around the four sides. Some of the houses have a second platform inside the first, and another step down is the inside square on the ground floor, which is planked, with the exception of about four feet square in the center, where the fire is built on the ground. The walls, and some times roofs, are made of cedar plank, from two to five feet wide, and two or more inches in thickness, which are made by first splitting the trees into great planks, then dressing them with a small adze. The interior of many of the houses is filthy in the extreme, while in some a degree of comfort and neatness which was unlooked for prevails; chairs and bedsteads, with white sheets and clean-looking bedding, being introduced, matting on the floors and cheap chromos and pictures from illustrated papers upon the walls. Several of the Indians have built houses of ordinary lumber, with doors and windows, and use stoves upon which to do their cooking. A large number have adopted an American style of dress.

In front of many of the houses are immense timbers covered with carvings. These are the genealogical records of the family. The seven or eight tribes along the main coast and upon the Alexander archipelago speak a common language called the Tlingit. Each tribe has several chiefs, one of whom is head chief. Their rank is distinguished by the height of a pole erected in front of their houses. Other subdivisions among the Indians are made, each having a distinctive badge. These badges, or totems, among the Tlingits are the raven, the wolf, the whale and the eagle. Their emblems are marked on the houses, canoes, and ornaments of the people.

Fort Wrangel is situated on the northwestern coast of Wrangel island, near the mouth of the Stickeen river. There is quite a large floating population of Indians, who come here to trade and dispose of their furs. Last year about \$10,000 worth of furs were bought by the merchants of the place. There are but a few white people living here during the summer, but a number of miners from the Cassiar mines usually winter here. Last winter there were about 75; the coming winter it is expected about 50 will remain. The mines at Cassiar are gradually becoming exhausted though about 150 men are reported to be making some money there this season. A large number of Chinamen are working over the placers abandoned by the whites.

Some prospectors came into Wrangel a few days before our arrival, from the Schoat river, a tributary to the Stickeen, and a rumor was rife that good diggings had been discovered on that stream, but no definite information could be obtained, the men having left secretly, presumably to avoid giving a clue to their find.

Owing to the falling off of traffic on the Stickeen the steamer Gertrude left Wrangel and is plying on the Fraser, and the only way of transporting freight up the Stickeen now is by means of Indian canoes, which is a satisfactory state of things to the Indians and gives a number of them employment.

Most of the excursionists visited Mrs. McFarland's mission home and school, and were very courteously received and shown the various departments of the home, which at present has about thirty five inmates of ages ranging from the wee bright-eyed tottler to the young woman grown, among them a remarkably intelligent looking girl that Mrs. McFarland rescued when at the point of death, she being tortured as a witch. It was acknowledged on all hands that Mrs. McFarland had done a great work among the Indians, and that her influence for good was growing among them.

In the afternoon Rev. S. H. Young, the missionary, preached in the Presbyterian church to the Indians in the Chitook jargon. At the conclusion of his sermon he called upon Mr. Wadhams to address them and they gave him their close attention as he talked to them by the aid of an interpreter. They sang gospel hymns both in their own tongue and in English, and an Indian girl played the organ well.

The mail-of-war Wachusett was at anchor here and Commander Pearson and other officers came on board the Dakota and exchanged greetings with the excursionists. They are expecting to be relieved by the Adams shortly.

Deputy collector of customs, Colonel Oakford, Major McDaniels, paymaster of the Wachusett, and Dr. McFarland and wife, nee Miss Dunbar, missionary teachers in the McFarland school, accompanied us from this point until our return. They were kept busily occupied in answering questions, and were an agreeable acquisition to the party.

The trip to Juneau, Takon inlet, Lynn canal, Killisnoo and Sitka will be written of in my next. M.

FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, Jan. 24.

DEAR FRIEND:

I send you by this mail a picture of the Home, drawn by one of our Indian young men. We think it is very good, considering he never had any instructions. The mail ship arrived here last Friday morning, nearly a week behind her usual time. Owing to some negligence upon the part of the Post-master at Port Townsend, W. T., the letter bag for our place was left behind. I assure you it was a bitter disappointment, and now we will not be able to hear from our friends until sometime in March, as the ship must go to San Francisco for repairs. It was the hardest thing I have had to bear since I came to Alaska. I know it has been permitted for wise and good purposes, but it takes grace to keep from growing rebellious. We have been having delightful winter weather, yesterday the thermometer was 47°; I was reminded of our spring mornings at home. We observed the week of prayer, there was so much interest that we continued our meetings one week longer; two of our Home girls, Jennie Mahan and Sarah Dickinson, were converted. We had been holding a little prayer meeting in my room ever since the first of December, on Sabbath evenings before our service, and I assure you, our hearts rejoiced when we heard these girls express a hope in Christ. We have been holding two weekly prayer meetings all winter, one in my school room on Wednesday evening, the other at the different Indian houses in the village, sometimes we can count hundreds in attendance. Our pastor, Mr. Young, fell on the ice sometime before the holidays and has been laid up with a sprained back. We had a very pleasant time Christmas eve, we had a tree for our girls in the Home, and on going to bed, they all hung up their stockings for the first time, and one of our little girls, in writing to a friend, says: "We slept quick and when we got up in the morning, we found cakes, candy and nuts." I am not so sure but some little eyes were watching the movements of old Santa Claus as he was slipping about so cautiously

in the small hours of the morning. It was rather a big undertaking to fill twenty-three stockings, but the pleasure it afforded the children was worth all our trouble. During the last year we had 195 sunshineing days, 38 cloudy, 105 rainy, 19 snowy, and 9 stormy. I presume your letter to me is on the way. I shall write again in March, in the meantime I shall try to keep up my spirits. I had two weeks vacation during the holidays, which I enjoyed very much. Love to all the dear Christians workers, I know I will have their sympathy and prayers. This afternoon I began a school in the village from three to half-past four, I am trying to gather in those who will not come into the graded school. I teach them in concert and interest them in ways that I could not do in my school.

Yours with love,
M. J. DUNBAR.

1881 FROM THE ARCTIC SEA.

TWO REPORTS FROM THE RODGERS.

NO TIDINGS OF THE JEANNETTE OR THE MISSING WHALERS—THE EXAMINATION OF WRANGEL LAND—LIEUTENANT BERRY'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The expected report of Lieutenant Berry reached the Navy Department this morning. It is accompanied by a map of Wrangel Island, with the course of the boats around it and the shore lines marked out. From Lieutenant Berry's map Wrangel Island appears to be about sixty miles long by twenty wide, its southern boundary lying along the seventy-first parallel, and its greatest dimension being east and west. The shape of the island is almost that of a parallelogram with the corners rounded off. Lieutenant Berry refers to a previous report sent by him on the 14th of September, but it had not reached the Department when this was received.

This later report is dated September 27, at latitude 71.33 north, longitude 175.10 west. After describing his various efforts to penetrate further through the ice, Lieutenant Berry says:

I have found the Northern ice of such a nature that it would not be possible to pass its outer edge, consisting in places of heavy picks and in others of unbroken fields of miles in extent. The field ice was from two to three feet out of water. Believing that it would be useless to try and proceed farther in that direction this season, and that by an attempt to do so the vessel would be in danger of being caught in the pack and have to winter here without an adequate prospect of accomplishing anything, for it is difficult to conjecture in what direction the Jeannette drifted after she was once fast in the ice, being at the mercy of winds and currents, I propose next to proceed from here to the Coast of Siberia and follow it to the westward, looking there for tidings of the missing vessels and for a suitable harbor to winter in, and from which to send out sledge parties and be in a position to succor any one who may reach that coast. Failing to find a suitable harbor, I will leave a party with dogs, sledges and provisions for one year to make the search, and will winter the vessel in St. Lawrence Bay, and send parties from here also. In the spring I will proceed to Plover Bay, fill up with coal and continue the search. Since Wrangel Land has proved to be an island of so small an extent, with no other land near it, I deem it useless to winter there, as recommended by the Jeannette Relief Board, under the false supposition that it extended far to the northward.

In my letter of the 19th ult., from St. Lawrence Bay, I referred to a report of men with dogs having gone to the eastward from Point Barrow, which report, I am assured by the whalers, is wholly without foundation. The other report, that a vessel drifted on the coast of Siberia, west of Kolientshin Bay, last November, they believe to be true, and from the description given of her by

the natives, that she was the Vigilant. They describe her as having deer's horns on the flying-jib boom, with her masts cut away and hanging over the side, and dead bodies within her. After some of the natives had visited her and gone for more to take from her what they wanted, she drifted off the coast again. They also stated that some small articles obtained from these natives and now in possession of Captain Hooper, were recognized as belonging to the Vigilant. We still have 250 tons of coal on board. The vessel in every respect is in good condition, and the crew and officers are well.

Lieutenant Berry's report dated "Off Herald Island, September 14, 1881," reached the Navy Department this afternoon, a few hours after the report of September 27 had been received. Lieutenant Berry says:

The United States steamer Rodgers sailed from St. Lawrence Bay at 12:20 p. m. on August 19, and the next morning entered the Arctic Ocean in company with the Russian corvette Streltsov, but was separated from her by a westerly wind, followed by thick weather. Touched at Serdze Kaiman August 21 and sent a boat on shore to inquire about a reported wreck, but could get little information, owing to the great difficulty experienced in communicating with the natives. I then learned that the United States revenue cutter Corwin had visited that point and sent a search party on shore near Kolientshin Island. August 25, at 10 a. m., sighted Cape Hawaii, and shortly after made the ice along the starboard beam densely packed; skirted it, and at 4 p. m. discovered from the masthead a lead and followed it in. At 10 p. m., having passed through about ten miles of ice, we dropped anchor about a mile from shore in six fathoms of water; sent a boat on shore the next morning to examine a lagoon, which was seen by a party that landed as soon as the ship was anchored, and found at its mouth an excellent small harbor (a draft of which accompanies the report). The vessel was moored in the harbor and preparations at once made for three search parties to explore the island. The parties got off August 27, between 3 and 4 p. m.

After having penetrated twenty miles in a northwest by north direction in the interior, I ascended a mountain which was, barometric measurement, 2,500 feet high, and could see from its summit the sea in all directions, except between south-southwest and west per compass. The day was very clear, and no land except Herald Island was visible from this height. There was no ice in sight to the southward; a strip seemingly ten miles to the westward, with open water between it and the shore, densely packed ice to the northward, in which no openings could be gotten, but open water between it and the shore, and narrow streaks of ice to the eastward.

It will be seen from the chart that the whole east line, with the exception of a few miles of outlying sand spits, has been examined, and I believe it impossible that any of the missing parties ever landed here. I found among the driftwood about six miles west of the ship, when in harbor, the slugs of a topsail yard about twelve feet long and eleven inches in diameter, which looked as if it had been in the water about two years, and I should judge from its appearance that it had belonged to a merchant vessel. We sailed from Rodgers's Harbor, Wrangel Island, yesterday morning at 9:30, and last evening at 5:30 visited the bay where the whale boat was lost, but were able to penetrate only a short distance owing to grounded ice and shoal water. I shall finish the examination of Herald Island, and then proceed to the northward as far as possible in search of some other land where the Jeannette or missing whalers may have touched. I shall try and communicate again with the whalers to inform the Department of my plans for the winter. All well on board.

Referring to the report that the quartz on Douglas Island, Alaska, is free-milling ore, J. Zachert, an assayer and chemist, who passed several months on the island last year, has this to say in a letter to *The San Francisco Call*: "As far as we know, there is no free-milling ore that would pay, although there is some of partly decomposed rock that contains a little of free gold; but the whole body of the ledge is composed of ore containing sulphurets rich in gold. Those sulphurets are of two kinds: Yellow iron pyrites, poor in gold; and black iron pyrites, very rich in gold, but extremely fine and very hard to concentrate. If those black sulphurets could be saved, the mine would be the richest in the world; if not, the gigantic ledge will be left to the mercy of nature for partial decomposition and concentration, favoring the future generations with good placer ground."

ALASKA, FORT WRANGEL.—REV. S. HALL YOUNG.

The quarter has been quiet and prosperous. Brother J. W. McFarland entered at once into the spirit of the work, teaching with his wife in the school, and working earnestly to perfect himself in the practice of medicine among the Indians. The attendance for the quarter has been never less than one hundred and fifty to our Sabbath morning service. The school was pretty well attended.

April saw the arrival of our friends Rev. J. L. Gould and family. They remained with us till the mail steamer, giving us all fresh courage, stimulating us to fuller faith and more earnest efforts. I wish you would send us half a dozen more such missionaries. April 30 ten missionaries sat down together, with full hearts, to the Lord's feast. It was a most precious season. One young man, promising and intelligent, was admitted to the church on profession and baptized.

On the arrival of the May steamer this pleasant circle was broken. As the steamer was to touch at Klawack, only fifty miles from the Hydah mission, I took passage with Brother Gould. I took Louis Paul and his wife with me as far as Juneon on their way to their station at Willard. They parted from the "Home" with many tears. Tillie especially felt her separation from Mrs. McFarland, who has been more than a mother to her. I left them in charge of some members of my church at Juneon, with instructions to forward them at once by canoe to their destination. I wrote to Brother Willard concerning them. We hope much from their labors. I found many of the Indians of the Wrangel mission at Juneon, and spent the short time the hurrying steamer gave us principally among them.

The next day the steamer stopped at Killisnoo, near the Hoochenoo village. At Killisnoo the N. W. T. Co. have erected extensive oil works, and have some twenty white men and many Indians employed in catching whales and herring. They have already made it a success, and business is very lively. All of the Hoochenoo tribe and many of other tribes are congregated there. The chief workers among the whites are men of character and breeding from the New England states, who will bring their families to Killisnoo. Both whites and Indians begged for a teacher.

To-day we arrived at Klowock, where we found Mr. Chapman awaiting us and ready to take us by canoe the rest of the way.

One feature of the work done this spring is the amount of Christian work done by my church members. Wherever they have gone—and they have visited Juneon, Chileat, the Hydahs, Tongas, and the Indians of the Noas—they have held meetings when they could and have preached everywhere the gospel of Christ. Thus the seed is sown.

I expect to return to Wrangel the last of this month or the first of next, and shall push forward my linguistic studies. I am also getting my Indians at work building a new town of American houses. I may take a canoe load of men from my mission to Fort Simpson at Metlah-kahtah to study architecture.

HEATHEN WOMEN.

LETTERS

To Sisters, for Sisters, from Sisters.

No. 1.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbor, for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not Himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproacheth Thee fell on Me."

"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

"If ye fulfill the royal law, according to the Scriptures, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well."

"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them."

"And He saith unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

ALASKA.

My Dear Sister:

* * * I proceed at once to give you the items you ask for, *i.e.*, illustrations of condition and life among the women of Alaska, and in giving these I shall confine myself to what I have heard, seen and known in the Chilcat country, which is exceptionally free from the contaminations and pollutions of the lower coast tribes (the Stikines of Ft. Wrangell and the Sitka Indians) where a girl can be bought for a bright ribbon, a bit of calico or candy; where the people are diseased and deformed to such an extent that a bright healthy child is the exception; where mothers parade the streets and infest the wharves exhibiting their daughters' charms and offering their babies of ten years to these drunken and rotten sailors and miners, who select, of course, the healthiest and prettiest for their base use. In the mining town of Juneau these Indians have a score or more of *booths* and little white cotton tents, where they have their wives and daughters accommodate these wretched whites. But it seems that shame is grown now so shameless that shelter is no longer necessary, it being not an uncommon thing to see in the open street, in front of stores, *anywhere*, these creatures in the very act of adultery. The mortality among these Indian women is frightful. Two or three of our Chilcat girls, who were enticed away just about the time we came, fell victims to that terrible disease which follows such sin and died during the year, in horrible agony. The death of one of these girls was attributed by the Indians to witchcraft, and her companion, a girl also from Chilcat, was the accused. The Indians at Juneau employed the usual methods of torture to extort confession—cutting her hair off, then so weaving into it cords to form a rope, by which, after the body had been tied

in a low crouching position, hands behind the back, feet together and knees against the breast, the head was drawn back and tied to a low stake driven into the ground. (In this position the "witch" is left for three days without food or water). This girl was then beaten, and after "confessing" that she had bewitched the deceased and that her mother—an old woman living in our lower Chilcat village, had taught her the black art, and had, herself, killed ten men in that way, she was brought, bound in a canoe, to her mother's house, when the old woman was also seized, and it was with difficulty that we saved their lives. Then they lived, hunted things as they were, like the beasts of the wood, until they stole to us secretly and were locked up. Soon after, passage was secured for them and they were taken to Sitka. I could give you *chapters* on the misery which I have been personally cognizant of, resulting to women through this one old superstition of witchcraft, but I must hasten on to other things.

As I have said, our people are still in their primitive ignorance, (I cannot say *innocence*)—or almost so—with all their exaggerated and distorted ideas of honor of right and wrong, and of purity. As soon as a girl has become a woman, the fact must be made known publicly or great calamities will result to the people. Last winter we had terrible storms at Haines, and, after they had exhausted themselves against the *missionary* as the cause, the medicine men declared that two of our brightest and best school girls had brought it on by hiding their sickness. The parents brought their children to me saying that they believed I knew more than the medicine man (because I had dared his shaken fist and all his threats in trying to save the lives of sick persons) and that by some sort of divination and the Bible, I could tell whether or not the charge were true. After talking with them of the wrong of these things the father said to me, "I think you don't know and can't believe how our people hold to these things; the *life* of my child is in danger; I dare not let her be seen. You must hear of what happened before you came to us. There was a great storm; all the canoes seemed lost; everything was done to stop it but still the storm went on. At length a medicine man told the people that the young daughter of the chief was the cause—that she must confess herself a woman. This she refused to do; the torture began; still she denied; still raged the storm. Her blanket (worn close about the body) was set on fire; inch by inch it was burned half off her; still she persisted that she was innocent. A slave was next killed, for the double purpose of frightening her into a confession, and to prepare her way in the spirit world; still it failed of its first object; she would not acknowledge her guilt, and the storm increased its fury, till at last the girl was killed and burned, when immediately the sun broke through the clouds, the storm ceased, and the great calm told the people all the truth."

In all the native villages, back of the dwellings, there are little booths about four feet square and two or three feet high, some even less, built of pine boughs or pieces of bark, to which the women are banished during their peculiar sickness in childbirth, and for ten days after. Last winter I saw these women digging an entrance into these holes through many feet of snow and crawl into them as a dog to his kennel; sometimes they gather handfuls of moss or bark and have a little smoking fire, but with fire or not there they must remain until the time is past. Through one bitter, bitter cold week a woman came to me with her little child almost perished; they had been in an out-house for two days and nights, she having no one to leave her child with, and almost without food or clothing. She told me that she had attempted to go back into the family house to get something for her child, but they had driven her out with awful threats and charges of having brought evil and sickness upon them, and she was afraid her child would die. Of course, we sheltered and cared for them. The family houses are generally of one room, with a small door and no window except the great opening in the roof, which is *intended* for the escape of the smoke from the great fire in the centre of the earthen floor; there is usually a plank floor laid around the fire to the walls. In some of the better houses there is a second and sometimes even a third raised floor, partly enclosed into little closets, affording thus the native's nearest approach to private chambers. Into these houses will be gathered often as many as forty persons, men, women and children, just as many families as can accommodate themselves in it.

The children, of course, being witnesses to and being educated in every detail of family life. Their ideas of purity, however, are very rigid, and require that, as soon as the fact of a girl's maturity is established, she be hidden away from the sight of even her mother, who only approaches her for the purpose of giving her food, or of leading her out of doors closely blanketed, after night. The duration of her imprisonment is from six months to two years according to her caste, and at its close she is given to the man her friends have selected for her husband. The highest compliment which the latter can pay the bride, or her parents, is to say that she is as pale as muslin. One of our school girls, whom I spoke of as having been brought to me for trial has been in a little dark, damp hole since last winter, and, as the miners are advancing, I hope that she may be kept there till I get back and secure her against them.

During the severest part of last winter, when the snow lay eight to twelve feet on the ground—and in drifts it might have been *forty*—a handsome, high class girl of Willard (our *upper* Chilcat village, which is the largest, richest and most influential in the country) was accused of stealing a string of beads. To have *committed* the theft would have been a small matter, but to be *accused* of such a thing was enough to ruin the prestige of the entire tribe and must be punished or avenged. The girl, fearful for her life, (which is always most in danger from the nearest friends of the accused so anxious are they to maintain their family honor) left her home secretly in the night and escaped to the mission, a distance of twenty miles, without snow shoes or any other aid. How she survived that day and night's floundering through the snow, into which she would sink to her armpits, I cannot comprehend, but on the second night she staggered into our kitchen, her poor garment wet and frozen about her otherwise naked body. After food, dry clothing and rest she told her simple story and that she had come to the missionary because she was innocent. This was on Saturday night. She remained with us till Monday morning, when she went into the school, taught that day by the Interpreter alone. We saw nothing more of her, and heard only that she had returned to her home. We knew nothing of the terrible events of that day until some weeks after, her brother, who had just come back from trading in the interior, and heard her story of shameless wrong committed within a few feet of the minister's door, came to avenge it, and hearing of it then for the first time we strained every nerve to save war. It seems that to account still further for the severity of the weather, some one had started the report that this girl had left her home in fear lest her condition should be discovered and her life taken by her friends; that on her way down she had given birth to a child and left it in the snow, all of which was worthy death. Making this report their justification, two women entered the school that morning and, in the sight of all the children and their teacher, made an examination of the girl's person in the most shocking and disgusting manner. Finding no positive evidence of guilt, but excited to outrage, they dragged her out into the snow, where, stripping her of every rag, they dragged and drove her through the village, naked, before the winter storm, and to every *eye*, which is more stinging to the Chilcat woman than any other torture. They universally clothe themselves modestly, and I have *never* seen an immodest thing among them.

Their marriage laws seem to be these: A man *may* have more than one wife, and a woman more than one husband (though usually they have but one at a time) they may have a *succession* of partners, but while the acknowledged relations exists they *must* be *faithful* to each other. They have a custom, and it is quite prevalent, which is a strange offset to that of secluding their girls. It is the giving of their children of the tenderest age to be raised for the purpose of taking the place of their guardians. That is, a man and his wife will take a little boy and girl to raise as their successors. If the man dies first the boy becomes husband to the woman. If the woman is the first to die, her husband takes the little girl. In this way one often sees a decrepit old woman with a mere boy, and a little child bound to a grizzled old man, and they do not always wait for death to undo the first bond. Our hearts were wrung last winter by the destruction of a delicate

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little child of about nine years, who seemed to have retained sweet innocence through all her hard life. She was in our school, and by her quiet ways and sweet face had won our hearts. We missed her from school and church, and upon inquiry found that she had been given to her father's brother—a great brutal man—for his *wife*, because his other wife was blind, etc., etc. All that we could do was of no avail to save the child. She appeared at church a week or two after, and *never* have I seen such a change in any human being, as I saw in that poor little one; her face haunts me yet. It was scarcely recognizable, so bruised and swollen, while despair itself looked out of her sad eyes. I saw her again when I went to her home. "Home!" Oh, what a mockery! It was one of the poorest of the hovels; a few sticks smoked together in the centre, filling all the house with stifling blindness, wind, snow and rain blew through the great cracks, and swept down from the hole in the roof, while on the few loose boards which lay on the damp earth floor squatted the miserable family. The old wife had, indeed, a pair of sickening eyes red, running and blind; clinging to her skirts and huddling about her were several children covered with sores, hunch back and rickety; a little to one side sat the child-wife stitching hopelessly away on some garments for the family. *Do we need a children's refuge* in the Chilcat country?*

They never forget a wrong; its memory is treasured up for generations. We became acquainted this summer with a mode of revenge which I have never known to be pursued elsewhere. The highest chief in our country is Shateritch of the upper village, who is of the Cinnamon Bear tribe. His wife is a Raven of high class. Of the same class and tribe is a man called "the Murderer," whose father or grand-father had in some way disgraced and humiliated the family of Shateritah. The wife of the latter was determined to have her husband avenged, and insisted upon his taking the Murderer's sister—a fresh, young girl—to wife, bringing her home to his own house and family until she should have become a *mother*, when she must be driven mercilessly out in everlasting disgrace for a fatherless child. Shall I go on, as easily I might, and lengthen the *leaflet* to a *book*? Or is this enough for my sisters in Christian America? Could I give *one* incident in its *true* life—*darkness*—surely it would kindle in their hearts such a new and holy fire as would give out its bright blessings until these dark, dark hearths of Alaska should be changed into *Christian homes*. Very earnestly, in the cause of Christ,

I am affectionately yours,

MRS. EUGENE S. WILLARD

* Contributions for a Refuge will be received by MRS. M. E. BOYD, 28 Centre Street, New York City.

In the providence of God the editor of these letters became aware, in the year 1880, of some particular forms of suffering among heathen women, so unsuited for general reading, that travelers and even missionaries have veiled the details under such general expressions as "extreme degradation," "deep misery," or "woeful condition." Believing a fuller knowledge of the facts would help to more intelligently gauge the measure of responsibility for which we are speedily to answer before the judgment seat of Christ, these letters are printed for circulation among the Christian women of America.

It was asked by one reader, "What can we do about it?" The reply was, "Every woman can give at least three things: somewhat of her time, her money, and her prayers."

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This letter may be had free on application to Mrs. J. M. Ham, 278 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Or of T. B. Ventres, 62 Court St, Brooklyn, N. Y., for 10 cents per. hundred ; 15 cents for postage additional.

Letter No. 2 will be on Siam and India.

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We have received a letter from our good missionary, Mrs. McFarland, expressing her great delight at the opening of the Home at Fort Wrangel, and enclosing the excellent address of Mr. Young, which we send to our friends.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

August 8, 1880.

WE have called you, My friends, to the opening of an Institution which, while its growth has been rapid, yet we trust, no mushroom springing up in a night, to wither in a day. It is a tree whose roots strike deep and spread far. It draws its nourishment from the kindly soil of Christian charity in almost every State in the Union, and it is destined to shelter beneath its branches, the weak ones of every tribe in this Archipelago. It is no merely local and temporal house of refuge. What you see, although you have been pleased to express your admiration, is to our hopes but a beginning of that which shall grow and endure. The Home was built for a three-fold reason.

First, it had its foundation in hard necessity. For very shame our church, having permitted thousands in this Archipelago to perish unenlightened, was impelled at last to found a mission here. After a very short experience of the place, *she* whom the wisdom of the church—or rather divine wisdom—selected as the first missionary, realized that unless the girls were saved from their impending danger, the mission would be in vain. Civilization is gauged by the condition of the women. The degradation of the feebler sex is the certain mark of barbarism. When woman loses her purity, her honor, her womanliness, society decays utterly. The Spaniards say, “An ounce of *Mother* is worth a pound of *Clergy*.” Make the women of a country honored and worthy

of honor, and you have saved the nation. So our missionary seeing the dreadful odds against any Indian girl in this region ever rising unprotected to even decency, must either make the effort to found a Christian Home for their salvation, or abandon the whole place to its fate. The facts that when the mission was established the death-rate was as five to one, compared with the birth-rate; that there was absolutely nothing being done to check the causes that were bringing about this sad result; that the very affections as well as intellects of the people, as well as their wills, were so debased that they saw no immorality in corruption, and were often most proud of what was most disgraceful, these facts alone were sufficient to compel the step. I was pleased in my recent visit to the British missions, to have the testimony from the most experienced and successful missionary on the coast, Mr. Dunnean, of Mount Lahkatlah: “Your Home is an absolute necessity; without it, you might as well give up your mission. Educate the girls aright and the boys will educate themselves.” And Rev. Mr. Crosby, of Fort Simpson, in the sixth year of his mission, modelling after our mission, with deep regrets that he could not have begun where we did.

Second, the Home laid its foundation in *faith in the girls*. Blessings on those motherly instincts that could perceive the germ of nobleness in these despised natures and warm and nourish them into a lively growth. The luscious peach had its origin in the poisonous bitter almond; the golden pippin in the sour and dwarfish crab-apple; the splendid queen of the garden in the insignificant wild rose, so these human plants, dwarfed by ignorance, made bitter and poisoned by sin, and pushed back almost into nothingness—may, by patient cultivation, be made to bloom into beauty, and bear

116 "fruits of righteousness." Next to faith in God is faith in woman-kind, and with experience the conviction deepens, that these are in arts, in strength, in intelligence, really a superior class of Indians, and that only time and patient effort is needed to place them on no mean footing in the scale of civilization. The brightness, docility and earnestness of some of the present inmates, gives large promise of the future.

But the third foundation stone is strongest—*Faith*. The love and care of God, who is not indifferent to earth's little ones. This is His work, and He will not suffer it to fail. He who preached the Gospel to the poor, still comes by His servants and by His Spirit, to seek and to save that which was lost. The financial, educational, and spiritual interests of the Home are safe in His hands. The aim of the Home is also threefold :

1st. Separation. Disease fosters disease—corruption breeds corruptions. To reform Indian youth permanently while they are suffered to remain in their Indian homes surrounded by those who know only their old superstitions and degrading customs of ancient heathenism is as difficult as to cause plants to thrive in a poisonous atmosphere. The claims of habit are forged of triple steel.

Seeing daily sights which are death to all modesty, hearing daily conversation which is death to all virtue, witnessing daily deeds which are death to the soul, how can we expect these tender children to develop into pure, strong women. They must breathe a different atmosphere, see sights, hear words, witness lives that tell of a diviner life ; a glimpse of heaven must be vouchsafed them, and the abyss of darkness shut from their vision. They must not only be saved from themselves but from their relatives. "Their foes, are they of their own household." They must be shut out from sin, shut in to virtue. They must be saved, if need be, almost in spite of themselves. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing," must sound in their ears as the trump of God. They must learn to hate the evil of their old lives

and all that is squalid and filthy and degrading in their former habits, and love what is clean, refined and elevating. They must be protected also (this is the object of separation) from the hosts which trample the gifts of God under unhallowed feet, from the temptations that darken our sky with their black wings, from the subtilty of false friends, and the ignorance of real ones, from superstition and error, from self and Satan, *from* every thing that loveth or maketh a lie. They must be guarded *with sleepless* vigilance and protected with unfaltering courage. Not one of these dear children could stand up alone and stem the current of evil that eddy and whirl in unceasing tides about this place. The Home is proudly named a Protectorate, and third, they must be educated, and this is a triple task. First. The useful household arts are useful to refinement of feelings. We don't expect these girls to be ladies, to sit in idleness ; they are, and always will be Indians, but they need not be filthy Indians ; they need not be barbarians ; they must know how to be tidy, industrious, faithful housewives ; to cook cleanly and well ; to keep house neatly, as well as to handle the paddle ; to care for their own and their husband's clothing ; to attain to that pride which affects neatness, but stops short of display, and if, in addition, some of the finer arts be acquired, a higher step is made in the scale of civilization. An Indian's range of knowledge is so limited, his horizon so small, the most common of facts come to him with a revelation. We must begin with these children at the very lowest note, but it must proceed upwards, and not rest until the Indian girl can speak and read in a language which has a literature, and which will lift her out of her narrow sphere, and give her some knowledge of the world and its inhabitants and of God and his laws ; she must be able to converse intelligently upon the objects which surround her daily, and grasp in its simpler forms the science of morals. A common education, as that term is used in the Eastern States, is all we can

at present hope to attain, but this can be reached and may be exceeded; but *heart* education is the best of all, and is the prime object of the Home. To free the soul from its shackles, wing it on its way heavenward, to give a glimpse, at least, of God, to eyes which have only seen his much marred visage, to awaken the dormant principle of gratitude in selfish hearts, to prepare the way that God's Spirit may convince, convict, convert, sanctify the soul; in short, to *save* these precious souls; that is what more than all, the Home aims to do. Christ and Him crucified must be the first and last, and most frequently repeated lesson of all. With their emotional natures and naturally religious bent of mind, we hope for no less a thing than the eternal salvation of all these precious immortal souls. From these circumstances, and with these ideas in the mind of the founder and its supporters the Home has arisen. It is now independent of the increase or decline of the business of the place. It stands on secure footing. The interest it has excited among the ladies of our church has been a pleasant surprise to us. Nobly have they responded to the appeal for aid; they have provided for the future maintenance and growth of the Home. I must not fail to mention gratefully the name of one man, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who, by his earnest appeals through the press and in public assemblies has excited much of this interest, and fanned the flame to life. His efforts to raise funds for the building of this Home and the support of these girls has been crowned with abundant success. He has our warmest thanks. To its *noble Founder*, who had the wisdom to originate, the love to urge, the patience to carry out these plans, we give all honor to-night. Amid discouragements and trials you know not of, she has achieved no partial success, and now looked upon by the whole Presbyterian church with admiration and love, and bound to the throne of divine grace by the silken cords of faithful prayers, she need not to wait to see how the Lord has led her. May this fair morning of her enterprise fade in the light of a fairer noon, and

the precious souls for whom she toils respond gladly to her, echoing the voice of her Master, calling to them daily, "Come up higher."

Missionary to Alaska.

DEAR OCCIDENT: Rev. John G. Brady arrived this week from New York, commissioned by our Board of Home Missions for missionary labor among the Indians of Alaska. He has sailed for his destination via Portland. Bro. Brady is a hardy, practical, earnest and devoted man. During his short visit in San Francisco he obtained much valuable information from persons familiar with our recently acquired possessions in the new Northwest. If the savage tribes to whom he carries the bread that came down from heaven don't eat him, he will inaugurate a very important work.

The Board, in undertaking this great work, and the noble missionaries who go forth with their lives in their hands to accomplish it, plead for special prayer and liberality from all our churches. Let them not be disappointed. Our Indian wars have cost the nation hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of precious lives, demoralized our frontier population, and well-nigh exterminated the aborigines of the continent. Give the gospel to the Indian, and make him a Christian, and he becomes a quiet and useful citizen. Thus Home Missions appeal alike to all Christians and all patriots. This cause underlies every good cause, and gives support and stimulant to all efforts for the benefit of man and the glory of God. The song which heralds its advent and proclaims its triumph is: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

T. F.

AFFAIRS IN ALASKA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19.—A dispatch from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, says: "The steamer Eureka has arrived here from Sitka. The United States Hospital there, which had been occupied as an industrial school and missionary house for Indian boys, was destroyed by fire on January 21. Since the departure of the United States ship Wachusett, dance-houses and liquor-stores have been opened at Sitka. The liquor called hocheenoo is being manufactured freely. The persons engaged in this business are mostly Russian half-breeds and aliens. They are under supervision, and on the return of the United States ship Wachusett they will be arrested and sent to Portland, Oregon, for trial. The winter thus far has been unusually severe."

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Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church,

MISSION HOUSE, 23 CENTRE ST.,

New York, April, 1852.

Rev. and Dear Brother:

Alaska is the only section of the United States where governmental or local aid has not been furnished for schools. A bill is now before Congress to remedy this oversight.

As the establishment of schools will assist in civilizing the native population, and in preparing them for the gospel, we would ask you in the interests of both humanity and religion to circulate yourself, or by the hand of some brother or sister, the enclosed petition for signatures in your congregation and community, and then mail it to Hon Henry W. Blair, Washington, D. C.

As the bill will soon be under consideration, what you do, should be done at once.

HENRY KENDALL,
WM. C. ROBERTS,

Secretaries

ALONG THE SIBERIAN COAST.

THE SEARCH FOR LIEUTENANT CHIPP.

NO TRACE OF THE MISSING JEANNETTE MEN FOUND AFTER A SEARCH FROM THE OLENEK TO THE LENA—LIEUTENANT HARBER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS AND MASTER SCHUETZE'S SEARCH EXPEDITIONS.

In a private letter given below Lieutenant G. B. Harber gives a summary of the search made for Lieutenant Chipp, of the Jeannette, and his men during the past summer and fall. The coast of Siberia, from the Olenek to the Yana, was followed and examined by Mr. Harber and Master Schuetze without finding a single trace of the missing men. Some parts of the coast could be examined only from a distance and some parts not at all, because of the great distance to which extremely shallow water extended. The tomb in which De Long and his men were placed by Melville was not covered with earth, as had been contracted for, and when Mr. Harber visited the tomb there were signs of decay.

LIEUTENANT HARBER'S LETTER.

YAKUTSK, North Siberia, Dec. 8, 1882.

We returned to this place from the Lena delta on November 29, having been absent in our search for the missing men of the Jeannette since midnight of June 23. During that time we have searched through the Lena delta and along the coast from the Olenek to the Yana without finding a trace of Lieutenant Chipp, his men or his boat. We communicated, I think, with every native to be found in the Lena delta and near the coast, but none of them could give us any information concerning the missing explorers. On our return to Yakutsk we received orders to take home the bodies of Captain De Long and his men, but General Tchernaeiff, the Governor, informed me that I must wait for permission from the Minister of the Interior. This permission is expected by every mail from Irkutsk, but a month may pass before it arrives. Acting upon a dispatch from Lieutenant Danenhower, I had dispatched, before leaving Mot Vai with the schooner in September, that the body of Mr. Collins be taken home, and it was removed from the tomb by Ensign Hunt. It is now here and will be taken home with the others. Of our work during the past five months I can now only give a summary, leaving the details for some future time. I may say here, however, that I have withstood the cold much better than I expected, and, while not quite up to my usual winter weight, I am and have been perfectly well. My feet only have given me trouble. Of course my nose has been nipped frequently, but it has as often been thawed out by applying my hand, which got dreadfully cold in the operation. During the trip with Mr. Schuetze down from the delta last month we travelled on deer-sleds for several days in succession when the thermometer was at no time above -60° . We expect to find the weather colder when we go over the same road later to remove the bodies of De Long and his men. Ensign Hunt and the Jeannette men have been delayed here by the illness of Aneguin, but they will start homeward as soon as the latter is able to travel.

Leaving Yakutsk in our schooner at midnight of June 23, we passed down the Lena between the unnumbered islands and shoals that fill the river

and arrived off Schigansk at 2 p. m. of the 28th. This village seemed almost if not quite deserted and we passed on without landing. Beyond Schigansk a number of summer fishing vessels were seen, but nothing of interest occurred until Bulun was reached. Arriving there early in the morning of July 3, we stopped to take on board the stores left by Chief Engineer Melville and made certain inquiries. I was informed that we would have no trouble in obtaining native guides and boats near Mot Vai, where the river begins to branch off in all directions, but on reaching Kumaksurka, where we took a guide for Zimovjelach, we were told by the Starostas (headmen) of the Western Delta and the Olenek River that no natives would be found near Mot Vai at that season. After making our final arrangements at Bulun we continued our journey northward without interruption until we had sailed about forty versts, when I stopped to communicate with the Russian exile in whose care Mr. Melville had left the Jeannette's whale-boat. From him we learned that the boat was still at Bukoff, on the southeastern mouth of the Lena, the branch of the river Melville and party entered on first making land after the retreat from the New Siberia Islands. After leaving Kumaksurka we were caught in the shoals, and, in consequence of the bad weather, we were two days in getting clear.

FROM THE LENA DELTA TO THE YANA.

When we reached Bukoff we at once calked and patched the whale-boat, in which we proceeded to Zimovjelach, arriving there at 5 a. m. of July 3. We found the island deserted and at 2 p. m. we started out in the whale-boat in search of natives who could act as guides. At midnight of the 12th we returned to the village with the Starosta, having succeeded in securing one guide. Until the 18th we were delayed by continuous bad weather. On that day I started in the whale-boat, with Ensign Hunt, Seaman Manson, Fireman Bartlett and Aneguin, the hunter, to search the coast eastward to the Yana delta. The weather was bad and we did not reach Bukoff until the evening of July 19. From Bukoff to the Yana we carefully searched the entire coast, with the exception of a small portion to the southward of the Omoloi River, where the water was so shallow that we could not get nearer the shore than a mile or half a mile. Whenever it was possible, at least one man walked along the beach, examining the drift-wood, etc. On both sides of Borchana Bay natives were met at intervals, but they could give us no information of Lieutenant Chipp and his men. They knew that some of the Jeannette's crew were still missing, but had heard nothing more of them. Along the shore between Cape Borchana and the Yana delta were several deserted huts. These were examined, but nothing of interest to us was found. Only two natives were met near the Yana, but they could not understand us. In the evening of July 31 we entered the northwest mouth of the Yana. The following day was a stormy one and we did not break camp. Ensign Hunt and Bartlett, however, were sent out to search the coast on foot, but the other mouths of the river prevented them from going further than about four miles. Early on August 2, the wind having moderated, we started again and worked our way to the northward and eastward all day. All this time we were in search of a landing place or a channel into the delta, but, although the water was only from a foot and a half to two feet deep, land could only be seen now and then by standing up in the boat. Stumps

and other large pieces of drift-wood were found grounded out of sight of land. During the entire day we could not get close enough to distinguish a continuous mile of the shore. At 5 p. m. the last shoal visible bore southeast. I then judged our position to be about five miles N. N. W. of what is marked on the chart as the mouth of the Kecalara branch of the Yana and about a mile and a half northwest of the most easterly shoal visible. Seeing no way of getting ashore, and being convinced that a search along that part of the coast could not be performed satisfactorily in a boat drawing sixteen inches, I was at this point forced to abandon the search to the eastward.

Nothing of interest occurred on the return journey until we drew near Cape Borchaiia. There we found that the channel between the shoals, through which we rounded the cape to the southward, had become too shallow to permit a return passage. We therefore stood to the eastward and found a series of shoals and an island not marked on the chart and, I believe, heretofore unknown. After thirty hours of continuous work we left the boat at 2 a. m. of August 5 and waded to the island, half a mile distant, and went into camp. During the day Ensign Hunt and Bartlett searched the island throughout its entire length, about six miles. Returning to the boat, we started again at 11 p. m. and rounded the eastern part of the island, which is about sixteen miles from Cape Borchaiia. Five hours later, however, stormy weather compelled us to camp for a short time on the northern side of the island. We reached Cape Borchaiia during the evening of August 6, but

a severe gale of wind prevented our going further until noon of the 10th. On that day we launched the boat through a heavy surf, and during the journey across Borchaiia Bay we encountered a heavy sea. Mostach Island, southeast of Bukoff, was reached at 7 p. m. on the 11th, and on the following day we were at Zimovjelach.

SEARCHING THROUGH THE DELTA AND WESTWARD TO THE OLENEK.

During my search to the eastward Master Schuetze made a trip from Zimovjelach to Barkin and back in the dory, with Seaman Leach and Fireman Lauterbach. Throughout his journey, which was continued for eighteen days, he was compelled to pass through channels near the shore, for no native could be induced to go outside. Great difficulties were encountered in consequence of adverse currents and bad weather. All along his route he communicated frequently with natives, who seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the object of the expedition, and who willingly rendered service whenever desired. All the huts seen were visited, the river banks were ascended, and the whole country was scanned with glasses. Mr. Schuetze returned to Zimovjelach on August 7. After my return to Zimovjelach we were obliged to wait until the evening of August 15 for a guide to take the schooner to Mot Vai. That point was reached August 21, the run being made against a wonderfully strong current and in every variety of weather. The tomb of Captain De Long and his men was visited, and four heavy bolts were put through the standard and arms of the cross in accordance with Mr. Melville's request.

Early on August 22 Master Schuetze, with Ensign Hunt, Seamen Leach and Manson and Fireman Lauterbach, started in the whale-boat to search through the branches of the Lena to the westward and along

the coast as far as the Olenek. At the same time I took the dory and started for the north mouth of the Lena with Bartlett and Kolinkus (the Cossack), intending to search the north coast from Sagastyr to Barkin. On the evening of the 24th we arrived at Kitah, near the mouth of the river. The next morning no promise of pay or threat of punishment could induce my guide or any other man in the village to go outside. We went on, however, and at noon landed at Mayak (or signal station), at the mouth of the river. Our boat only drew eight inches, but we had to leave it a quarter of a mile from the shore and wade through the water. From an elevated position I obtained a good view of several miles of the coast. Apparently the water was very shallow for a long distance from the shore, drift-wood and shoals being seen as far as the eye could reach. Nevertheless, I started with the dory and followed a channel three miles to sea. Several attempts were made to land, but we could not get in close enough to see objects on shore clearly. We then returned to the village, where I learned by questioning the natives that the proloks along the north coast and the water along the coast itself would be frozen sufficiently to permit travel before much snow had fallen. I then determined to send the schooner to Yakutsk before winter set in, if possible, and to search the coast by sled. We returned to the schooner on the 29th, and on the 31st I visited the spot where Captain De Long and his companions were found, to ascertain if anything of importance had been hidden under the snow and not found by Mr. Melville. Nothing was found except some fragments of blankets, socks, etc.

Master Schuetze returned to the schooner on September 7. At the beginning of his journey westward he searched many proloks to the western mouth of the Lena, visited the settlements near the mouth, and communicated with several natives. He then followed the coast close to the shore until near the Olenek, when the water became so shallow that further progress was impossible except by keeping well out to sea. Ensign Hunt and Seaman Manson were then sent ashore to walk the beach. They did so until they reached the mouth of the Olenek. Natives were seen and communicated with at intervals until within fifteen miles of the Olenek. At the mouth of that river a deserted village was seen.

A few hours after Mr. Schuetze returned to the schooner we started southward, but adverse winds, calms and a strong current compelled us to walk and tow the boat nearly the whole distance to Bulun, nearly 200 versts. There I placed the Jeanette's men in charge of Ensign Hunt, who continued southward, while Mr. Schuetze and I returned to Kitah to await the freezing up of the rivers. After many difficulties we succeeded in obtaining skin clothing in which to make the winter search. In the meantime there were heavy snowfalls, and southwesterly storms had caused the snow to drift until it became level with the river banks. Going outside, I saw that there was no probability that we could see more along the north coast than Nidermann and Bartlett had seen when they went over the same ground. My plans were therefore changed, and during October I made a search to the westward near the coast for about sixty versts from Kitah. Before leaving that village I saw the Starchina of the Western delta, who had made inquiries of all his people concerning what they had seen during the summer; and I also caused the people of Kitah to be assembled and questioned them about their summer visits to various portions of the delta. I left Kitah October 24 and reached Zimovjelach three days later. Although my general course was southeastward, I followed many proloks or branches of the Lena and visited many huts. I left Zimovjelach October 28, after making all possible inquiries concerning the summer journeys of the natives, and arrived at Bulun October 31. Mr. Schuetze, who left Kitah October 25, followed a course near the coast line to Barkin, and then to Zimovjelach, reaching Bulun November 6. Twelve hours after his arrival we left Bulun and reached Yakutsk November 29.

Department of the Interior,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

San Francisco Bulletin.
May 16. 1882.

Judge Deady, in the United States Circuit Court, has sustained the demurrer to the verdict against W. J. Stephens, a prominent merchant at Fort Wrangel, for an attempt to smuggle whisky to Alaska.

THE steamer G. W. Elder arrived here from San Francisco via Victoria on Wednesday afternoon bringing a large amount of freight for this place and for up Sound. The Elder landed a large number of passengers en route for Alaska who will go on the "Chester" to Sitka and Juneau.

FROM THE NORTH.

MINING AND GENERAL ALASKA NEWS
BY THE CALIFORNIA.

The President Petitioned to Retain Mr. Ball as Collector at Sitka--State of Affairs in the various Mines--Etc., Etc.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

PORT TOWNSEND, June 21.—The steamer California arrived here from Alaska at 6 o'clock this morning. She reports having arrived at Sitka on the 10th.

James Hollywood, who sailed from Sitka last fall on a trading expedition had just returned. He reports that his schooner had been wrecked in Yakutat bay. He and the crew were captured by the Yakutat Indians, and Maloney and friend were killed. Hollywood and his Indian wife were then taken to Chilcat as slaves. The Chilcats took them to Houoah, and that tribe took them from the Chilcats and brought them to Sitka.

Captain Glass arrested Nicholas Deru and H. Imhoff for firing two shots into Suieg's house. They will be kept in confinement until an opinion is rendered by the attorney general. Taylor is also in confinement for threatening to kill a man at Harrisburg.

Capt. Glass, in conjunction with the Presbyterian board of missions, has converted the old government hospital into a mission home for the Indians. The school is numerously attended.

A petition has been forwarded to President Garfield, signed by nearly all the citizens of Southeastern Alaska, asking that Col. M. D. Ball be retained as collector of customs and that his removal be reconsidered.

A statement numerously signed has also been forwarded to the president emphatically denying the recent absurd reports relative to Captain Glass having instituted martial law in the territory, or that he had in any manner interfered with the rights of citizens.

The snow has entirely disappeared at the Takon mines. New quartz lodes have been discovered and the placer claims are being vigorously worked. The Ready Bullion Company have shipped eighty ounces of bullion as the result of a three weeks' run, the Harris claim forty ounces and the Jamestown thirty. The California has on board 200 ounces of bullion, to be sent to the mint for coinage. The placer claims are paying well and the quartz show better than ever.

The Montana party, who went up into the Chilcat country on a prospecting expedition, were not allowed by the Indians to ascend the river, as the upper and lower tribes were at war and might kill the prospectors. Eleven Indians had been killed up to that time.

The California has two tons of rich ore en route to San Francisco to be worked.

Half of the Pitz mine has been sold to San Francisco capitalists, who intend organizing a stock company. Among the passengers who arrived on the California are Joe Juneau, the original discoverer, J. Treadwell, a prominent expert from California, and W. W. Murray, who has very rich specimens and ore samples. Supervising Inspector C. C. Bemis and his two daughters are aboard, having made the round trip to Sitka.

The California sailed at 8 A. M. for San Juan island, thence to Victoria.

The Weather at Sitka.

Following is the weather report for the month of May: Monthly mean barometer 29.92; highest barometer 30.50; lowest 29.16; mean temperature 45; highest 61; lowest 31; total rainfall 3.10 inches; prevailing wind east; maximum velocity of wind 50 miles; number of clear days 5; fair 9; cloudy 17; rainy 19; frost on 8th; 6 gales during month.

From Harrisburg,

Most of the miners at Harrisburg seem to have an unlimited faith in the richness of the new gold ledges, and town lots are increasing in value every week and are being rapidly cleared. The whisky and beer saloons are doing a flourishing business. A party from the U. S. steamer Jamestown made a raid on the saloons recently, but, as usual, no whisky could be found. The Indians are flocking into mines from all parts and are found useful in transporting provisions into the mountains. The military camp stationed by Captain Glass on the hill overlooking the town of Harrisburg has a most wholesome influence in keeping the peace. From twenty-two to twenty-eight ounces a week has been about the average yield from the Ready Bullion placer mine four miles from Harrisburg. The quartz ledges are *in statu quo*, awaiting purchasers or capital for development. There is plenty of money in camp, and every one seems sanguine of success. The steamer Empire left for San Francisco this morning.

EXPLORATIONS IN ALASKA.

A number of the inhabitants of Alaska have recently made a prolonged visit to Portland. From time to time they have in social intercourse and public address communicated a fund of information respecting that strange country. We gather up some of this for our readers.

Commander Glass has introduced "compulsory education." All the houses in the Indian quarter in Sitka were marked like the streets of a city, the children in each family were numbered, and to each child was given a tablet having his own number and house-mark. By this tablet every child was entered on the roll of the school. Absence without suitable excuse was punished by the imprisonment of the father. Only a few rigorous examples were necessary to enforce the school law. The number of scholars were formerly only forty or fifty; now they exceed two hundred. The intention is to adopt the same methods in other places.

A few friends in Portland have contributed some supplies to this school, but many more are needed in the form of readers, copy-books, etc.

A new school was started among the Chilcats by Mrs. Sarah Dickinson, a native of the Tongas tribe. She was educated at Fort Wrangel. This school is already well established, but it is also suffering for the want of the commonest facilities. There are three schools at Fort Wrangel, one of which is the Girls' Industrial School, designed to fit the pupils for teachers and for domestic life.

Localities for other schools have been selected by Rev. S. H. Young, one of our late visitors. This gentleman has explored the vast archipelago and coast of the mainland throughout the whole of southeastern Alaska. This archipelago was practically a *terra incognita* until he began his voyages by canoe. He has visited every tribe and village and almost every fishing camp in that region, taking the census of each point, noting its location and natural advantages, conferring with the chiefs and preaching the gospel to the people, and reporting all the facts to board of missions.

He has made two visits to the Flinck tribes north and west of Sitka. On the last occasion by repeated conferences with the head men of the four towns of the Chilcats a site for a new town was chosen, very eligible as a port and surrounded by farming land. Here the Northwest Trading Company has established a post. This company heartily favors the work of civilizing the natives, and has aided in the erection of suitable buildings for a school and mission. This location is all ready for the Rev. Eugene S. Willard, who went up by last trip of the mail steamer to take charge.

Last year Messrs. Young and Lyons circumnavigated the Prince of Wales' group of islands. They took the census of all the tribes in that region, examined the most eligible points for schools and missions, selecting one which embraced a good water power surrounded by valuable timber, a good anchorage and ground capable of cultivation. The natives were delighted by the prospect, and promised to remove to the new site. Here also the Northwest Trading Co. will establish a post.

Mr. Young visited the new mining town of Harrisburg, and has selected a site for a school. When he was at the place great excitement prevailed; but it was impossible to tell whether any paying leads had been discovered.

The patrons of these benevolent enterprises have adopted Mr. Young's plans, which are primitive and inexpensive, and having been adjusted to the present condition of the natives, they will no doubt prove to be practicable and efficient. The country is indebted to Mr. Young for invaluable services among these uncivilized people.

ALASKA.

W. C. Leonard.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., who has been for 24 years superintendent of Presbyterian Home Missions on the broad and extreme frontier, is now in Washington, for a fourth or fifth time laboring to arouse Congress to the duty of extending law over that vast domain from which we have simply withdrawn it by buying out Russian government; leaving the inhabitants, as a Senate committee has said, "at the mercy of outlaws". For 15 years these people have been our own countrymen; not, like the Indians, our neighbors merely; nor, like the negroes, the subjects of state governments with which we cannot interfere; but citizens at large, subject to our direct and sole control, and looking only to us as a nation for protection. Yet this solemn responsibility has been utterly disregarded to this day, without excuse. All the crimes that savage Indians in their heathenish Asiatic superstitions can commit, are tolerated there under the flag of the United States, and for the wretched victims there is no rescue. All the worse atrocities of abandoned white men are equally unrestrained, unless by shooting one another. Nothing in the nature of Dahomey or Ashantee can exceed the cruelty of the customs of government, family and religion, or rather witchcraft, which the natives of Alaska inherit from their mixed Asiatic origin.

From an interview with Dr. Jackson, I have been led to think it a duty to lend a hand, though feeble, to the work of informing the public respecting this repository of immense interests, both moral and material, which Congress and the people have pitched into their lumber loft with the label Alaska. It is equal in extent to the whole United States east of the Mississippi and excluding the Gulf States. It almost spans the Northern Pacific ocean, in the form of a bow, shouldering Russian Asia within 46 miles, and touching Japan almost as closely, with its foot; and extending as far to the west of San Francisco as the State of Maine extends east of that now central city of the United States! It extends also through twenty degrees of latitude, and through climates ranging from snowless and perennial verdure to eternal snow. It has the largest river on the continent, the loftiest mountains, the sublimest scenery, the most immense and majestic forests of the choicest timber, the most enormous stores of iron and coal heaped up above the surface

of the earth, with abundant lead, copper and numerous other valuable minerals, besides the continuation of the great gold and silver bearing ranges that disclose mines of treasure wherever opened, from Mexico to British Columbia, and are already drawing thousands of diggers annually into Alaska. Its fisheries are the wonder of the aquatic world, far beyond comparison with the possessions of the British provinces or with any others known to enterprise or history. Its literally unmeasured coast line of island channels, bays and inlets, estimated to aggregate a labyrinth of 100,000 miles extent, swarms with great salmon, halibut, cod, herring, and other choice food fish, in such quantities that the Indians need only clubs and hands to scoop them into their canoes by cartloads. Here, too, are the wonderful seal islands from which come all the fine seal furs that wrap the luxurious ladies of every place where winter and wealth meet in the civilized world. The Government dues from the seal islands alone amount to \$317,500, and have already paid back nearly half the purchase money of all Alaska. The sea otter fishery will prove of perhaps equal or greater value, and the illimitable land furs, hardly touched, yield a million a year.

But dropping this half-finished catalogue of earthly treasure—shut up from enterprise by the negligence of Congress to so much as extend the public land laws over Alaska—let us turn to that which in the sight of God is of greater price than worlds, the multitudes of lost souls that are at this moment literally stretching out their hands in agonized entreaty, many of them, for the Gospel. Bad as are the demons they worship and who lead their simple souls captive at will to rites and customs of hellish cruelty, the nature of these so-called Indians is singularly susceptible and docile, like that of the Japanese, from whom they are believed mainly to have originated. They are settled, industrious, ingenious, thrifty, and eager for all improvement. Like the Sandwich Islands, like Fiji, like Madagascar, and like Japan, and yet more spontaneously and simply than either of these, the Alaskans are opening to the Word and the power of the Saviour. The British Columbian aborigines have been wholly converted to God within ~~five~~ ^{a few} years, mostly by the agency of two men, Thomas Crosby, of the Canadian Methodist Episcopal church, since 1874, and Williams Duncan, of the London Church Missionary Society, since 1857. From Fort Simp-

son, B. C., Mr. Crosby's station on the edge of Alaska, nine of his Christian Indians went in 1876 to cut wood for our military post at Fort Wrangell, Alaska. They brought with them the Sabbath, the Gospel, and the worship of God in Indian tongues, among the savage forests and their more savage inheritors. The natives heard them, gathered around them at their simple worship, and were converted. They became forty worshippers, then a hundred, a school was opened, one of them, Clah by name, was constrained to preach and teach, and in fine, after long and urgent appeals for help, Dr. Jackson was enabled to make his way thither with one missionary widow woman, Mrs. MacFarland, whom he left there to become both pastor and lawgiver to the tribe! Other missionaries and teachers have since followed, and the work grows apace. From hundreds and thousands of miles, the chiefs come entreating for teachers and the Great Spirit's Book, but go away disappointed, with but the faintest promise of distant relief. One who thus felt the burden of his poor people, as he called them, sick with hope deferred, after many months, was found to have committed suicide in his despair at the unbearable horror of their condition without God and without hope.

THAT SABBATH-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

YOSEMITE, June 13, 1879.

Secrets oftentimes, like other folks, throw off their reserve when well introduced to each other. Even so has it proved with Yosemite and Sabbath-School work. They are in many respects, similar. Neither the one nor the other is superficial enough to be, naturally, forward in their advances. Both are too conscious of their intrinsic dignity to run any risk of being mistaken—the one of being seen, the other of being done aright. Each stands ready, however, to unburden itself and bless mankind with its own grand secret—how to see and understand and love the the holy heart of Nature, and how to save the world by saving the dear children; waiting to kiss each other are the righteousness of God-like work and the priceless peace of scientific pleasure. Waiting for ages has been Yosemite for an appreciative observer—waiting to reveal its sacred secret—and few there be that find it. Said John Muir, in his lovely lecture the other evening, to the shallow-eyed tourist, "You look at El Capitan and El Capitan looks back at you, and you know nothing about it."

The secret of success in Sabbath-school instruction is, likewise, no easy task to discover. Work, stereotype, dull routine work, says "It is not in me. Fan me or I faint in any enduring endeavor. I need the breath of inspiration, whence cometh help to make me an efficient helper in the holy cause of Christian nurture." In glad response to this plaintive appeal, Yosemite comes to the rescue. She lovingly confides her secret to the earnest seeker, and works are no longer dead for the workers are made alive. The Yosemite part of the Sabbath-School Assembly programme is inspiration. Monterey will give method and the best systems of instruction—these will be in time and place after the animus gained during the Yosemite session.

Yosemite and the Assembly have found mutual satisfaction in each other. The Valley takes no pleasure in the fashionable three-days call. She has no care to merely pass the compliments of the season and the commonplaces of the moment with her guests. Nothing short of a

week will unbend her sphynxhood. She likes a visitor that comes to hold a session. She hath, moreover, the kindest of greeting for the Abou Ben Adhem type of humanity. Lo! he who loves his fellow-man leads all the rest in her affections. Only the good can hold communion with the great. Yosemite is too gigantic to enter into a pigmy, selfish soul! Never before has this Vale of Beauty enjoyed the presence of so large and devout a band of devotees as during the current week.

And never before has any company of visitors had such rare and varied opportunities for pleasure and profit. What a wealth of what is best in so many departments of human thought and interest has the principals of this Sunday-school Institute, set before its members. And when is added to the what the where of this rich repast—religious, literary, scientific and æsthetic—the combination challenges comparison. Joseph Cook is always and everywhere emphatic and impressive, but his brilliant sentences gain a peculiar power and penetration in the atmosphere and amid the surroundings of Yosemite.

John Muir's loving rehearsal of the testimony of the rocks would charm an audience on the sands of Sahara—how infinitely more delightful in the very theatre of his well-studied facts. Dr. Vincent is ever earnest and apt in his exhortation, yet the strength and tenderness of these influences seem to infuse added force to his words of warning and encouragement. The eloquence of Dr. Guard finds better appreciation than usual after the expansion of the soul gained from a trip to Glacier Point. A Yosemite audience can hardly lightly remember the earnest appeals of Dr. Sheldon Jackson in behalf of home missionary effort among our Aztec and native Alaskan population. And when can ever cease the melodious echoes in heart and brain of the Hutchinsons music heard in Yosemite Valley! Yosemite is the inspiration of this Sabbath-school Assembly.

J. A. B.

From the Rockland (Me.) Courier of March 1, 1881.

A Patrotic Look at Alaska.

A PART OF THIS NATION OF WHICH TOO LITTLE IS KNOWN.

PRACTICAL AND VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS IMPROVEMENT.

In 1867 "Seward's Purchase" was the laughing-stock of many statesmen; but it has been steadily yielding an annual return of four per cent of the price paid, over and above all the cost of its exploration and government. In other words, a sum equal to one-half the purchase money has already come into the national treasury from the fur and fish business of Alaska. So the political objections to the plan of the statesman are exhausted.

But meantime we have been doing almost nothing to develop the territory, either for business interests or from humane motives. The aid of the Secretary of the Interior was obtained for one very limited errand of inquiry into the people's need of education; one religious denomination has sent a handful of workers to a single region; but the territory as a whole might as well be owned by Russia for all that our government has done to cherish or cultivate it. Traders, voyagers and miners have carried intemperance and adultery there, however; and already one island has been depopulated and many settlements demoralized by mischief wrought under the shadow of the "stars and stripes." And

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the fish and fur wealth of the region has suffered waste, through the want of close inspection and vigorous regulations, if testimony is to be credited; so that the coming years are likely to witness a great falling off in revenue, as well as serious results in the condition of the people.

Now Alaska is no Santa Clara valley. Rhetoric may seek a subject elsewhere. But, in sober fact, it is a land capable of nourishing a large and efficient population, capable of producing very large revenues for its own maintenance and the United States treasury. It borders and holds some of the keys to that ocean which is to be the theatre of the race's most magnificent commerce—some time. "It is a far better country than much of Great Britain and Norway," writes "a gentleman and scholar," who has spent years of travel and examination in Alaska and Europe. The Aborigines are hardy, tractable, capable; those who have done what they have in the ignorance of their condition heretofore, would do nobly under good training and with modern appliances—unless all history withhold from Alaskans the precedents which other base-born tribes have given, of great improvement under humane help. And in the few years of the efforts made for Indian education in British Columbia, and by our Presbyterian compatriots in Sitka and Wrangell, demonstration has been given that the Aborigines of Alaska are a native stock well worth improving, full of promise for the future, if generous and well-planned efforts be made for them.

On the shores of Bristol Bay and on Afognak island some farming is carried on, showing that if the light of modern agriculture could shine on them, those "deserts" might, for four or five months a year, certainly, "blossom as a rose." The Japanese gulf stream which washes the Aleutian islands and sweeps around to Queen Charlotte's archipelago, makes Alaska latitudes correspond to European; so that the Alexander group of islands, (Sitka and vicinity,) and the Alaskan peninsula and its adjacent islands are as free from winter rigors, as England; and, although they have much rain and cloud, their summer warmth is as good as that of much of Scotland and the Scandinavian Peninsula. A people as home-loving and vigorous, as patriotic and intelligent as the Scotch or Norwegians, may be trained up in our sister state of the far northwest, if only the

best brain and heart of our great and good republic lend timely aid.

How? Ask General Armstrong what he's doing for Africans and Indians at Hampton; ask history what was done for those who once tilled the soil of northern Georgia, and have this winter been asking "lands in severalty" in Indian territory; ask the philanthropists who have been studying the subject. From all, one substantial reply will come. Let the government give the aborigines three things: Freehold, Free Schools and Protective Laws.

Let each man be the owner of a homestead, however small. Let each child (as far as practicable) have the knowledge of the rudiments of our language, and the elements of education; let a few selected youths be trained further,—all the education having a practical labor-ward aim; and let some legal force guard these wards of our nation from abuse and demoralization, until they are able to take care of themselves.

The debt of a civilized nation to the primitive people of its domain has never been paid Alaskans, neither by Russia or by us. We have a grand opportunity to do it now. In my view, Congress must in this case, make a basis for all private philanthropy to operate upon. The educational and missionary societies will readily work for the people of the territory, if the national government will make provision that will secure their work from such discouragements and defeats as the efforts at Indian elevation in older territories ^{have} met with. Alaska affairs ought to be kept entirely separate from all other matters of the Indian department. Today there are no "rings" of parties pecuniarily interested to defeat humane projects in that territory; no passions are excited because of previous conflicts over the subject; no set of philanthropists have become obnoxious to statesmen because of their pertinacious attacks and demands. All honor to the apostles of righteous Indian policy! But, of the agitation, many very tangled effects have been brought about, which do not exist with reference to Alaska. So let this territory be treated separately.

The special things which my study of the subject has led me to believe ought to be done by Congress are these: 1st—The appointment of a commission fully empowered ~~by~~ direct action; 2nd—The setting apart of all lands now occupied

by aborigines or their descendants, for their sole use and behoof—the same to be assigned in detail by the commission with as close particulars of survey and deed as may be found practicable—these lands to be free from all interference or encroachment, under mining laws, or for any other cause, and not transferable for a term of years. And it should be made a felony for any person to attempt to obtain or use them during that period; 3rd—Two or more extensive tracts of land should be set apart for schools, the resources of the lands being their perpetual endowment. These should be labor-schools, where the plain work of land-life and sea-life should be taught practically, and where a very simple education should be given; and the graduates of schools should be rewarded with outfits pertaining to their separate proposed modes of living. But sufficiently large and wisely located tracts would furnish material for maintaining these schools and fitting out graduates. These tracts should be—one in the southeastern and another in the western portion of the territory; as, one near Sitka, and the other on or near the peninsular of Alaska, in regions well timbered and of good climates and good shore wealth. They should be located by the commission and deeded to boards of trustees, who would undertake the maintenance of the needed schools upon them, under suitable pledges on the part of government and trustees respectively; 4th—The commissioners should be authorized to inquire into and report to Congress concerning the legislation needed, to protect the Indians in their homes, to facilitate their education; also to protect the natural resources of the land and waters from such prodigal drafts as might diminish or destroy the means of livelihood of the people; inasmuch as the errand of the commissioners would give them peculiar motives and opportunities for studying this matter; 5th—Such appropriations and arrangements should be made for this commission as would, firstly, put them in possession of all the results of previous government explorations and transactions regarding Alaska, and, secondly, attract to the work of the commission gentlemen so well versed in the history of philanthropic movements, so thoroughly competent for all the details of the mission, and so completely out of the range of “hungry office seekers,” that they would make a sagacious and honorable performance of the business in the shortest time and at the least expense consistent with the nature of the work.

At an outlay of but a few thousand dollars, and an insignificant moiety of the half million square miles the territory contains, a grand work may be done. Otherwise, what will hinder the rapid demoralization of the whole native population, to that level far lower than aboriginal barbarism, reached by many tribes through contact with corrupt whites! What will hinder the coming of wars and atrocities, the expenditure

of treasure, the loss of valuable lives, the adding of more horrible chapters to our already disgraceful Indian history? Let our government make an energetic, modern, christian movement in Alaska, and forever bar out of that territory the possibility of race conflict, or the oppression of the lowly for the enrichment of the powerful.

Very few persons in the United States have given much careful study to this matter it may be. But no fair-minded person who will go over the subject as the writer has done, will disagree with the general views here expressed, he is certain. As to methods, too, he is convinced that there will be little difference of opinion; although no man will be happier than he to see the object accomplished by whatever mode—so be our Alaska fellow-citizens feel the warm fraternal grasp of genuine American Patriotism. H.

THE EVANGEL AND ALASKA MAIL SERVICE.

SEATTLE, W. T., Aug. 26, 1882.

EDITOR POST-INTELLIGENCER:

I notice in the *Oregonian* of the 25th the following dispatch from Port Townsend:

“The gospel ship Evangel, the new mail boat, reached Sitka on the 13th, four days behind time. After leaving Wrangelshe tried to make the trip to Sitka by doubling Cape Ormany, but the frail little craft was not equal to the task and had to turn back and take the inside passage via Peril Straits. She brought no mail to Sitka save a few stray letters from Wrangel. The citizens are very indignant at the contractors for attempting to keep such a miserable craft on the route. But a small mail will leave Sitka today, as the people are afraid to trust letters to her. She is not licensed to carry passengers, and her present captain could not be induced to repeat the experience of his last trip up.”

As master of the steamer named, I desire to make sundry and divers corrections.

It is true that we reached Sitka behind time, but the explanation can be easily given. In the first place we were detained twenty-four hours at Port Townsend in our endeavors to obtain the mails, which the Postmaster refused to deliver us. During the entire voyage North we encountered thick, foggy, southeast weather.

At Sitka the Postmistress, acting under the instructions of W. G. Morris, refused to deliver us the mails until we had remained there forty-eight hours, although by law we are entitled to receive them immediately when we arrive after schedule time.

We took the inside passage, by way of Peril Straits, as do all other steamers during heavy weather.

As far as I could learn, all of the citizens, both at Sitka and Wrangel, were pleased that the mail contract had been awarded to a Puget Sound steamer. The only exception was the Custom House clique.

The Evangel is entirely fitted for carrying the mails during the summer months, and arrangements had been made to provide another steamer during the remainder of the year.

I desire here to tender my thanks to Capt. Pearson, of the U. S. steamer Wachuset, for his great kindness in offering to assist us in any way during our trip, and although we did not need his services, we nevertheless appreciated his kindness.

N. L. ROGERS,
Master steamer Evangel.

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1878
STORY OF A STREET-BOY.

At the February meeting of the Presbytery of New York a most interesting and unusual ceremony took place in the ordination, in full Presbytery, of the new missionary to Alaska, the Rev. Mr. Brady, just sent out by our Home Board.

Dr. Paxton arose about eleven A. M., and stated that if the missionary could be ordained to the work of an evangelist at once, he could take the one P. M. train, and reach Portland, Oregon, in time for the monthly steamer of the 1st of March, and within a month reach his destination and enter on his work. Some constitutional difficulties were suggested, but the plea of necessity overruled them all, and the Presbytery took order for the pleasant duty. Instead of the usual sermon, Dr. Paxton gave a brief outline of the young man's life. Born in New York, he was early left without friends in our streets, and in the company of our street arabs soon found himself among the crowd on Randall's Island. From there he was transferred to the care of the "Children's Aid Society," and by them sent to the West. He was bound to a lawyer in Indianapolis, who sent him on his farm in Central Indiana. He here fell under Christian influences, and became a sincere believer in our Lord Jesus Christ. His first choice was to labor among his old associates in New York. He struggled hard to obtain an education and fit himself for college, and then he wrote to Yale College to see if they would aid him. He received encouragement, and was appointed bell-ringer. He there made the acquaintance of a son of Mr. William E. Dodge, and the father provided for

him while he passed through his course at Union Theological Seminary. Last spring he graduated, and at once entered his life-work, as he trusted, for the boys of New York. Last summer he went to Texas to secure a large farm on which the street-boys could be colonized, but he was providentially hindered; his way seemed to be hedged up as he returned to New York, and finding the call for a worker for Alaska, he threw himself into it with all his heart.

The field is a wide one. The Russian Government, when it left the Territory, took the priests and teachers of the Greek Church with them, as they were all a part of the civil staff. Thus twenty to thirty thousand souls are left destitute of the Bread of Life. Some two thousand whites and twenty thousand Indians are thrown on our hands, and are looking for help. The small band of civil and military officers and men will form an English-speaking nucleus around which the church can be formed. The Hudson Bay Company have had for years agents among them, for the collection of furs, so that the English language is already understood, to some extent, and the means of immediate usefulness, in a measure, secured. Dr. Paxton's

charge to the young evangelist was most earnest, scriptural and impressive, and amid the solemn silence, as the crowd of divines pressed around the kneeling brother, the imposition of hands, the Moderator's voice, quivering with emotion, called down the blessing of God on him and on his work.

May the marked leadings of Providence, by which this young brother has been fitted for his work, and led into it, be but a foretaste and earnest of the special care and blessing of God that shall rest on the Alaska Mission.

W.

THE FIRE AT SITKA, ALASKA.

BY MISS LINNIE AUSTIN.

Monday evening, as usual, father visited the boys' apartments before retiring, and found everything secure; about three o'clock we were awakened by the howling of the dog. My brother went to see what was the matter, and mamma stood in the upper hall; there was not the slightest odor of smoke. Three hours later all were aroused by the school bell, and the horrible cry of "Fire!" It was still dark. We sprang up and dressed. Neighbors, who had come at the first alarm, telling us to hurry, or we would be lost. Father sprang down stairs to see if our boys were safe, and found the little fellows in the yard crying for fear we would be burned; and the older ones rushing through the thick blinding smoke to save us. One said, "Come on, boys, we don't care for ourselves, let's save Mr. Austin's goods." The fire evidently was caused by a defective flue. The flames burst out in the school-room first, which was directly over the dormitory. Nothing was saved in that room, and very little belonging to the boys, as the fire commenced on their side of the house. They made a desperate effort to obtain the organ, but it was of no avail, as the smoke was so dense it was im-

possible to see. They, however, got all the beds out and rescued the large cooking stove. The heat at that time was so intense that it could only be dragged into the yard by means of ropes. The boys acted nobly, especially Sam and Ned. The former said he would not leave the building, if he lost his life, till our goods were saved. Just before going he saw papa's watch lying on the floor, and ran to get it, burning one of his eyes quite badly. We are fitting a stable up for the boys to occupy till some arrangements can be

made for a house. The boys begged so hard to remain in town; they seem to dislike the ranche more and more, and I do believe not one of them would go near it, if it were not that their parents lived there. The same evening of the day of the fire, and the next day, were intensely cold, plainly showing us that the winter was not over as yet by any means.

Our boys are almost destitute, and I hope our friends East will send us warm clothing as soon as possible. We do not ask for new. Flannel drawers, shirts, pants, coats, stockings, shoes, etc., are greatly needed.

Six boys under 10 years of age; five under 14 years; seven under 16 years; three under 18 years, and six wear men's clothes.

The majority of the boys are under fifteen, but they are so stout, and grow so tall, that they wear clothes of boys much older. Sheets, blankets, pillow-cases are also wanted, and money for school furniture, tools, organ, food, etc. I write all this, not expecting one individual, church, or society to send all the things mentioned, but if each will help, be it ever so little, why we will soon have our Home again. I feel confident, if our friends could only see our boys and hear them talk in their quaint broken English, and see their wonderful improvement, and the assistance they render us in civilizing their parents and friends, that money would not long be wanted to build us a comfortable Home.



THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1882.

BURNING OF A MISSIONARY BUILDING AT SITKA.

Mrs. A. E. Austin writes from Sitka, Alaska, under date Jan. 26, of the entire destruction by fire of the Sheldon Jackson Institute there. And hereupon the Secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions very properly founds an appeal to the churches to secure means to carry forward the work without interval or shrinkage. Mrs. Austin gives the following particulars and incidents of the catastrophe:

One comfort to us is that it was not occasioned by the carelessness of any one in the Home. It is our custom to have family prayers before the boys go to their dormitory for the night. My husband left the room at eight P. M., and at eleven P. M. he went through the dormitory and kitchen. Everything was apparently safe. At three A. M. we were awakened by the howling of our dog in the wood room. I called my son and told

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him he must go and see what the trouble was, and I went with him into the hall adjoining the school-room, and did not perceive the slightest smell of smoke. At six A. M. one of our boys discovered the fire in the school-room, and immediately the bell was rung. We got up in the darkness to dress, and neighbors urged us to leave the building, for fear we should be lost in the smoke. I shall never forget the terrible shock when I heard the roaring and crackling of fire all about us, and felt that all our earthly possessions were soon to be swept away. The great concern was for the boys' safety. But all were saved. One of the boys said to me "Charley is missing," our baby boy in the Home, but we soon found him.

The very efficient help of the friends was remarkable. My husband saved the boys' bedding and the bedsteads. The boys fastened a rope around the large cooking-stove which Dr. Jackson sent them. It was so hot they could not handle it. The cooking utensils were also rescued.

One of our boys, of whom we are very fond and proud, worked like a hero. He said "I will save Mr. Austin's furniture if I die in the flames; I am not afraid to die." I stood outside and begged him to leave the house, but he did not heed, but worked with all his might. He stayed until the fire was all about him, and then jumped from the second-story window, and stood by my side watching our loved Home, while it was fast being swept from our sight. Our feelings were greatly touched by the many Indian friends coming to offer their sympathy. One woman said "When I heard the school-bell ring I rushed out of the ranche and hurried to the Home, looked about, and could not see you. O my heart was so sad! I do love you, and would feel just as badly to lose you as one of my own family." She is an unusually fond mother, and has a fine family of children well clothed and fed. Her eldest son is one of the Home boys.

Some women were carrying things from the fire, others depositing them in safety. Some were wandering about with tears in their eyes. They feel the loss very greatly. I cannot tell you how dear to my heart these people are. The fire has tested their love for us. I dare not stop to think of this sad loss; but we must submit, and we look to our Heavenly Father in the darkness, and know He will bring us into the light.

If we do not receive any clothing by this steamer for our boys, I shall have to make some garments for them. We shall fit up their dormitory and make them as happy and comfortable as possible. We have taken a few rooms for our own use where we can sleep at night, but will all remain with the boys during the day and evening.

Could our kind friends in the East hear the earnest pleadings of our boys that they might not be sent back to the ranche, we feel sure that ample means would soon be furnished to procure them a comfortable home. We hope that money will be sent the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions as soon as possible, that we may build during the Summer months when the days are so long, it being bright enough to work until nine or ten P. M.

Since writing this we have fitted up a large stable formerly used by the troops; it is the best we can do at present. The boys are very hopeful, and believe friends will soon provide them with a new home. We shall be glad to have you procure seeds, and send as soon as possible, for it will soon be time to plant our garden again. We had very good success last year.

Mrs. Lieut. Symonds of the Jamestown, upon her return home to Ogdensburgh went to work

in earnest, interested friends there, and by last steamer we received some blankets, and also have the promise of a sewing-machine for the Home. Mrs. Commander Glass hopes to do something in San Francisco for our Home. It strengthens our faith to get such letters from friends, and just now when we so need the prayers and help of those who are able to give to us.

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When the Home was burning, an Indian doctor from Hoonyah said to Archie "Why don't Mr. Austin put a stop to the fire?" Archie said in his broken language, "You don't know what you talk about; we love Jesus. It is all right; don't talk that way, you don't know nothing."

MRS. A. E. AUSTIN.

SITKA, ALASKA.

MISSION BUILDING BURNED: TWO HUNDRED
AND THIRTY INDIAN CHILDREN TURNED
OUT IN MID-WINTER.

To the Editors of the New York Observer:

Please publish the enclosed letter of Hon. William Gouverneur Morris, and make a strong appeal to your readers for funds to rebuild. We need \$10,000.

Contributions for rebuilding to be sent to Mrs. M. E. Boyd, P. O. Box 1938, New York city. Marked, "Special for Sitka Mission Building." Truly yours,

SHELDON JACKSON.

CUSTOM HOUSE, SITKA, ALASKA,
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, January 30, 1882.

My dear Sir:

I regret sincerely to be compelled to announce to you the total loss by fire, on the 24th inst., of the old Army Hospital, lately occupied as a Mission Home for Indian boys under the auspices of your Board.

The first alarm was given about 5 A. M., and in less than an hour the flames broke through the roof. The building was burnt to the ground. Fortunately no wind was blowing at the time, else the safety of the whole town would have been endangered.

The citizens worked manfully to save the contents of the Home, for it was manifest at once that the building could not be rescued, there being no fire-engines, hose, extinguishers, buckets, ladders, hooks, or fire apparatus of any description whatsoever in the place. The Indian boys battled manfully with the flames, going to and fro into the burning building with the utmost sang froid, seemingly totally destitute of fear. They worked like young Trojans, and succeeded in saving a portion of the mission property, furniture and personal effects of Mr. A. E. Austin and family: the latter in a badly damaged condition.

Conspicuous amongst the citizens for personal bravery I noticed my master carpenter, W. M. Bennett. Another of my employees, J. H. Turnbull, formerly carpenter's mate on the Jamestown, is deserving of special notice.

But little pilfering, if any, was done by the Indians. The goods, as fast as they were removed from the burning building, were deposited in piles and guarded by the native policemen.

Had there been on hand the proper fire apparatus the building and all its contents could have been saved. As it was, there was nothing left but to let it burn.

The cabinet-organ, presented by Captain L. A. Bearúley, U. S. N., was destroyed, but the pianos belonging to the Rev. Mr. Willard and Miss Austin were brought out successfully.

At once I tendered the Austin family quarters in the Barracks building, where I

reside, which they accepted and where they are now housed comfortably with their effects. They will continue to occupy the same until they are required for Government purposes, or until your Board erect another building, which I take it for granted will be done during the coming summer.

Mr. Austin has made temporary accommodation for some of the boys in the town, and I have placed at his disposal a building formerly used as a stable by the Quarter-Master Department when the port was garrisoned by the military. This, however, will be only a temporary thing, and the accommodations will be very limited. It needs some repairs, which are now being made at the expense of the Mission. This will prevent the boys from becoming scattered. A few of the smaller children were taken care of by their mothers at the Indian Ranch, but will return as soon as quarters are provided for them.

It is a very unfortunate circumstance that the school should receive this sudden blow, but the good people in charge are full of zeal and thoroughly equal to the occasion, and will soon have it on its legs again.

I have been particularly impressed with the progress already made by some of the boys, and should consider it a public calamity if the school were suffered to die now for the lack of support. The management, in my judgment, is specially to be commended. The boys themselves keenly feel the loss they have sustained, and are looking forward for protection in the future.

I have never been of the opinion that the hospital building was of any value to the United States for such purposes or to reside in. Had the Government ever contemplated using the land again for hospital purposes, the first thing to do would have been to burn the building down. A much more suitable edifice for educational purposes, etc., could be erected at a reasonable cost.

This is a measure which demands the attention of the Christian world, and commends itself most favorably to all philanthropically inclined. Public meetings should be held, and your church papers should take the matter in hand and push it zealously.

If you will take the rostrum yourself and lecture, giving your experience and impress upon the people of the United States the great good which has already been accomplished, and the bright future which lies before you, you ought to raise before the summer is past at least \$20,000, wherewith to rebuild your Mission Home and continue your good and sacred cause.

Anything that I can consistently, officially or personally, do to aid you in the premises will be most cheerfully rendered.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,

Collector of Customs.

To REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

ORGANIZING THE PRESBYTERY OF ALASKA.

Paper No. 6. A memorial from S. Hall Young, G. W. Lyons and Sheldon Jackson, D.D., requesting that the General Assembly organize the Presbytery of Alaska, to include all the territory of Alaska; or, if this can not be done, to place the ministers in Alaska in connection with the Presbytery of Puget Sound.

The committee recommend that for the present no action be taken in these matters. Adopted.

ALASKA.

Return of the United States Steamer
Alaska from Sitka.

UNFOUNDED FEARS.

Stories of Dangers from Indian Raids
Pronounced Untrustworthy.

Treasury Agent Morris' Report on
Our Distant Territory.

ITS NATURAL RESOURCES.

Neglected by the Government and Given
Over to Chaos.

DEMORALIZATION OF THE INDIANS.

Taught to Make Hoochenoo Rum by the
Soldiers—Cremation and Slavery.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, }
April 17, 1879. }

The United States war steamer Alaska, commanded by Captain Brown, United States Navy, with the HERALD's special correspondent on board, arrived here this afternoon on her return voyage from Alaska, where she was sent to the assistance of the inhabitants of Sitka, who claimed protection against the threatened raids of the Indians on the town. The Alaska left Sitka on the 12th, after her commander had made a thorough investigation of the reported hostile attitude of the Indians. He found that no cause for alarm exists, and that the Indians were quiet and exhibited no intention of attacking the whites or raiding the town.

A GROUNDLESS SCARE.

Captain Brown does not anticipate any trouble at Sitka, and attributes the anxiety of the bulk of the population to a groundless scare. The sensational reports of danger received from United States Collector Ball of Sitka, and the Russian-Greek priest, Metropolsky, are unworthy of any confidence. Nothing but the

alarm and cupidity of mining speculators can give color to the statements which seem to be made with the object of creating the very troubles they pretend to describe. Certain residents of Sitka and the Collector of the Port challenge Captain Brown's report, and profess to entertain great alarm for the safety of the whites and their property.

TREASURY AGENT MORRIS' REPORT—THE ABSENCE OF LAW—DEBAUCHED INDIANS—GOOD WORK OF THE MISSIONARIES—MORE NEEDED.

Alaska, the Territory at the northwestern extremity of the American Continent, whose 580,107 square miles have been ours for nearly twelve years, just now claims some attention owing to the reports which have reached the United States of the endangered position of the civilized settlers who have been left at the mercy of the Indians by the withdrawal, in May, 1877, of the few troops stationed there. It appears that the departure of the soldiers would not have so much mattered if there had been any naval protection left. The country was hence somewhat alarmed to learn that had it not been for the presence of an English gunboat a tragedy might recently have occurred. Even this gunboat, however, left the port of Sitka and steamed southward. The authorities, at last alive to the danger, have despatched a vessel thither. All this gives unusual interest to the report of Special Treasury Agent William Gouverneur Morris, which, at the request of the Senate, has been transmitted to that body by Secretary Sherman.

A LIVELY REPORT.

It is not often that in an official document of this nature we find such a pleasant vein of narrative, and we may well excuse some occasional eccentricities of style in the common sense with which the report abounds. Mr. Morris has wisely drawn upon reports of all descriptions which would serve his purpose. His report is also garnished with several illustrations and a map throwing light upon the text. It does not deal, let it be understood, with the vast stretches of territory that lie within the Arctic Circle, but generally with the southern and southeastern portions.

POPULATION.

The population of Alaska is variously stated, the number of Indians varying from twenty thousand to sixty thousand, but twenty-five thousand seems to be fixed upon as the most probable number of those that may be reached by any government. Of whites and half breeds the number is short of two thousand. The principal settlement is at Sitka, the New Archangel of the Russians, situate on Baranov Island, with a commodious harbor, whose natural beauties induce Mr. Morris to compare it to the Bay of Naples. Since the Russians departed the place seems to have gradually been going to decay. When the troops were there a stockade was built about the settlement of the whites, but since their departure this has been gradually torn down by the Indians, who use its materials to the alarm of the white settlers. The Indians do not appear to be a very dangerous race, except when crazed with bad liquor, which is frequently the case after their indulgence in a social reunion, which they call a potlatch. Of the liquor and the entertainment we shall have occasion to speak further on. The other post of importance is Wrangel, on Wrangel Island, which has a population of 100 whites in the summer, and which is increased to 300 by the miners, who come there during the cold season, while the Indian population varies from five hundred to a thousand. The seal fur station is 1,200 miles distant, at the Privilso Islands.

NOT A DESERT WASTE.

Mr. Morris sets out to demonstrate that Alaska is not the "desert, watery waste" it has been supposed

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to be, "and that instead of being only fit for polar bears to live in, it has, if properly protected and nurtured by the government, a bright and useful future before it."

A FORSAKEN COUNTRY.

He does not propose to deal with Alaska of the past, but Alaska of the present—as she now stands, utterly desolate and all forlorn, unprotected in the extremest sense of the word, weeping at the doors of Congress and begging that her citizens may be permitted to enjoy the blessings of freedom, and be protected in their lives, liberty and pursuit of happiness. In the matter of governmental machinery and laws she seems to be bare, indeed. The only authority left to her appears to be in the customs service, and for laws she has only a few lines in the Revised Statutes. What law they have is next to nothing, and what little there is she has no power to enforce it. If it was intended to abandon Alaska altogether the gradual diminution of law and authority would be an excellent preface. The withdrawal of the troops seems to have been dictated by a pettifogging economy, and a further removal seems to have been threatened in the proposed abolition of the customs district of Alaska. This would, doubtless, have been an "economy" also, for we find from the report that whereas the duties and other sources of revenue produced \$57,534 in nine years the disbursements reached \$116,074. Mr. Morris has not a high opinion of the adviser of this proposed piece of cheese-paring, for further on he speaks of him contemptuously as follows:—"This political gasconade (*sic.*) De Ahna, puffed up with his own swelling self-conceit, knows as much about the collection of the revenue in the district of Alaska as Sitting Bull does about the Sermon on the Mount." That settles De Ahna. But Mr. Morris points out very clearly that an immense country, which may by and by become a source of wealth to the United States, should not be handed over to decay and anarchy in this way.

A DECAYING SETTLEMENT.

The number of vessels registered at Sitka is only eleven, of a total of 180 tons. "The town," says Mr. Morris, "presents the appearance of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'" We need not follow his technical account of how the customs business is conducted there, though in one of his playful turns of illustration, whose inexactness is half their charm, he says of the primitive bookkeeping of the early collectors that "it required the faculties of an Egyptian Sphinx to decipher the riddle of complicated entries and figures and unravel the hidden meaning of what was intended by their appearance." The wharf at Sitka he found very much out of repair. Had not the sum of \$39 40 been expended upon it it would have tumbled into the water. There is a navy coal depot upon Japonsky Island, opposite Sitka, where 900 tons of anthracite coal are lying exposed to the elements, although \$500 would have built a shed to protect it. A man at \$50 a month was kept to watch it for several years, but he died, and since then it watches itself. There are no lights or light-houses. During the time of the Russians a light was kept on the castle that could be seen ten miles out at sea, but all that has gone to ruin. Two United States ships have been lost in Alaskan waters—the Suwanee and the Saranac. Pilots are rare.

THE WANT OF LAWS.

The want of laws and authority is strikingly manifested in the fact that there is no law for the acquisition of real estate, and, of course, none for conveyances. The deputy collectors at Sitka and Wrangel keep each a book of conveyances, and they may be of importance one day, if the recorded transactions are legalized, but at present they have no legal significance whatever. There is no law for bequeathing property. On these points Mr. Morris says:—

A man may be murdered in Alaska, his will forged and his estate scattered to the four corners of the earth, and there is no power in a Court of Chancery to redress it. Alaska is the paradise of the dishonest debtor, for there is no law of any kind throughout the land for the collection of debts. No redress but the shotgun and pistol. It requires no argument from me to urge a change of affairs in this respect. Business cannot prosper when the merchant has no security whatever for the merchandise sold by him. No wonder the settlement of the country is retarded.

THE INDIANS.

From these points we may turn to some of the many descriptions of the condition and habits of the Indians. The Russians kept the Indians in subjection, and do not appear to have demoralized them; but the same cannot be said for our rule. Fishing is the great industry of the coast Indians; but on the mainland they hunt as well. Blankets

are their currency, and represent at Sitka about \$3 each. They are nearly all imported from British Columbia without paying duty, being exchanged by the Indians for peltries with the Hudson Bay Company's agents, this valuable trade being thus taken from us through lack of governmental or private energy. Under the Revised Statutes ardent spirits or firearms are not allowed to be imported. Of what little avail this has proved can be learned from Mr. Morris' report. He says:—

HOOCHENOO RUM.

We will now proceed to discuss the vile stuff manufactured by the natives, and known as hoochenoo or hoochenoo. Molasses rum or hoochenoo is made by whites and Indians in Alaska in the following manner:—An empty five gallon coal oil can is procured, on one end of which and about the centre is made a nozzle about three inches in diameter, and which projects about three-fourths of an inch. A cap or cover for the nozzle is then made, the cap having a hole in the centre about an inch in diameter. A worm six or seven feet in length, sometimes straight, but usually zigzag, is made of tin about one inch in diameter, one end of which is fastened by soldering to the cap that fits the nozzle of the can. The still is now complete. The mash is made generally by the following recipe:—One gallon of molasses, five pounds of flour, one-half box of yeast powder; add sufficient water to make a thin batter; place the mixture alongside a fire, and when it has fermented and become sour fill the can three parts full and begin boiling. The worm being fitted to the nozzle of the can, then passes through a barrel of cold water, and the steam from the boiling mixture passing through the pipe or worm, on reaching the cold pipe in the barrel, condenses and appears again at the end of the worm beyond the barrel in drops, and which the Indians drink while warm. One gallon of the mixture will make three-fourths of a gallon of hoochenoo and the three-fourths of a gallon will craze the brains of ten Indians. This is about the most infernal decoction ever invented, producing intoxication, debauchery, insanity and death. The smell is abominable and the taste atrocious. Previous to the arrival of the military its manufacture was unknown to the Indians; but no sooner had the soldiers made their appearance in Alaska than the detestable traffic commenced. And from the first sergeant of a company down to the drummer boy, it may be safely said, a large number were either directly or indirectly interested in some soul-destroying still.

DEMORALIZATION.

When the Indians became crazed with this devilish drink they lose all reason and become raving maniacs, carouse, indulge in the most lascivious and disgusting immoralities, frequently ending in death, murder and suicide. One of the direct evil results of this detestable vice has been the debauchery and degradation of the native women by a licentious soldiery. Never particularly noted for an excess of virtue, they have become victims to their appetite for strong drink and inordinate lust, and they have fallen victims to the general contagion and ruin. I am aware this charge will provoke adverse criticism in certain quarters, and it is more particularly attributable to the years immediately succeeding the Russian purchase, with the advent of our troops, than when later garrisoned. But successful contradiction is invited. The facts are too naked to bear the light of investigation. Following in the steps of the troops come the miners, who seem to have emanated the sons of Mars in the prosecution, performance and mad riot of the quintessence of vicious enjoyment. A whole race of lewd women has been created. To-day there is not a single surgeon or physician in Southeastern Alaska, and when a victim becomes infected with the *lues venerea* his fate can be predicted. Syphilitic diseases are the great bane of the country; but few of the women who have thus fallen are free from the poisonous taint. This is a sad and lamentable picture; but it is too true. It cannot wholly be eradicated, but it can be, substantially checked, and to this end are the efforts of the Christian missionaries now being devoted.

HOW TO BREAK UP THE TRAFFIC.

Deputy Collector Dennis, without any law, warrant or authority, has done more than any single individual in Alaska to break up this traffic. Unaided by any authority he has made law unto himself, and what is more has successfully enforced it; and whatever quiet and good order exists in the settlement at Wrangel is due directly to his unsustained individual efforts. He has arrested and fined Indians in the act of distilling, destroyed their stills, emptied the liquor on the ground and has very largely contributed to the cessation of its manufacture in his immediate vicinity. It seems almost impossible to stop the manufacture altogether; the natives have once conceived the taste, and it seems, like all drunkards, they will have the means of satisfying their appetite.

In February, 1875, Mr. H. Gaston, of Victoria, wrote to Colonel J. W. Powell, Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the province of British Columbia, a letter relating to the manufacture of liquor by Indians, in which he says:—"The soldiers stationed in Sitka, being unable to procure liquor, commenced to make it for themselves and taught the secret to the natives." Colonel Powell, in his report to the Honorable Minister of the Interior at Ottawa, makes the following suggestion:—

"No doubt, however, exists, should the anticipations of Mr. Gaston prove correct as to the general and indiscriminate manufacture of spirits by Indians themselves, that it will revive the important question, which has been heretofore debated with much force and argument in political circles, as to whether it might not be prudent to legalize the traffic under certain restrictions, since its suppression would seem to be so difficult, if not impossible."

I think the views of Colonel Powell are well worthy of consideration.

REGULATE THE TRAFFIC.

Careful observation convinces me that immediate department action should be had in the regulation of the liquor traffic. If the conclusion is reached that the War Department alone has exclusive jurisdiction over the introduction of alcoholic and vinous liquors into Alaska, then the sooner Congress legislates upon this subject the better.

Alaska is not a penal colony, and because one lives in that country is no reason he should be punished and deprived of the comforts or necessities of life. It may seem paradoxical to classify spirituous liquor as necessary to a man's existence, but it is sometimes so as a medicinal remedy. As for comfort, let one sojourn for any length of time in that humid climate, and if his bones ache all the way up to his throat do not ache to distraction for a drink I am no judge of human nature.

It is when crazed with this vile liquor that the worst results are feared at the hands of the Indians by the white settlers. The molasses which the Indians use is brought from Portland, Oregon.

A POTLATCH.

The Indian festivals are called potlatches, and they eat and drink enormous quantities and exchange presents. One instance is mentioned of an Indian chief giving away 500 blankets at a potlatch. As the vile hoochenoo forms a principal feature at these festivities the maddest orgies result, and the sounds at night borne from the Indian town at Sitka indicate that murders and stabbings are the general wind-up to these affairs.

SLAVERY AMONG THE INDIANS—HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Doubtless, says Mr. Morris, it will create surprise when the statement is advanced that human beings are at the present time held in bondage in Alaska; yet such is the naked, unvarnished truth. Indian slaves, male and female, are owned by chiefs and the principal men of the different tribes. I saw two slaves at Tongas, the property of the chief Kinnecock, and there are others at Wrangel, Klawack, Sitka and all along the coast, and likewise in the interior. When a potlatch is given the acme of enjoyment appears to be human sacrifice. The Indian who gives a potlatch sometimes kills a slave. This is looked upon as a grand thing. Sometimes they are manumitted, which is likewise regarded as an act of extraordinary virtue and magnanimity, but the killing is generally more relished by the banqueters, it being more in accordance with their barbarian tastes.

While living in Shushart Bay, British Columbia, in the Wolcott, we were visited by "Cheaps," a Nawitta chief, and his klootchman (wife), "Tuster Aise." They complained that some years since a party of Sitka Indians had stolen from one of their villages a "tenas man" (boy), and they had recently learned he was held in slavery at Sitka. They were exceedingly anxious for his return. Both Captain Seldon and myself promised to inquire into the matter. While at Sitka I sent for "Jack," who is a Cross Sound Indian, but very influential with the Sitkas, because he can talk a little English and is supposed to be conversant with the laws of the white men, and questioned him. He informed me he had owned the boy as a slave for many years, but had set him free at the potlatch given by him in 1877; that the boy was then at one of the villages of the Awk tribe. I subsequently learned he had been seized by way of reprisal by an Awk for a debt due him by Sitka Jack. A few days after this Jack came voluntarily and informed me that the Awk who held the boy was in town. I sent for him to report to me at the Custom House. He came very unwillingly, but the brass throats of a cutter's guns have a very pacifying effect upon the worst of these red devils. Had there been a photographer at Sitka I would have preserved the features of the low-bred, lubber cunning so prominently delineated upon the countenance of this dusky rascal. He never allowed himself to be thrown off his guard for one instant. Our pilot, Mr. Keen, acted as interpreter, speaking Chinook to Jack, who subsequently repeated it in the Awk language. This Indian would sometimes sit quietly reflecting for full five minutes before he would reply to a question, and then utter a few garbled words, which being translated, a very thin, transparent lie would appear. I worked with him for a long time; it was

diamond cut diamond, but finally, seeing he could not hoodwink me, he took another tack, and almost virtually asked me "What are you going to do about it?" and this after acknowledging he had the lad at his home.

In the end he promised to bring back the boy, but did not keep his word, for there was no power to force him.

CREMATION.

Rev. John G. Brady, a missionary, whose report is quoted by Mr. Morris, describes the burning of the body of a woman at Sitka as follows:—

A few days ago I witnessed a sorry spectacle—viz., the cremation of a woman who had been drowned. She and her husband and child were lost in a canoe. The latter two were not found. They kept the body several days and made diligent search for the others. When the burning began I heard a low, plaintive wail and the shrieks of the women. There were four dry logs, eight inches in diameter, placed side by side on the ground. The body was placed on these, and then side and end logs built up and covering the top. Light, dry kindling set this pile on fire. I noticed that one woman threw on several blankets. Eight men sang and beat time with long sticks, which they struck upon the ground. Women were squatted promiscuously around, with their elbows planted so as to rest their heads in the palms of their hands. The relatives were near the fire. A man and woman kept dealing out bottle after bottle of hoochenoo. This was given to but a few. I noticed that one old woman took glass after glass, and she must have drunk over a quart while I was standing. One young man would vomit and then down with another glass. The singers were not offered any. They were hired and were to be paid in blankets also. They kept the ceremony up for half a day, going through all their superstitious rites. I went away feeling sad, and prayed that such sights might not be witnessed very often in the future.

When a chief or principal man dies they do not burn him, it appears, but after a prolonged wake, where much hoochenoo is drunk and where the deceased chief is laid out with all his valuables around him, the remains are placed in a little house with frequently a pane of glass in it, where he rots most royally above ground. There are several such little mortuaries on the hill at the rear of the Indian village at Sitka.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

Even up there the Chinaman has become a burning question, the Indians objecting as strenuously to the pigtailed people as Kearney of San Francisco. Says Mr. Brady in his report.

A remarkable scene took place on the wharf this morning. A San Francisco firm is about to start a cannery here under the care of Mr. Hunter. He came up with lumber and apparatus and twenty Chinamen. The Indians were not going to let the Chinese land, because they wanted to do the work themselves. One chief pointed to a lad who was dressed in a shabby blanket. He said that if the Chinamen were allowed to come he would soon have no

blanket. The Indians themselves wanted to catch the fish and do the canning and what money there was to spend in wages. Mr. Hunter told them that if they learned to do the work well he would send back the Chinamen.

I believe the Indians were right in their demands, for they will do the work as well as the Chinese. I don't care to see many of this race enter this Territory at present. Sitka Jack assured Mr. Hunter that if an Indian could make a hoochenoo still he could make a can to hold fish.

MISSIONARY SUCCESSES.

There is a good deal of truth in the latter statement. With the above deplorable effects of the worst side of our civilization it is gratifying to know that some earnest endeavors are in progress by the missionary societies to rescue the Indians from their degrading surroundings. Wherever the mission schools have been opened the best results have flowed from them, and some of the most interesting portions of the report are devoted to the letters of these noble laborers among the ignorant savages. Mrs. A. R. McFarland's school at Wrangel has been pre-eminently successful, and Miss Kellogg's school at Sitka as well. Contrasted with the beastly orgies of unchristianized Indians, the following extract from a sketch of a Christmas festival at Wrangel, which appeared in the *Puget Sound Argus*, will repay perusal:—

AN INDIAN HOLIDAY.

Christmas dawned forth with an easterly wind and rain, which somewhat dampened the spirits of our inhabitants. As the day advanced however, the rain let up somewhat, and the people circulated around and enjoyed each other's congratulations. The day passed off in perfect harmony; and, as evening approached, all those who love to trip the fantastic toe were preparing for the masquerade ball. At eight P. M. doors were open, and being supplied with a "complimentary" I wended forth to the hall and beheld about twenty couples, of whom many were in gay and costly costume, being the handiwork of Indians. Leaving the scene of gayety I strolled to the residence of Toy-ah-att, a chief of the Stikines. The church and school people were giving an entertainment at his house, and he had given me to understand that the presence of myself and friends at the feast would be considered an honor greatly appreciated by all, therefore, together with friend Vanderbilt, I went forth. Arrived at the place of attraction a building in size 30 by 40, we beheld congregated together about two hundred Indians, old and young, of all sizes and all shades of color. The room was well lighted by lamps, candles and a huge fire of dry wood in the centre of the building. The walls were gracefully decorated with evergreens, flags and pictures. In the room were four large tables, on which were placed in abundance "Boston muck-a-muck" of every description, and around which were seated youth and age doing justice to all before them. As the tables were finished a fresh lot would be seated, and before anything was eaten grace would be said by Mrs. Dickinson. In a small room near the tables was an organ at which was seated Mrs. Constantino, an Indian woman, who regaled the throng with several pieces of music. After all had eaten Toy-ah-att entertained us with tableaux, which were very laughable.

It is seriously suggested that government should consider the advisability of supporting missionaries among the Indians of Alaska; but surely a good deal more could be done by our religious bodies themselves. Congress, at any rate, should make laws to suppress the hoochenoo manufacture as it at present exists.

MISSIONARY AND TRADER.

Somewhat extended notice is given to Rev. Mr. Duncan, missionary trader, of Metlactlah, British Columbia, who is pretty squarely accused of smuggling British goods into the United States territory. Of this gentleman Mr. Morris says:—

Mr. Duncan is an Episcopal minister, a missionary, but is not under the jurisdiction of the Lord Bishop of British Columbia, and acknowledges no allegiance, spiritual or temporal, to his Lordship. He runs a sort of independent diocese of his own at Metlactlah; and, to use an expression made to me concerning him by a contemporary, "he combines the cause of religion with the sale of cotton shirts," quite a natural thing under all the surroundings. He has been the instrument of a great deal of good. His mission school is a great success. He has done wonderful work in christianizing and civilizing the Indians with whom he has come in contact. He has induced them to take great interest in the construction of their dwellings. In fact, he has completely metamorphosed their condition. A high compliment is paid him, and a description of his labors given in the interesting report of Mr. Vincent Colyer, special Indian Commissioner to Alaska in the year 1869. Judge Swan in his report likewise speaks highly of his efforts.

While according to this gentleman everything which is claimed for him by his friends and impartial observers, it must be conceded that measures must be taken to prevent any recurrence of any like expeditions in the future. The Chilcat trade is too valuable to permit it to be the source of clandestine importations from a foreign province. It belongs of right to our own citizens, those of Alaska and elsewhere; it should be fostered and encouraged, and our own traders and merchants should be protected in taking their goods, wares and merchandise to exchange for the choice furs and peltries of that region. Mr. Duncan will either have to enter his goods at our custom houses, and prevent his Indians from a repatriation of this offense, else there will be some seizures, and, perhaps bloodshed, in Alaskan waters. In October, 1879, there is to be given in the Chilcat country a grand potlatch. Preparations for it will have consumed two years by the time it is had. Large quantities of rich and valuable furs and peltries of all kinds will be traded and given away. The usual amount of hoochenoo will be consumed. This will be a rich field for the Metlactlah Indians to work in, and unless we have a revenue cutter there at this time the coast will be swarming with Hudson's Bay blankets and other foreign goods.

THE RUSSIANS.

Concerning the remnant of the Russian population of Sitka, Mr. Morris says:—

The condition of the Russians and their descendants today in Sitka is truly lamentable. They exist in a most pitiable state of poverty; in fact, most of them are in absolute want. They are subjected to all kinds of ill treat-

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ment and contumely by the Indians. They have no means of livelihood save what the sea brings forth and small patches of cultivated ground. There are no enterprises which furnish employment for their labor, and, save a few who are working in some of the mines, and others who have means, the majority are in a state of starvation.

These people are, at least, entitled to protection. There are a few who are in better circumstances and who own property and are in business and trade. They are respectable and worthy people and should be protected in their lives and property. They are entitled to this by the terms of the treaty, and I learn that lately a petition has been forwarded to the Emperor of Russia, stating how utterly the United States have failed to fulfil their treaty stipulations.

RESOURCES.

Regarding the climate and products of Alaska Mr. Morris speaks with considerable warmth, which is mainly called forth by an article from the pen of Mr. Henry W. Elliott, which appeared in the November number for 1877 of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Morris does not claim that any part of Alaska can be called a grain raising country, but with the markets of Oregon and California accessible, he does not deem this enough to dismiss the country as unproductive. In Southeastern Alaska, at Wrangel, "such hardy vegetables as potatoes, turnips, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, radishes, celery, lettuce, lettuce cauliflowers and peas have been grown of excellent quality, size, soundness and flavor." In some places, he affirms that cereals will come to maturity, but they cannot be a reliable crop. "Timothy and clover grow to perfection. A species of red-top grows on the marsh lands and makes excellent hay. Twenty tons of this were cut, cured and sold last year at Wrangel. "Potatoes and turnips are raised in quantities by the Indians, who hunt and fish for a living, even out on the Aleutian Islands, but each only raises sufficient for his own wants. There is good grazing, and cattle can live there, requiring to be housed only in the winter. But it is in her fisheries that Mr. Morris sees the present great resource of Alaska. In the rivers of the mainland salmon are found in immense quantities. Several canneries have already been started, and Mr. Morris, in his enthusiasm, says, "Alaska will yet supply the world with salmon." As to minerals he believes that the yield will be prodigious, though the working of the mines, even the discovery of the valuable lodes, may be delayed. The discovery of gold in British Columbia at Cassiar, along the Stikine River, which empties into American waters, leads to the conclusion that valuable finds will be made this side of the line as well, the character of the country being the same. There is at present great difficulty in passing into the interior, owing to the hostility of the Indian tribes, one party having been turned back last year, but in time the prospector will push his adventurous way thither.

CLIMATE.

Regarding the climate, Mr. Morris quotes Mr. Vincent Colyer, as follows:—

To give you an idea of the climate of Alaska, I enclose you a copy of a meteorological register, given by Dr. Tonner, of the Indian Hospital at Sitka. By that record you will see that there were but seven days of snow in 1868, while there were 100 days fair, 100 days rainy, and the remainder cloudy. The thermometer at no time was lower than 11 degrees above zero in winter, nor higher than 71 degrees Fahrenheit in summer.

You will perceive that the thermometer varies much less than with us, and that, though there is much rainy weather there, there are also many clear days. And Sitka, where this record was kept, is the most subject to rains of any place in the Territory.

RECOMMENDATION.

Concluding his report, Mr. Morris asks that an armed vessel fit to navigate these waters be built for the revenue marine service, so that the authorities may have some real hold on the occasionally refractory coast Indians. These, with some troops and a little needed law, would, he thinks, give Alaska its chance in the world.

CASSIAR EXPRESS LOST.—In November last Beedy's express, whilst crossing Dear Lake, Cassiar, broke through the ice and was lost, going down in 348 feet of water, at the bottom of which it still lies. The express contained about \$2600 in gold dust, several watches and articles of jewelry, besides a large quantity of mail matter. It is thought that the express may possibly be recovered next summer when the ice goes out. An effort was made at the time of the accident to bring the lost package to the surface by grappling, but without success.—*Standard*.

ALASKAN WIDOWS.

LIEUT. C. E. S. WOOD, of West Point, contributes to the July CENTURY a richly illustrated paper, giving his experiences "Among the Thlinkits in Alaska." The article is full of anecdotes and descriptions of aboriginal customs, including the following curious account of the status of widows:

It was difficult to ascertain the exact law of succession among the Thlinkits, but the chiefship seems to follow the direct line, though, as in all other savage nations, this is scarcely a rule, for the lineal heir may be set aside in favor of a more acceptable man. In the inheritance of personal property the collateral is preferred to the lineal relationship. The wives, or more properly the widows, being personal property, pass to the collateral next of kin of their husband's totem, for the marriage of two people of the same totem is considered a kind of incest. The widow, in any event, takes with her such possessions as have always been peculiarly her own. She also takes her own infant children; naturally, then, she would take to her new husband the children's inheritance, which may account for the habit of regarding the male collaterally next of kin as proper heir. If there be no male survivor competent to receive the widow, or if he purchases freedom with goods, she then passes into the open matrimonial market, with her pecuniary attractions. Sometimes the heir rebels and refuses to accept his former sister-in-law, cousin, aunt, or whatever she may be. Then her totemic or family relatives wage war on the insulter and such of his totem as he can rally around him, the object being either to enforce her right or extort a proper recompense. Among the Asónques, further to the north and west, I saw a young fellow of about eighteen years of age who had just fallen heir to his uncle's widow. As I looked upon her mummy-like proportions I thought that here was reasonable cause for war. Sometimes a husband already liberally provided for will come into a misfortune in the shape of one or more widows. The only escape is by purchasing freedom. In fact, there seems to be no hurt to a Thlinkit's honor that money or goods will not heal. The scorning of a widow, the betrayal of a maiden, and murder, all demand blood or pecuniary compensation. If in a feud all negotiations fail, and Kanúkh (symbolized in the wolf), the God of War, be unpropitious, and send private war, then the principal antagonists, with their totemic adherents, don their helmets and coats of paint, and stand facing each other in two lines, each line holding to a rope with the left hand, and wielding heavy knives with the right. They advance, and hack and hew, with more yells than bloodshed, until one side or the other cries the Thlinkit for *peccavi*. In this duel, any warrior violates the code who lets go the rope with the left hand, unless he be wounded, or torn from it; when he has let go, he is then out of the fight and must retire.

As we entered the harbor of Sitka from the sea the general appearance of the place was tropical. The snowy cone of Edgecumbe first appeared, then the sharp peak of Vostovia—a triangular patch of white against the sky. Everywhere below the snow-line the mountains were green with luxuriant growth. The harbor was protected against the sea by a curved line of reefs, on which grew firs and pines and cedars, with bare trunks and tufts of branches, making them look not unlike palms. The warm, moist atmosphere curtailed all the middle distance with a film of blue, and, in the foreground, a fleet of very graceful canoes, filled with naked or half-naked Indians, completed the illusion. A line of surf seemed to bar every approach to the town, but suddenly a narrow channel opened. The ship swung sharply to the right and glided into a long, narrow harbor. The Indian village is built upon the beach, and at evening it was covered by the shadow of the adjoining forest. The green spire of the belfry of the Greek church reached up above everything except the former Russian governor's "castle," a huge log structure perched upon a pinnacle of rock near the sea. The church on the lower ground was surrounded by the rambling, dilapidated houses and hovels of the Russian inhabitants, who then numbered about four hundred, their neighbors being two hundred mixed whites and about twelve hundred Sitka Indians.—*Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, in the July CENTURY.*

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service has received a letter from Mr. G. W. Morris, Collector of Customs at Sitka, Alaska, retracting the charges he made against Commander Pearson, of the Navy, of having refused medicine and medical attendance to the natives of that Territory during the prevalence of a scourge.

Secretary Chandler stated to-day that upon information received from members of the Appropriations Committee in regard to the appropriations to be made for the naval service, it will be necessary to close four of the Navy Yards on the 31st of March next, but that he had not determined upon the ones to be closed. It is more than likely, however, that the yard at Mare Island and the one at Washington will be kept in operation, together with one Northern and one Southern yard. It is understood that the Appropriations Committee has agreed to report in favor of a deficiency appropriation of about \$32,000, to enable the four yards selected to be kept open till the end of the present fiscal year.

Commander H. de H. Manley has been ordered to hold himself in readiness for sea service.

ALLEN WEIR, Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, MARCH, 1 1883.

Crops.

The following from the Walla Walla *Statesman* will show that notwithstanding the severe weather this winter, Eastern Washington farmers are expectant of large crops next season:

"Many inquiries are being made from all portions of the country, both by mail and telegraph, respecting the crops, and great anxiety is shown to know positively whether the recent severe weather injured the growing grain. We have interviewed all classes of producers from the small farmer with 160 acres, to the great grain growers who calculate their yield by the thousand acres, and without exception they all say that the prospects for the largest and best crop this great interior ever saw, were never better. The fall weather was everything that could be desired, and the warm rains of early winter, during the mild December, caused the fields to present an emerald hue very early. All this was followed by a heavy snow which covered it up with a blanket, making freezing out impossible. In Eastern Oregon the same good tidings reach us, and it is the same in every county of grain growing pretensions east of the Cascades up to the Bitter Root mountains."

Col. Oakford, who returned from California by the Elder, states that capitalists at San Francisco are about to invest considerable money in the development of Alaska's latent resources. Takou is the objective point of their operations; but the fisheries will not escape their attention. Two canneries will be established in the spring at or near Carter Bay. The interest that has been awakened in the northern country will induce a great deal of travel and it is thought that the P. C. S. S. Co. will put the Columbia or some other of their fine steamships on the route for two or more excursion trips next summer. Verily, Alaskan interests apparently boometh.



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Jack

The people were eager to hear Dr. Johnson's lecture on Alaska, and the heavy rain did not keep them from the Amphitheatre. With a large map of Alaska suspended in sight of the audience, the Doctor first gave us a description of the country, its extent, its coast line, and adjacent islands: its mountains, volcanoes, and rivers; its mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal; its seal products and immense fisheries; its climates and productions; and secondly, its inhabitants and their moral condition. If Dr. Jackson's picture was not overdrawn, Alaska, known as "Seward's folly," is a vast country—as large as the part of the United States situate north of Tennessee and east of the Mississippi river—and to this country it is an invaluable possession. Its wealth in fish, seals, furs, timber, coal and metals is beyond all computation. When Russia parted with this territory its laws became obsolete, the Greek Church was abolished, schools were discontinued, and this model republic has allowed this state of anarchy and desolation to continue. Humanity cannot present many instances where government and missionary labor are more needed than in Alaska. There the degradation of woman is complete. Some mothers murder their female infants to save them from infamy, others raise them for purposes of sale, traffic, or hire. Slavery as really exists in Alaska, as it once did in the South. This lecture was well calculated to draw the attention of statesmen, business men as well as philanthropists to this far away territory of the Republic. A few such addresses delivered in our great cities, would in less than one year send a migration of hundreds, and perhaps thousands to that country. The church certainly will not be guiltless if she longer neglects the moral condition of that people. The lecture made a profound impression upon the audience which heard it.

THE ALASKA TOURISTS.

Brief Account of the Dakota's Trip—Two Indian Women Rescued from Burn—Ang at the Stake—Etc.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.)

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 26.—The excursion steamer Dakota arrived here at eight o'clock this morning, having made the round trip of the northwest and Alaskan territories since the 7th inst. All the party are in the enjoyment of good health, and all returned with the exception of an elderly lady, who decided to settle at Sitka, and left the ship there. One of the participants to-day presented Capt. Carroll with a flattering address and a valuable gold watch, through Judge Strong. The party also presented the military band who accompanied them with a purse containing \$175. Much fog was met on the way up, and the weather generally was miserable. Private theatricals took place on board frequently. Wrangel was reached on the 14th, amid a

shower of rain and snow. The next day the U. S. war steamer Wachusett was visited and a cheerful welcome extended by her officers and men. Whales in large numbers were seen; but their thick skin turned back the bullets that were aimed at them by the Nimrods of the excursion, and no blubber was secured. Harrisburg was reached on the 16th. Here a northern canoe race, in which there were five entries, was admirably contested. On the 17th and 18th rain fell, and after steaming through 15 miles of ice floes, the ship came to an anchor in Takou Inlet. Boats were manned for a visit to the glaciers and one of the frozen rivers was ascended, an enterprising photographer taking a picture of the scene. The magnificent scenery hereabouts was greatly admired and numerous sketches were made. Two Indian women whom the natives were preparing to burn were rescued by Capt. Carroll at Lynn canal and delivered to their own tribe. At the fishing stations fish were very numerous, salmon, halibut and other kinds being caught sufficient to supply the ship for several days. Sitka was reached on the 20th, where a ball was given in honor of the tourists, but the weather was rainy and foggy and the pleasure limited. In consequence the Dakota sailed for the south on the 21st, reaching Wrangel on the 22d. The Indian mission of Mitlakatlah was reached on the 23d. Here the party disembarked and saw a wonderful city, populated with Indians, with neat dwellings and a church, streets graded and lighted, a printing office, cannery, woolen mill and other industrial establishments. The party in good health.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 6, 1883.

HOME MISSIONS.

IN THE ICE FIELDS OF ALASKA.

The Heathen of the United States—Our Possessions in the Northwest—Some Interesting Facts and Figures.

The Presbyterian church auditorium was more than two-thirds filled last evening in response to the general invitation to the public to come and hear an address by Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson on "Alaska," by way of introduction to the council on home missions now holding in the Presbyterian church, this city. After the congregation had sung "God Save Our Native Land" and listened to a short invocation, the lecture began. A map of Alaska and the surrounding seas and countries was hung between the pillars and above the pulpit, to which the lecturer frequently pointed in illustration of his remarks. In introducing the subject Dr. Jackson observed that it properly came within the scope of home missions, because Alaska is part of the United States, though almost as unknown to us as Africa and the subject of much misrepresentation, 580,107 square miles of area gives little idea of its size, but it is of as great extent as all of the country east of the Mississippi and above the Carolinas, Alabama and Mississippi. From its eastern border to the western extremity of the Aleutian islands is as far as from Lancaster to California, and from north to south it covers as many parallels as from here to Florida. San Francisco is really the central city, east and west, of our national domain. Alaska abounds in natural features of wonderful interest. Its Mt. St. Elias rises 19,000 feet above the sea; volcanoes dot its islands; boiling springs are the cook stoves of its people; its glaciers are rivers of ice, some of them seven miles wide and a thousand feet

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deep; its archipelagoes number islands by the tens of thousands; its great river is 70 miles across at its mouth, 20 miles wide 1,000 miles up the stream, and in high water is navigable for 3,000 miles.

Resources of Alaska.

Its material resources, which have been derided, have at least enabled it to pay our government 4 per cent. on the investment during the fifteen years we have held it. Three million dollars have been collected from the seal skin trade alone carried on from two little islands, which supply all the markets of the world. It abounds in all the valuable furs of commerce, with food fish, cod and salmon, with timber belts of inexhaustible extent and inestimable value. Coal crops out everywhere; there are mountains of iron ore and rich deposits of the precious metals. The climate is rigid in the north, but on the southern coast the winters are as mild as in Lancaster. For forty-five years the average temperature at Sitka in the winter has been that of Kentucky; often the ice houses cannot be filled, and the boys complain of a lack of sledding.

The Inhabitants and Their Civilization.

In the North there are 18,000 Esquimaux, who have never had any missionary work extended to them. On the Aleutian islands and in the West are 8,000 or 9,000 Leuths, a partially civilized people, and to the Southward the class who come under the generic name of Indians. They have permanent villages and houses; the latter great structures, built of cedar planks, 50 feet square, and accommodating 15 or 20 families, often including three generations of one relationship. These people are industrious and frugal and private fortunes of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 are not uncommon among them. Believing in the influence of spirits, trusting to the unfailing beneficence of the good, and fearing the malignancy of the evil, their religion degenerates to fetish worship. The medicine men, marked from childhood, consecrated by ghoulisn rites, perform horrid incantations and priestly sacrifices. Degradation is the lot of woman, and parricide, infanticide, polygamy and atrocious slavery are features of their social economy.

Our National Jurisdiction.

With the transfer of this land and these people to our federal jurisdiction, there have been furnished to them no court, laws nor governor. Life and property are not under the regulations elsewhere relating to murder, robbery and the laws of descent. Russia taught its subjects here to read and write, but at the accession its teachers, priests and scholars were withdrawn. Russia gave Alaska a church; the United States has not. It was left to four Indian boys, trained in English mission schools in 1876, to give the first impetus to mission work in Alaska. They obtained a job of wood chopping and their novel refusal to work on the Sabbath attracted, first, curious attention, then a prayer meeting and congregation. Presbyterian enterprise planted a mission work, which at one time was left entirely for ten months in the hands of Mrs. McFarlane. Alone with 1,500 Indians and a few dissolute white traders living with aboriginal wives, she acted as judge, preacher, teacher, physician, lawyer and undertaker for that strange community. She first enforced law and administered government. A school and church were estab-

lished at Sitka. They did great work. Boys and girls attended with eagerness and the old people wanted to come; scholars learned readily and showed aptitude for education. The school enlarged and a capacious edifice was crowded. Many interesting incidents were related by the lecturer to show the character of the natives, their heroism, earnestness and capacity for improvement. The school building burned down, but it has been replaced and \$1,000 are needed to refurnish it. The lecturer closed with an earnest appeal in behalf of the mission work in Alaska, and after a collection, announcements and benediction the audience was dismissed.

Dr. Jackson talks in an easy, conversational style. His lecture contained much new and interesting matter and the entire discourse held his audience in fixed attention.

ALASKA NEWS.

SITKA, Aug. 15.—A large party from Tombstone, Arizona, has arrived at Juneau. Ten of these have already gone forward to prospect the country at the head waters of the Yukon. They went in canoes and took fifteen months provisions. Each man of the party had from five to seven hundred dollars in cash. They are experienced men and doubtless their researches will be gratifying. It is their intention to winter, if possible, on the McMillan river, in the vicinity of Fort Selkirk.

The prevalent disease has yielded to the splendid weather, and Sitka is now a healthy place, but the Russians have been fearfully scourged.

The Collector has fined the owners of the steamer Rose, owned by the Rev. John G. Brady and others, one thousand dollars for willful violation of the steamboat laws, and has seized the Rose and holds her in custody. Brady has raised a missionary whine, but it will do no good; the proof is positive and the offense too serious to be quietly passed over.

The Northwest Trading Company's fleet are all busy at the fishing grounds. Last reports indicate gratifying success, but no details have been received, the news having been brought by canoe.—*Argus*.

THE steamer Evangel appears to be an unlucky boat, and somehow seems to be always in trouble. Her last escapade was that of cutting the steamer Colfax almost in two, under the following circumstances: The Colfax, on her way to Seabeck, sighted the Evangel off Point no-Point, and blew two whistles for her to pass to starboard. In answering, the string of the Evangel's whistle was broken, and but one blast was given. This led to a misunderstanding, and before it could be rectified the Evangel crashed into the Colfax amidship, cutting her almost in two. The Evangel towed her on the beach then went to Seabeck, and brought down a scow with which to float the wreck. The "Gospel Ship" was not much injured. Wonder if she was launched on a Friday?

FROM ALASKA.

MAJOR WILLIAM GOVERNOR MORRIS "PRAISED"

For his Fine Executive Ability and Gentlemanly Conduct—Want of a Civil Government—A Peculiar Passenger.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OREGONIAN.]

Since the United States, in 1867, acquired Alaska, by purchase from Russia, the authorities at Washington seem to have held the new possession in contempt, failing to provide this section with any kind of a civil government, a line of policy of great stupidity and rank injustice. Capital to test and develop any of the resources of the country will not go where it has no protection. The people already there have no legal way of protecting themselves or their interests, and cannot perfect their titles to mining claims, timber lands or any kind of property, or collect a debt.

When the treaty negotiated by Secretary Seward with Russia came up in the senate for ratification, and the appropriation to make it effective was before congress, Sumner in the senate and Banks in the house graphically portrayed the present and remote advantages that would accrue to this country from the acquisition of this territory, and overcame the opposition to the measure. Seward, after retiring from public life, having visited and personally investigated the probable value of the country, declared that he regarded its purchase the greatest act of his official life, but that two generations might pass before it was appreciated.

About the only legislation that congress has deemed necessary to enact touching this section since its purchase has been to lease to a company of shrewd business men, known as the Alaska Commercial Co., the seal islands for a term of 20 years. The terms of the lease provide that not more than 100,000 seal annually shall be killed, the company paying to the government a revenue of \$2.62 upon each fur taken, and an annual rental of \$55,000. Each fur nets the company upwards of \$60, making an annual net profit exceeding \$6,000,000, and for the term covered by the lease nets the fabulous sum of over \$120,000,000. Upon a few treasury agents, with small salaries, devolves the duty of counting these furs. Monopolies have been known to be dishonest, and government officials have sometimes been prevailed upon to accept bribes. Seals in the neighborhood of the islands leased abound in immense numbers; and an extra fifty or one hundred thousand furs would greatly swell the enormous profits. The company has grown extravagantly wealthy and powerful. Its president is a United States senator from California. This company is credited with a desire to keep people away from Alaska, and it is claimed that prospectors, who have been following up favorable indications, have been hired to abandon their search for gold. The motive assigned for this inimicable course is to prevent any further occupation of the country by white people until they can secure a renewal of their lease, giving them a monopoly of the fur seal. Two things are certain, every measure in congress looking to the establishment of a civil government in Alaska has been throttled and the country has been persistently decied. The residents of southeastern Alaska are justly

INCENSED AND INDIGNANT

That what is their due—some sort of civil government—is withheld from them. Certainly they ought at least to be provided with a surveyor general, land office, U. S. marshal and a court. Unquestionably there are lying dormant in Alaska,—in her fisheries, oil, mineral and timber—resources that with the fostering care of the government, would develop to proportions hitherto undreamed of.

To add to the unjust treatment of these people, they have saddled upon them as collector of customs a man thoroughly unfit for any position of public trust, whose only claim to recognition by the government seems to be that he has a name

HONORED IN REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

Being the highest, and aside from his deputies, the only civil functionary in the territory, he is far from regarding himself as the servant of the people or of the government, but appears to regard himself as king and the people as his subjects. Unless abject deference is paid him, his lordly displeasure is at once aroused and he seeks to make the confines of his kingdom too warm for the unlucky offender. Aside from some saloon-keepers, the writer heard but one expression of sentiment with regard to this officer: that it would be a happy day for Alaska when he was removed. Such was also the experience of all the excursionists with whom I conversed concerning the matter. It is popularly supposed that no liquor is admitted into Alaska, yet in the three or four saloons in Sitka whisky was to be had, and the collector is said to be

THEIR BEST CUSTOMER.

It is not openly shipped as liquor, but designated as something else. Still this collector caused it to be telegraphed over the country that the people of Sitka were plague-stricken and that to save life stimulants were not to be had.

A merchant of Sitka, John G. Brady, owner of several cattle, fenced a small plot of waste ground in which to confine the stock at night. The collector wrote him an indecent letter of eight pages, and this was also in the same way telegraphed over the country as the jumping of valuable government land. In the same dispatch was an unjustifiable personal attack upon Commander Pearson, of the Wachusett.

A short time previous to the arrival of the Dakota the collector was guilty of an outrageous action that excited indignation in the minds of all who learned the circumstances of the case: Word reached Sitka that the missionary and his wife at Chilcoot were not only nearly out of provisions but were both sick, the life of the lady even being despaired of, and appealing to friends to come to their assistance. The steamer Rose, owned by Brady and others, was lying idle at the wharf, because the licensed engineer had gone to Juneau to engage in business. A competent engineer was engaged to take his place, who was waiting the arrival of Inspector Morgan to apply for a license. It was decided to send the Rose to Chilcoot and bring the missionaries to Sitka, where they could be cared for, Lieut. Benson, in charge of the marines, furnishing her coal for the trip. Collector Morris, who was cognizant of these facts, interposed no objection to the Rose going, but sent letters by her to Juneau. Notwithstanding this, upon the return of the Rose

FROM HER EHRRAND OF MERCY,

She was seized by the collector and a fine of \$1000 imposed for running without a licensed engineer, he making the ridiculous demand of immediate payment of the fine. Capt. Morgan, the inspector, who was a passenger on the Dakota, examined the engineer, found him competent, and granted him a license. When the Dakota sailed from Sitka the result of the sickness of the missionary's wife was still uncertain.

The U. S. district attorney instituted no proceedings here in the Rose case, as requested by the collector, simply referring the matter to the secretary of the treasury, and it is safe to predict, when that officer learns of the facts, the Rose will be ordered released.

The Indian dogs, not having the fear of the collector before their eyes, made way with several chickens belonging to him. Nothing short of their extermination would atone for this outrage. So from off the piazza and out of the window of the custom house death and destruction was dealt out to any hapless dog that came within reach of his bullets, until 17 had been killed. The Indian's dog stands in about the same relation to him as does the horse or cow to the white man, assisting him to make his living by helping in the capture of fur animals and game. There were serious fears of an outbreak on the part of the Indians, so much so that Lieut. Benson, of the marine guard, felt it his duty to issue an order commanding the inebriated collector to cease the killing of the dogs. It is difficult to think with patience of such a man being retained in any position of public trust.

SHE DID NOT RETURN.

Among the excursionists on the Dakota was a maiden lady, about 60 years of age. She procured her ticket in Portland, but was not acquainted with any person on board, and no one knew whither she came. While devoid of any charm either of person or manner, one instinctively feeling she was a temptress, her conversation showed her to be a woman of varied information, who had traveled extensively. Early in the voyage she commenced making things lively for the officers of the ship, and was constantly appealing to the captain about some trivial matter. All on board showed a disposition to be courteous to the old woman, but she was constantly finding some fresh cause for complaint, and could not be pleased. At Chilcoot, the northern point of the tour, where there was but two or three

white men, and no white women, she determined to leave the ship, and requested the captain to send her baggage ashore. He explained to her that she could not possibly be cared for there, and refused to allow her to remain. Wanting to know if she was to be robbed of her liberty and kept a prisoner on board ship, she flew into a violent passion and struck the astonished captain several times with a strap she had in her hand. Most of the passengers were now morally certain that we had on board an escaped inmate of some sanitarium and fears were entertained that she might jump overboard. At Killisnoo she went ashore with the rest of the passengers. Just before the ship was to leave, she came alongside in a private boat for her baggage, which was again refused her for the same reason as at Chilcoat. She could not be persuaded to voluntarily come aboard, so the boat was rowed underneath the davits and by means of the tackle hoisted and swung upon the upper deck. The old lady looked bewildered, remaining seated in the boat some moments. When she got out, she angrily desired a horsewhip that she might thrash the captain, grew abusive to the passengers, and would not listen to those who sought to bring her to a better state of mind. At Sitka, where she need not be exposed to suffering and danger, the unhappy old woman was allowed to leave the ship and her baggage sent ashore, and we came away without her.

MISSIONS IN ALASKA.

Rev. R. W. Hill, superintendent of Presbyterian missions for Oregon and the northwest, and Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., in charge of the home mission paper of the Presbyterian denomination, sail to-day by the Idaho for Alaska.

Dr. Jackson was the first American minister to visit Alaska in the interests of missions, and has since been prominent in advocating its claims at Washington and in the ecclesiastical meetings of the denomination.

Upon this his fourth round trip he takes with him three lady teachers to reinforce those already there; also building materials for the erection at Sitka of a two story mission building 100x50 feet, and materials for a similar building at Jackson in Cordova bay 30x30 feet in size. The same steamer takes out a saw mill for the Hydah mission at Jackson. The Presbyterian church, that is running all the Protestant missions but one in the southeastern corner of Alaska, proposes teaching the natives not only book knowledge but also industrial pursuits.

Arrangements are in progress for the purchase of a steam launch to carry mail and supplies between Juneau and the Chilcat mission at Haines.

The mission forces are as follows: Chilcat mission, at Haines—Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Willard, Miss B. L. Mathews, and Louie and Lillie Paul and Mrs. Sarah Dickinson. The last three are natives.

Koonyah mission, at Boyd—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Styles.

Sitka mission, boarding school for boys, and day school for both sexes—Teachers, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Austin and Miss O. Austin.

Fort Wrangel mission—Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Young. A hospital, boarding school for girls and day school for both sexes—Teachers, Mrs. A. R. McFarland, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McFarland and Miss Kate A. Rankin.

Hydah mission, at Jackson—Rev. and Mrs. J. Loomis Gould, Miss C. A. Gould and J. E. Chapman.

In addition to the above missions, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. R. Corlies are carrying on an independent mission among the Takoo near Juneau.

The Presbyterian *Foreign Missionary* for July finds the evidences of the Asiatic origin of the tribes of North America in the Shamanism, or devil worship, which they practice in common with the Northern Tartars and the tribes of Siberia. This was found among the Thlinkets of British Columbia and Southern Alaska, also among the tribes south of Hudson's Bay, and among the Northeastern Eskimos. To exorcise or propitiate evil spirits has been the office of the 'medicine men' of nearly all tribes, whether of British America or of the United States.

Lieut. Dunhardy, U. S. steamer Adams came down on the Eureka with two white men under arrest—charged with selling liquor to the Indians. They will be taken to Portland for trial.

The Mission school, conducted by Missionary McFarland at Fort Wrangel was burnt to the ground early in February. The building caught fire from a defective stove pipe. Some trouble was experienced in getting the children out, but luckily all were saved uninjured.

The Eureka reports mild and rainy weather with east and southeast winds during passage. She left Sitka on the 24th of February; called at Wrangel for mails; called at Departure Bay and loaded coal for Portland; arrived at Esquimalt last evening and anchored there all night.

Among the freight brought down by the steamer, were two sacks of coal taken from a coal vein near Killisnoo, belonging to a man named Willoughby. The coal was brought down for examination; if it proves of any value the vein will be opened.

The Eureka also brought an Indian pup from Alaska for post-master Learned of this place, that is quite a curiosity in the canine line.

A heavy gale struck Harrisburg during last month and blew down a number of houses. It is supposed to have been one of Wiggin's storms that struck higher than he expected.

Two Indian chiefs arrived at Wrangle from Killisnoo a short time since, with a demand for 400 blankets from the whites there. The blankets were demanded in payment for a chief who died from injuries received at Killisnoo. The Indians were arrested, and were to have been brought here on the Eureka, but the trouble was settled in some manner, and they were released.

The mails for Alaska will leave here hereafter on the 5th of each month instead of the 15th. It is probable the Idaho will be placed on the route after the next trip.

AFFAIRS IN ALASKA.

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1893.

Commander Merriman, of the United States steamer Adams, reports to the Navy Department under date, Sitka, Alaska, February 23, as follows:—"Everything throughout the territory is quiet and orderly. During the past month deputations from every tribe except the Chilcat have paid me a visit. They say that the practice of making hoo-eh-ee-noo has been practically abandoned. They all unite in asking that a school teacher be sent to them. The health of the officers and crew of this ship is excellent."

Its Climate, Resources, Government and People—A Plea for the Ignorant.

The Work to be Done.

Missionary work in the Presbyterian church, to form a Presbyterial Society, was begun on Monday evening with a lecture on "Alaska" by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., who has been laboring in that missionary field since 1877. A large map of Alaska was stretched between the pillars back of the pulpit, aiding the hearer very materially to form a good idea of our unknown and despised territory.

The lecturer began by saying that no country, not even Central Africa, was as little known as parts of Central Alaska along the Yukon river. He briefly went over the geography of the country. The area in miles of Alaska is 580,000; the extent of the country from east to west is 2,200 miles—as far as from Lancaster to the top of the Sierra Nevada in California. The distance north and south is 1,400 miles—from Lancaster to Southern Florida. From San Francisco to the outermost island of Alaska is as far West as from that city to the most eastern island on the Maine coast. The size of Alaska is as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi and lying north of Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. Alaska is also great in natural phenomena. Peaks rising higher than any in the Rocky Mountains in the United States raise their heads to the sun. One of them, Mt. St. Elias, is 19,500 feet high. It is also the region of a large volcanic system. Sixty-nine of them have been counted and of these ten are now in active operation.

Medicinal springs are also numerous, springs in comparison with which Saratoga Springs and the Hot Springs of Arkansas are only as drops in the bucket. Some of these springs are utilized by the natives to cook their fish and venison. This country is also the region of glaciers to which those of the Alps are nothing in comparison. Along the southeastern coast of Alaska is a magnificent archipelago; eleven hundred islands have been counted, and there are probably as many thousands. A trip from Puget Sound up among those islands, 1,500 miles, would form a most delightful excursion for pleasure-seekers. The Yukon river, navigable, it is said, 3,000 miles from its entrance into the sea, is seventy miles wide at its mouth, and 1,000 miles from its mouth twenty miles wide.

The material resources are very great. The first year of the purchase by this country it paid our government 4 per cent. on the purchase money, which was \$7,000,000. The revenue last year was over \$3,000,000. The seal skin fur and fishing industry is growing. It will not be long when San Francisco will be the centre of the cod trade of the world. In the southeastern part of the country, lumber, such as spruce, fir, red and yellow cedar, abounds, and this supply will be welcome when the lumber famine, not far off, will set in. Coal is also found in different places, along the south coast, and up along the Arctic ocean, where steam whalers have loaded coals. There are also beds and mountains of iron ore. Precious metals, gold and silver, are also found in large quantities. The climate is not all Arctic. There is much difference between

the climate of northern and southern Alaska. The mean temperature of Sitka was for 45 years the temperature of Kentucky and Virginia. This high temperature is brought about by the warm current striking the coast here from Japan.

The People.

There are three classes of people. The Esquimaux, whose villages dot the country from Point Barrow on the north to Cook's inlet on the south, and 18,000 strong. Then come the Aleuts, inhabiting the Aleutian Islands, 8,000 or 9,000 in number. They are members of the Greek church and during Russia's possession had schools, but since the United States bought the country education has been neglected. Those living in the upper parts of the Yukon and towards the southeast we term Indians, for want of a better word. In the last named section they are probably of Japanese origin, having many of their customs and methods of living. These latter are well-to-do, and can take care of themselves, only not in education and religion, for which they are thirsting. We look forward with eagerness to the teacher to deliver them from their darkness and degradation. The most horrible atrocities are committed by the different tribes. One kills the old and feeble; another practices infanticide—the mothers killing their female children to save them from the degradation of slavery and brutality. The worship of these people is largely fetich worship.

The lecturer closed with an earnest appeal for help. The people were anxious to learn. Good work had already been done, but it needed additional money to continue the work. Some very interesting tales were told of the sacrifices of these ignorant children to get the first rudiments of education. Old and young, all were eager for the "Teacher." One of the young girls had in three years advanced sufficiently to be able to reduce her unwritten tongue into a written one and translate many passages of the Bible and hymns into her mother tongue. The school for boys at Sitka was burned, money had been raised for a new one, but it had not reached to furnish it, and the speaker closed with an appeal for help for this Presbyterian station.

A collection was lifted for the benefit of missions, and after singing a hymn and the benediction, the audience dispersed.

THE YOSEMITE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Rev. Cook's Panacea for Paganism and Land Monopoly.

[Special Dispatch to the CHRONICLE.]

YOSEMITE, June 9.—The first Sabbath School session was held at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. The teachers of this pioneer Sabbath-school work in Yosemite were Rev. A. S. Fiske of San Francisco, Ed. S. Wagoner of Pennsylvania, Charles B. Geddes of Oakland, Rev. H. H. Rice of Sacramento, Rev. T. H. Trowbridge of Detroit, H. W. Brown of Wisconsin, Miss Ida Chase and Rev. T. J. Ferguson of Pennsylvania. There were in attendance 126 scholars from sixteen different States and four Territories, and one from the District of Columbia. Rev. Joseph Cook made the acceptance of a Bible from the California Bible Society the theme for a prelude to his Sunday evening sermon on the omnipresence of God. In this prelude he made a dash at California's new Constitution and for his pigtailed proteges. He declared the Bible was all the Constitution the State needed; that it would subdue monopoly—railroad and land—and would inculcate a humanity broad enough to include the pil-

grim from the Yellow Sea. Dr. S. Jackson has delivered two very instructive lectures on the subjects, "Alaska" and "The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico." John Muir's first lecture, "The Geological Records of Yosemite Valley," was listened to this forenoon by a large and promiscuous audience. At 2 P. M. a party of over 100, with John Muir as its guide, climbed the trail to the Upper Yosemite Falls.

MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

The local Convention in behalf of Home Missions, which met in Huntingdon, Pa., February 27th, was one of interest. There was quite a number of delegates from the adjoining churches, and the church was well filled on the evening of the 26th, to hear Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Synodical Missionary of the far West. And I was only sorry that all the members of our churches could not have heard his account of Alaska and New Mexico in particular. He especially awakened interest in his account of the immense size and varied climate of Alaska, equal to ten or twelve such States as Pennsylvania, and yet without any law, the United States government having so far neglected the passage of any laws for them. Thus nominally under the Stars and Stripes, fetichism, cannibalism, and slavery as horrid as any that exists in Africa are to be found. Chiefs slaughter their wives to show their power at their feasts, people eat others to increase diabolical influence, and women sell their young daughters to bad white men and half breeds, openly and undisguisedly, in the villages, and there is no magistrate to whom appeal can be made. Women are the beasts of burden, and the more they have the larger business they can carry on, in the land of the free and the home of the brave! Cannot petitions be sent to Congress, and successful efforts be made to induce at least the establishment of some government there? We hope the efforts now making will be successful in that direction.

But whilst these facts were dwelt upon we were especially pleased to hear from an eye witness testimony as to the good that is there being done by our mission, and to hear of the most wonderful turning of the hearts of many savages towards the truth. The harvest seems ready. Where are the men and women to go, and the money to send them to reap?

The Rev. A. N. Hollifield, the worthy pastor of the Huntingdon church, only expressed the general sentiment when he said that the meeting had done him good, and warmed his heart to the cause of Home Missions as it never had been warmed before. He and his people deserve great credit for the entertainment of the Convention.

ALASKAN AFFAIRS.

PORT TOWNSEND, Aug. 27.—The Dakota arrived here last evening from Alaska, having traveled about 2100 miles. The excursionists give glowing accounts of the voyage. The efforts of Capt. Carroll to make the voyage enjoyable were thoroughly appreciated and the sum of \$273 was subscribed by the party to present him with a suitable testimonial of their regard.

The Dakota brought down \$12,000 in gold dust from Juneau. A four stamp quartz mill has just been completed and commenced crushing there. Prospects are that the quartz ledges will develop into good mines. Much confidence is felt in the discovery of rich diggings on the MacMillan river.

The people of Alaska want a civil government of some kind. As the country is now, capital is not protected, and consequently won't go into the country.

The placer mines of Juneau are composed of decomposed quartz, and are situated in a basin some distance back from the water. Water to work the mines is obtained from snow and from streams coming from a glacier back of the mining region.

The steamer Rose was seized for running without a licensed engineer. The regular engineer of the Rose was absent in Harrisburg on business, when the news came that the occupants of one of the missionary stations near Sitka were in distress and needed assistance. The Rose was dispatched to their relief, and in absence of the licensed engineer, a man who had been engaged on the boat for a long time ran her engines. The man was competent for the position, but had no license at the time, as the inspector had not been around to examine. Capt. Morgan, the steamboat inspector, went up on the Dakota, examined the man and granted him a license.

The Dakota, during the trip, visited Wrangel, Helkham bay, Juneau, the glaciers in Takou inlet, Chilcoot at the head of Lynn canal, in 59 degrees 13 minutes north latitude, Killishnoo, Sitka and Metlakahla. The Dakota will take the excursionists to Tacoma, and then make the trip to San Francisco on her regular route.

KALAMAZOO.

Hillsdale.—*Dear Evangelist:* Enclosed you will find \$7 for Mrs. McFarland, Alaska, from the President of the Woman's Missionary Society, Hillsdale, Mich. Perhaps our plan for obtaining the same might lead some others to gather in the mites. When the request (in your paper) came to our notice, from Rev. Sheldon Jackson, for one cent for all members of the Presbyterian Church, as a society we were already *pledged* for as much toward missions as we thought we could raise; but we much desired to do something. At a monthly meeting one of our ladies proposed the "one cent" plan, or that we try to raise an amount equal to one cent for every member of our Church. All our Sunday-school teachers were requested to see if the members of their classes would not love to give at least so small a sum, none being *asked* to give more than one cent. And so there came into the treasury—cents, half dimes, and dimes, and one \$2 contribution, until we are able now to send *more than two cents* for each member of the Church. It is only a little, but will help forward, we trust, in some way the good work at Fort Wrangle. s.

ALASKA—BURNING OF THE HOME.

The last San Francisco Occident contains the following note bearing date at Fort Wrangel, Feb. 23d, 1883:

DEAR FRIEND: Many thanks for your last cheering letter, for the last few days have been a time to try our souls. We have passed through the furnace of fire. I cannot bear to tell you the sad news of our great loss.

On the morning of the 9th inst., our "Home" was burned to the ground, with all its contents, except the living inmates, who escaped all. We had been seated at breakfast but a short time when one of the girls came to the door and said "the house is on fire." We started to hunt for the fire; coming out into the hall I went to my room door and found it in flames. I shut the door and consigned my property to its fate, seeking to save the lives of those endangered. The fire spread so rapidly that we could scarcely do anything.

I suppose it caught in my room, though I was always very careful of the fire, and that morning before I went down stairs I closed the stove up tight so there would be no danger.

The only way I can account for the fire is that the house jarred a good deal, and so many children running up and down stairs and through the house shook the pipe off the stove, making a draft that drew the fire against the paper on the wall. The building was of pine lumber throughout, and it burned like a flash. I saved nothing but what was on my back; my money, books, heavy clothing, wraps, shoes, and in fact everything I had is in ashes. But I saved a poor dying girl that would have perished had I not just taken her in my arms and carried her down stairs, and away out of danger. She was nearly as tall as I am, and out of her mind, and resisted; but I took her by main force, and carried her down as easily as if she had been but a child. Surely the Lord gave me strength for that work. I had only gotten down with her, when a man cried out "Miss Rankin get out of this house with the children as soon as you can." O how thankful we are that all escaped; for had one of the children perished our work would have been done here.

We had had no rain for so long that everything was very dry, and nothing could have been done. I never saw anything burn so fast; the flames seemed to leap and dance in their course of destruction. After the fire we gathered our children into the Government building; the one in which the "Home" was first started, where we will stay till relief reaches us from the East.

The people are very kind, as far as their means permit. The Indians brought in beds for the children. The next day after the fire the coldest and most severe storm of the season set in, and it was hard to keep warm in a cold house, and with insufficient clothing; but we did the best we could.

I will not murmur or complain. I know this calamity was permitted for some wise purpose, and my prayer is that the Lord will show us the lesson He designs that we should learn, and that we may profit by it. He will provide in His own good time, so I will stand at my post and patiently wait.

KATE A. RANKIN.

A meeting of the Board was held on the 20th, in order to complete business, and make final arrangements for the annual meeting. Everything promises well for the meeting.

Much sorrow was expressed at the loss of our beautiful Home in Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

It was at once decided to send a box of bedding and clothing. A box full of many nice things, was sent here from Ironton, Mo., before the fire—to be forwarded to Alaska. Several comforters and quilts, with bed linen, and clothing will be added to this, and the box sent immediately.

After the Annual Meeting, all our churches will prepare and read something to cheer the hearts of our sorrowful yet hopeful Missionaries in Fort Wrangel.

The McFarland Home Burned!

Dear Ladies of the South-West:

The heading of this, will send a pang to your heart, for to many of us Mrs. McFarland's is almost a household name.

Offering herself to the Home Mission Board, for the work in Alaska; for one year she labored alone in Fort Wrangel: bearing the care of all those tribes, who flocked to her for help, physical judical and spiritual, while chiefs from distant tribes came beseeching her to send them a Missionary.

Those appeals have been answered so far, that now the Missionary force in Alaska numbers about eighteen.

Mrs. McFarland soon found that there was no hope of saving the girls, in Fort Wrangel, unless they could be taken out from their heathen families and brought under her care in a home. So she wrote day and night, appealing for help all over our land, till the Christian families of America responded and the home capable of accomodating about forty girls was built. But before that, the nucleus of the home was started by girls coming to her for protection, begging her to deliver them from being sold to the miners.

Using her influence with the parents, the home was started mid prayers and tears; before the building was erected. That building has been occupied over three years. At the time of its burning, the inmates comprised — Mrs. A. R. McFarland and her assistant, Miss Rankin, Dr. McFarland (her nephew) missionary physician and teacher in the boys' school, and his wife Mrs. Maggie Dunbar McFarland, teacher of the girl's school, who is supported by our Southwest Board, and whom many of our ladies met, when she passed through St. Louis on her way to Alaska. There were also thirty-nine girls in the Home.

The following letter will be read with interest, and it is hoped many will promptly respond with help.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, Feb. 23, 1883.

DEAR MRS. W:

It grieves me to have to write the sad news to you, that our dear Home is in ashes. It was burned to the ground with nearly everything in it on the 9th of this month. It took fire upstairs (we do not know how) while we were at breakfast, and when discovered, it was so far under headway, that it was impossible to save the building, or to get scarcely anything out of it. The young girl who I wrote you was sick, was very low. Miss Rankin ran up and carried her down stairs, and barely got her out of the house. We are all destitute. We did not get out any bedding or clothing. My heart is almost broken over all this. My own loss is very great, so many things I valued so highly.

Later she adds: "I must write a little more. Mr. Young our pastor, expects to leave here to-morrow on the steamer on his way to the Assembly. He will lecture in our behalf wherever he goes. I presume he will go to St. Louis.

We are crowded into the old hospital building where we used to be. It is very uncomfortable. Yet I was thankful to even have this place to gather my dear girls into, and not have to stop the work.

I feel much depressed. Pray for me, I do not feel like giving up; no, I feel more like exclaiming with the Psalmist 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

Your stricken friend,

A. R. McFARLAND.

Dear sisters in Christ, if any of you can spare money, please send it as

soon as possible to our Treasurer Mrs. S. E. Hays, 3514 Laclede Ave., and designate that it is for the McFarland Home.

If you cannot spare money, please look over your bed-clothing and table linen and see if you can spare any of them; or perhaps you have an extra garment you can send. If you have none of these things, remnants of calico to make quilts would be acceptable.

Whatever you send, please do it up securely in 4 lb. packages, and send it registered through the mail, directed to

MRS. A. R. McFARLAND.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ALASKA—THE FIRE.

FORT WRANGEL, Feb. 24th, 1883.

DEAR OCCIDENT: The telegraph will have informed your readers ere they see this of the terrible catastrophe that has befallen our mission and thrown a shadow over our whole work. On the morning of Feb. 9th, I was returning from a short canoe trip, when, rounding a point six miles from Wrangel, the sight of the McFarland Industrial Home for Girls wrapped in flames met my eyes. When I reached home nothing but a pile of hot ashes remained of that noble institution, founded in prayer and built by thousands of sympathizing, self-deying friends from all over the country.

This home was projected in the fall of 1878. Mrs. A. R. McFarland, who had labored alone a year in Wrangel before my arrival in August of that year made an appeal for funds to found an institution where the Indian girls, so bright and promising, could be saved from the fate which otherwise so surely awaited them, separated from their heathen relatives, and the sights, and sounds of barbarous life, protected from the many temptations which surrounded them, educated in household arts, and in the principles of a common education, and trained to be enlightened Christian wives and mothers. The appeal was nobly responded to, and in the summer of 1879 the building was begun, and finished in the fall of 1880. It was large, commodious, and comfortable. It was well furnished and supplied with abundance of clothing and food. At the time of the fire it had forty-three inmates—four missionaries and thirty-nine girls. Clothing almost to do for a year

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had arrived by the last monthly steamer, and provisions for another quarter. Almost everything was lost. Girls and missionaries alike were left with no clothing, except the old working and school dresses that were on them. No food, no furniture, no bedding, nothing to do with, even.

The fire originated upstairs while the family were down in the dining room at breakfast. The probable cause was the disjoining of a stovepipe from a stove, and the falling of coals on the floor. The fire had gained such headway before it was discovered that it was impossible to check its fury, although all the citizens of the place—both whites and Indians—did all they could to save the building and its contents. It is a cause of great thankfulness that no lives were lost. Miss Rankin, with great presence of mind, ran immediately up stairs through the smoke when the fire was discovered, and carried down a sick girl, and sent her to my house where she died four days afterwards.

Mrs. McFarland, after doing all she could to save the property, took her homeless girls to her old quarters in the hospital building, and with the help of the white citizens who contributed stoves, household utensils, furniture, groceries, etc., and the Indians who contributed blankets, bedding, and Indian food, we made her and her household temporarily comfortable.

The loss of the Home is a terrible blow to our mission. It was doing a noble work. Its inmates numbered representatives from almost all the tribes in S. E. Alaska, and its influence towards Christian civilization was powerful all over the great Alexandrian archipelago. But we do not for a moment despair. The girls are kept together in confident expectation of another Home. We have faith in the faithfulness of our Master, the great usefulness of the Home, and the warm heart of the Presbyterian church. We ask your prayers and your assistance.

The four missionaries who lived in the Home—Mrs. A. R. McFarland, its head, Miss Rankin, her assistant, Rev. J. W. McFarland and wife, teachers—lost all their personal effects. Mr. McFarland,

who is also our mission physician, lost a good stock of medicines and his library of medical works.

Immediate supplies of clothing, bedding, provisions, furniture, etc., are needed. The kindness of the people of this coast already shown to our mission makes us bold to make this appeal in our extremity. First, the supplying of immediate wants, and then the money to build another Home. L. HALL YOUNG,

FORT WRANGEL, Alaska, }
March 20, 1883. }

Dear Mrs. Mahan: Since I last wrote to you, a great misfortune has fallen on us. About five weeks ago our nice home was burned down; hardly anything was saved. All the girls' things were burned up, and only two of the girls saved their boxes. I was too late to save anything that belonged to me. Of the ladies, only our mother, Mrs. McFarland, saved some of her things. The others had nothing more than the clothes they had on. Everybody was in the dining-room eating breakfast, and only Katie and I were in the kitchen. After awhile Katie went up stairs to get her shoes, and all at once I heard Katie scream, "The house is on fire!" I ran as far as the foot of the back stairs, and then I went back to the kitchen to pump the water. Mrs. McFarland and I pumped at the water; but it was too late, the fire was too great to put it out; besides that, it burned so quick before we knew what we were about. We all had just to stand and look with aching hearts

at the home that we were all so proud of. We could not do anything to save it. All our things were gone. We had to borrow beds, blankets, pillows, etc., from the people; yet, for all this, we know that it is all for the best.

We are back to the old home again, though we have not a nice home, nor nice things like before, yet we are all happy, comfortable and thankful. We attend school, and learn more about God and good things that we all ought to know. We are glad that some of the books were saved. The week our home was burned, one of our sisters died. She was one of the girls that had Christ for her leader, and had given herself to him. She left a little sister behind her. We call her May. She is such a nice thing. She can't be more than five years old. Bessie and she are such good friends. They always play together. All the rest of the girls are in good health, and getting along pretty well. From your girl,

JENNIE MAHON TANAREE.

To the Honorable, the Senate and the House of Representatives.

GENTLEMEN:

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in Session at Saratoga Springs, May, 1883, appointed a Special Committee, consisting of Rev. Drs. HERRICK JOHNSON of Chicago, J. ADDISON HENRY of Philadelphia, BYRON SUNDERLAND of Washington, GEORGE L. SPINING of Cleveland, HENRY KENDALL of New York, and WM. C. ROBERTS of New Jersey, Justice WM. STRONG of Washington, and the Hon. JOHN HILL of New Jersey, to wait on the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Interior, in relation to Civil Government and Industrial Schools for Alaska.

THE RESOLUTION OF THE ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in Session at Saratoga Springs, May, 1883, took the following action:

"In view of the pressing needs of Alaska, where our missions have been singularly successful, we recommend that the General Assembly appoint a committee of eight persons, who shall wait upon the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Interior, asking of the Government through them the establishment of civil government among these people of Alaska, and pressing upon them the necessity of establishing industrial schools in that Territory."

The above resolution contains two items: First, The Need of Civil Government, and, Secondly, The Need of Industrial Schools in Alaska.

The Committee would urge upon the Government to grant the people of Alaska a Government,

1st. On the ground that it is promised them in the treaty existing between the United States and his majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, which is as follows:

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory, according to their choice, reserving their natural allegiance, may return to Russia within three years, but if they should prefer to remain in the ceded territory, they, with the exception of uncivilized native tribes, shall be admitted to the enjoyments of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States, and shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion. The uncivilized tribes will be subject to such laws and regulations as the United States may, from time to time, adopt in regard to aboriginal tribes of that country."

2d. On the ground that his Excellency the President of the United States, in the exercise of the functions of his office as the Chief Executive of the nation, thinks that Alaska should have a Government, and has so stated in his messages to Congress, December 4th, 1882, and December 4th, 1883.

1st. On the ground that the people do not enjoy as promised them by the Government, the advantages of education enjoyed under the Russian Government. See Extracts from the Reports of the Hon. Secretary of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Indian affairs:

Extract from Annual Report for 1883 of Hon. H. M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, pages 47 and 48:

"The total population of the Territory of Alaska is not far from 30,000. Of this number about 5,000 are Aleuts, who are not barbarians if they are not of the highest order of civilization. Before the cession by Russia good schools were maintained among them, but since the cession the schools have been discontinued, and the adult Aleut who received his education under the Russian Government and at its expense, sees his children growing up without education. Suitable provision should be made for the education of the children of the Aleuts, which can be done without great expense. Also an appropriation ought to be made for the maintenance of at least two manual-labor schools for the education of the children of the less civilized Indians."

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his Annual Report, December, 1883, to Congress, says:

"Attention should be again called to the need of schools for the Indians in Alaska. From the best information that can be obtained the Indians of Alaska number about 20,000, and since that country came into possession of the United States these people have had no aid for schools from this Government. * * * If the published statements in reference to Alaska be true, we are doing much less for the civilization of these people than was done before we took possession of that country. The Russian Government gave them laws, churches and schools; the American Government has done nothing in that direction.

"In my estimates for the next fiscal year I have asked for an appropriation of \$25,000 for the support of industrial schools in Alaska. I earnestly hope that this very modest sum will be granted. These Indians need no subsistence, no clothing, no implements, no agencies, but they beg for an education, and it is discreditable to an enlightened Government to longer deny their request.

2d. On the ground that the Indians of Alaska, like the Indians elsewhere, are the wards of the nation as far as their education at least is concerned. See Extract from General EATON's Report:

"From the census of 1880 we learn that there are about thirty thousand people in Alaska, and of these it is believed there are about ten thousand children or young people who ought to have some school privileges.

"With regard to this people, it may be observed,—

"(1.) That they are docile, peaceful, and have here and there some knowledge of useful industries; are apt in the mechanical arts, and anxious for instruction.

"(2.) They are a self-supporting people, needing no annuities, clothing or rations from the government, but *do* need teachers that they cannot procure for themselves. These teachers should instruct them not only in letters but in the arts of civilized life and the duties of American citizenship.

"(3.) If given an opportunity for this kind of instruction for a few years they would, it is believed, make good progress in throwing off tribal relations and in preparation to become an integral portion of the American people, thus contributing to the common wealth and prosperity of the country.

"(4.) It is well known that civilization in approaching an untutored people may be their destruction by sending its vices before its virtues. It is equally well known that various weeds spring up spontaneously where useful plants must be cultivated, and that not neglect but painstaking care is necessary to the improvement of the human mind.

President Arthur's Message to Congress, December 4th, 1882 :

"Alaska is still without any form of civil government. If means were provided for the *education of its people*, and for the protection of their lives and property, the immense resources of the region would invite permanent settlements and open new fields for industry and enterprise."

President Arthur's Message to Congress, December 4th, 1883 :

"I trust that Congress will not fail at the present session to put Alaska under the protection of law. Its people have repeatedly remonstrated against our neglect to afford them the maintenance and protection expressly guaranteed by the terms of the treaty whereby that Territory was ceded to the United States. For sixteen years they have pleaded in vain for that which they should have received without the asking. They have no law for the collection of debts, *the support of education*, the conveyance of property, the administration of estates or the enforcement of contracts; none, indeed, for the punishment of criminals except such as offend against certain customs, commerce and navigation acts. The resources of Alaska, especially in fur, mines and lumber, are considerable in extent and capable of large development, while its geographical situation is one of political and commercial importance. The promptings of interest, therefore, as well as considerations of honor and good faith, demand the immediate establishment of civil government in that Territory."

3d. On the ground that certain companies organized to develop the resources of Alaska have found it impossible to secure their rights without courts of justice, and have petitioned the Hon. Secretary of the Interior to protect them in the following words :

"Alaska has never been organized by Congress into a Territory. It has no government, no laws (excepting those pertaining to customs and to intercourse, and with the Indians), no court, no judicial or executive officer; and therefore the undersigned have no means whatever of enforcing their rights, or protecting or developing their property, or of preventing its spoliation at the hands of unauthorized persons. Under the treaty with Russia, by which the Territory was ceded to the United States, the United States guaranteed, at least as far as the Russian subjects were concerned, protection to life, liberty and property; and the undersigned are led to believe, and are so advised, that in the absence of any government or any other method of redressing their wrongs, the Department of the Interior, with its general jurisdiction over the lands of the United States, has the jurisdiction to determine the rights of the undersigned, as citizens of the United States, and to enforce these rights."

4th. On the ground that large and influential bodies of Christians beside those represented by this Committee feel the need of it.

The Baptists at their annual meeting in May, 1883, ordered the following to be sent to the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Interior :

"*Resolved*, that as Alaska is the only section of the United States where governmental or local aid has not been furnished for the education of the people;

"And as the establishment of schools will assist in civilizing the native population, prevent Indian wars and prepare them for citizenship;

"Therefore the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, in Session at Saratoga Springs, May, 1883, would respectfully petition you to renew your recommendation to Congress for an educational appropriation for Alaska."

The Committee of the General Assembly urge, secondly, the need of *Industrial Schools in Alaska* :

"The people of Alaska having received some measure of aid from the Russian Government, have expected the same from the United States. The natives, already to a limited extent demoralized by the introduction of intemperance and disease, it is thought would, by the introduction of schools, be prepared better to resist these evils and stand a far better chance to be a permanent and prosperous race.

"(5.) The development of the fishing interests, the discovery of gold, and the increase of commerce in that region are now calling public attention to it, and the time seems to have arrived when school privileges should be immediately provided. In 1870 Congress appropriated \$50,000 for educational purposes in Alaska, which, on account of difficulties of administration at that time was not expended there. This amount could now be expended there, I am sure, with most satisfactory results.

"In accordance, therefore, with these considerations, and in order not to come short of any duty required of me by law, I have the honor to recommend that Congress be requested to appropriate \$50,000 for the establishment and maintenance of schools for instruction in letters and industry, at such points in Alaska as shall be designated by the Hon. Secretary of the Interior."

3d. On the ground of justice, as a return for revenue received by the Government from that part of the country. Extract from a letter by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS:

"Alaska has poured millions into the Treasury, and one-third of what we have annually received would suffice for the whole expense of a government and schools. If we were called upon to make a beginning and introduce law and education, there might be a shadow of an excuse in this delay. But Russia had provided for both, and when we bought the Province we had but to continue what she had established. From every point of view the condition of Alaska is a disgrace to our Government and calls for immediate action. Cease to receive revenue from Alaska or give her an equivalent by protecting life and property, securing peace, and offering to every man, woman and child the means of fitting themselves for citizenship and their duties."

4th. On the ground that there are no other schools near which they can attend. Extract from Dr. SHELDON JACKSON'S address:

"The nearest school of the kind to Alaska is at Forest Grove, Oregon. But Forest Grove is one thousand five hundred miles distant from Southeastern Alaska, and two thousand five hundred miles away, by present routes of travel, from Southwestern Alaska. Then the resources and character of the two countries are different. Oregon is largely agricultural, while Alaska has very little agricultural interests.

"As the object of an industrial training is to enable the boy, upon arriving at manhood, to earn a support that will sustain his family in a civilized way, it is important to train him to utilize the resources of his own country.

"The resources of Alaska, in addition to her fur-bearing animals, are her vast supply of fish and great forests.

"Therefore the training-school of her children should be on the coast, where they can be taught navigation and seamanship; the handling of boats and sails; improved methods of fishing and handling fish-nets; improved methods of salting, canning and preparing fish for market; a saw-mill; a carpenter shop, cooper shop, boot and shoe shop, etc. A school where they can be taught both the theory and practice under such conditions as they shall meet with when they shall be able to support themselves."

PATENT BACK
Scrap Book.

Pat. March 28, 1876.

